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THE WORKS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS,

Of whoſe WRITINGS there are but ſmall Remains.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

Containing the WORKS of

The EARL *of* ROSCOMMON.
The EARL *of* DORSET.
The EARL *of* HALLIFAX.
AND
Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS a very imperfect Collection of the Works of the celebrated Writers contain'd in these Volumes (the Poems of Bishop Sprat *excepted) have been offer'd to the Publick, we presume no Apology is necessary for the present Publication.*

After a diligent search we can find no other Pieces written by those Authors, than what are here inserted, and we hope it will not appear, that any spurious ones are printed amongst them.

The Notes to the Earl of Roscommon's *Translations referring to the Originals, induced us to publish those Pieces opposite to the Versions; but we judg'd it wou'd be swelling the Work unnecessarily to do the same by the other Translations. The Reader will find some material Alterations*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

in the Tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry, which were communicated by* Dr. Rawlinſon *from a Copy corrected by his Lordſhip's own Hand.*

The ſize of theſe Volumes, which is greater than we expected, muſt be our excuſe for not adding any more to them, than the Poems of Biſhop Sprat.

POEMS

POEMS

BY THE

EARL *of* ROSCOMMON.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

AN

ESSAY

ON

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that Author, whoſe correct * Eſſay
Repairs ſo well our Old *Horatian* way:
And happy you, who (by propitious Fate)
On great *Apollo*'s ſacred Standard wait,
And with ſtrict Diſcipline inſtructed right,
Have learn'd to uſe your Arms before you fight.
But ſince the Preſs, the Pulpit and the Stage,
Conſpire to cenſure and expoſe our Age:
Provok'd, too far, we reſolutely muſt,
To the few Virtues that we have, be juſt.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To ſearch the Treaſures of the *Roman* Store;
Or dig in *Grecian* Mines for purer Ore;
The nobleſt Fruits Tranſplanted in our Iſle
With early Hope, and fragrant Bloſſoms ſmile.
Familiar *Ovid* tender Thoughts inſpires,
And Nature ſeconds all his ſoft Deſires:

* *Eſſay on Poetry, written by the late Duke of* Buckingham-ſhire,

Theocritus does now to Us belong;
And *Albion*'s Rocks repeat his rural Song.
Who has not heard how *Italy* was bleſt,
Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *Eaſt?*
Or *Gallus*' Song, ſo tender, and ſo true,
As ev'n *Lycoris* might with Pity view!
When mourning Nymphs attend their *Daphnis*' Herſe,
Who does not weep, that reads the moving Verſe!
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted Strains
Sicilian Muſes through theſe happy Plains,
Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apollo* reigns.

When *France* had breath'd, after inteſtine Broils,
And Peace and Conqueſt crown'd her foreign Toils,
There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſt the Land;
The choiceſt Books, that *Rome* or *Greece* have known,
Her excellent Tranſlators made her own:
And *Europe* ſtill conſiderably gains,
Both by their good Example and their Pains.
From hence our gen'rous Emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the ſame.
But now, we ſhew the World a nobler Way,
And in tranſlated Verſe, do more than They,
Serene, and clear, harmonious *Horace* flows,
With Sweetneſs not to be expreſt in Proſe.
Degrading Proſe explains his Meaning ill,
And ſhews the Stuff, but not the Workman's Skill.
I (who have ſerv'd him more than twenty Years)
Scarce know my Maſter as he there appears.
Vain are our Neighbours Hopes, and vain their Cares,
The Fault is more their Language's, than theirs.
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in Words
Of ſofter Sound than ours perhaps affords.
But who did ever in *French* Authors ſee
The comprehenſive *Engliſh* Energy?
The weighty Bullion of one *Sterling* Line,
Drawn to *French* Wire, would thro' whole Pages ſhine.

I ſpeak my private, but impartial Senſe,
With Freedom, and (I hope) without Offence:
For I'll recant, when *France* can ſhew me Wit,
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly writ.
'Tis true, Compoſing is the nobler Part,
But good Tranſlation is no eaſy Art,
For tho' Materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your Fancy, and your Hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but Judgment, more.

The Soil intended for *Pierian* Seeds
Muſt be well purg'd, from rank pedantick Weeds.
Apollo ſtarts, and all *Parnaſſus* ſhakes,
At the rude rumbling *Baralipton* makes.
For none have been with Admiration read,
But who (beſide their Learning) were well-bred.

The firſt great Work, (a Task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourſelf may to yourſelf be true:
No Mask, no Tricks, no Favour, no Reſerve;
Diſſect your Mind, examine ev'ry Nerve.
Whoever vainly on his Strength depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius*, ends.
That Wretch (in ſpite of his forgotten Rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding Times,
With pompous Nonſenſe and a bellowing Sound
Sung *lofty Ilium, tumbling to the Ground.*
And (if my Muſe can through paſt Ages ſee)
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping Fool was he;
Exploded, when with univerſal Scorn,
The Mountains labour'd and a Mouſe was born.

Learn, learn, *Crotona*'s brawny Wreſtler cries,
Audacious Mortals, and be timely wiſe!
'Tis I that call, remember *Milo*'s End,
Wedg'd in that Timber, which he ſtrove to rend.

Each Poet with a different Talent writes,
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epic Bays,
Nor lofty *Maro* ſtoop to Lyric Lays.
Examine how your Humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling Paſſion of your Mind;
Then, ſeek a Poet who your Way does bend,
And chooſe an Author as you chooſe a Friend.
United by this ſympathetic Bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your Thoughts, your Words, your Stiles, your Souls agree,
No longer his Interpreter, but he.

With how much Eaſe is a young *Muſe* betray'd,
How nice the Reputation of the Maid?
Your early, kind, paternal Care appears,
By chaſt Inſtruction of her tender Years.
The firſt Impreſſion in her infant Breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not Auſterity breed ſervile Fear,
No wanton Sound offend her Virgin-ear.
Secure from fooliſh Pride's affected State,
And ſpecious Flatt'ry's more pernicious Bait,
Habitual Innocence adorns her Thoughts,
But your Neglect muſt anſwer for her Faults.

Immodeſt Words admit of no Defence;
For want of Decency is want of Senſe.
What mod'rate Fop wou'd rake the Park or Stews,
Who among Troops of faultleſs Nymphs may chooſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found;
Take then a Subject, proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a Poet's Voice,
For Men of Senſe deſpiſe a trivial Choice:
And ſuch Applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As would ſome Painter buſy in a Street,
To Copy Bulls and Bears, and ev'ry Sign
That calls the ſtaring Sots to naſty Wine.

Yet

Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject good,
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.
He that brings fulſom Objects to my View,
(As many Old have done, and many New)
With nauſeous Images my Fancy fills,
And all goes down like Oxymel of Squills.
Inſtruct the liſt'ning World how *Maro* ſings
Of uſeful Subjects, and of lofty Things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright Ideas raiſe,
As merit Gratitude, as well as Praiſe:
But foul Deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being Like, or being Ill.
For who, without a Qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy Garbage, tho' by *Homer* cook'd?
Whoſe railing Heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Make ſome ſuſpect, He Snores, as well as Nods.
But I offend----- *Virgil* begins to frown,
And *Horace* looks with Indignation down;
My bluſhing *Muſe* with conſcious Fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On ſure Foundations let your Fabrick riſe,
And with attractive Majeſty ſurpriſe,
Not by affected, meritricious Arts,
But ſtrict harmonious Symmetry of Parts.
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital Heat to animate the Maſs.
A pure, an active, an auſpicious Flame,
And bright as Heav'n, from whence the Bleſſing came;
But few, oh few Souls, præordain'd by Fate,
The Race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd Height.
No *Rebel-Titan*'s ſacrilegious Crime,
By heaping Hills on Hills can thither climb.
The grizly Ferry-man of Hell deny'd
Æneas Entrance, 'till he knew his Guide;
How juſtly then will impious Mortals fall,
Whoſe Pride wou'd ſoar to Heav'n without a Call?

Pride (of all others the moſt dang'rous Fault,)
Proceeds from want of Senſe, or want of Thought.
The Men, who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond, than boaſt.
For if your Author be profoundly good,
'Twill coſt you dear before he's underſtood.
How many Ages ſince has *Virgil* writ?
How few are they who underſtand him yet?
Approach his Altars with religious Fear,
No vulgar Deity inhabits there:
Heav'n ſhakes not more at *Jove*'s imperial Nod,
Than Poets ſhou'd before their *Mantuan* God.
Hail mighty *Maro!* may that Sacred Name
Kindle my Breaſt with thy celeſtial Flame;
Sublime Ideas, and apt Words infuſe.
The *Muſe* inſtruct my Voice, and thou inſpire the *Muſe!*

What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine Meaning to explore;
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious Oar:
Search ev'ry Comment that your Care can find,
Some here, ſome there, may hit the Poet's Mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the Throng;
The Multitude is always in the Wrong.
When Things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your Author, with himſelf compar'd;
Who knows what Bleſſing *Phœbus* may beſtow,
And future Ages to your Labour owe?
Such Secrets are not eaſily found out,
But once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth ſtamps Conviction in your raviſh'd Breaſt,
And Peace and Joy attend the glorious Gueſt.

Truth ſtill is one; Truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy Doubts obſcure her native Light;
While in your Thoughts you find the leaſt Debate,
You may Confound, but never can Tranſlate.

Your

Your Stile will this thro' all Diſguiſes ſhow,
For none explain, more clearly than they know.
He only proves he underſtands a Text,
Whoſe Expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on Names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the Miſt;
And grow unjuſt by being over nice,
(For ſuperſtitious Virtue turns to Vice.)
Let * *Craſſus*'s Ghoſt, and *Labienus* tell
How twice in *Parthian* Plains their Legions fell.
Since *Rome* hath been ſo jealous of her Fame,
That few know *Pacorus*' or *Monæſes*' Name.

Words in one Language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And ſome that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæſar*'s Time,
May neither ſuit our Genius nor our Clime.
The genuine Senſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a Tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.

Excurſions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtick Thoughts you muſt expreſs
With painful Care, but ſeeming Eaſineſs;
For Truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt Dreſs.
Th' *Ænean Muſe*, when ſhe appears in State,
Makes all *Jove*'s Thunder on her Verſes wait,
Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving Things
As *Venus* ſpeaks, or *Philomela* ſings.
Your Author always will the beſt adviſe,
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes, riſe.
Affected Noiſe is the moſt wretched Thing,
That to Contempt can empty Scriblers bring.
Vowels and Accents, regularly plac'd,
On even Syllables (and ſtill the laſt)
Tho' groſs innumerable Faults abound,
In ſpite of Nonſenſe, never fail of Sound.

* *Hor. lib.* 3. *Od.* 6.

But this is meant of even Verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious and moſt known:
For if you will unequal Numbers try,
There Accents on odd Syllables muſt lie.
Whatever Siſter of the learned Nine
Does to your Suit a willing Ear incline,
Urge your Succeſs, deſerve a laſting Name,
She'll crown a grateful and a conſtant Flame.
But if a wild Uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering Heart with ev'ry Gale,
You loſe the Fruit of all your former Care,
For the ſad Proſpect of a juſt Deſpair.

A Quack (too ſcandalouſly mean to name)
Had, by Man-Midwifry, got Wealth, and Fame;
As if *Lucina* had forgot her Trade,
The lab'ring Wife invokes his ſurer Aid.
Well-ſeaſon'd Bowls the Goſſips Spirits raiſe,
Who while ſhe guzzles, chats the Doctor's Praiſe.
And largely, what ſhe wants in Words, ſupplies,
With Maudlin-Eloquence of trickling Eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs Animal is Man,
(How very active in his own Trepan!)
For greedy of Phyſicians frequent Fees,
From female mellow Praiſe he takes Degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd Gown, and then,
From ſaving Women falls to killing Men.
Another ſuch had left the Nation thin,
In ſpite of all the Children he brought in.
His Pills as thick as Hand-Granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they ſlew;
His Name ſtruck ev'ry where as great a Damp,
As *Archimedes* through the *Roman* Camp.
With this, the Doctor's Pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a Fool.
But now Repentance came too late, for Grace;
And meagre Famine ſtar'd him in the Face,

Fain wou'd he to the Wives be reconcil'd,
But found no Husband left to own a Child.
The Friends, that got the Brats, were poiſon'd too;
In this ſad Caſe what cou'd our Vermin do?
Worry'd with Debts and paſt all hope of Bail,
Th' unpity'd Wretch lies rotting in a Jail:
And there with Basket-Alms, ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken Talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my Soul, unhappy Men,
Compell'd by Want to proſtitute their Pen;
Who muſt, like Lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where Guineas lead!
But you, *Pompilian*, wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,
Who to your Country owe your Swords and Cares,
Let no vain Hope your eaſy Mind ſeduce,
For rich ill Poets are without Excuſe.
'Tis very dang'rous, tampring with a *Muſe*,
The Profit's ſmall, and you have much to loſe;
For tho' true Wit adorns your Birth or Place,
Degen'rate Lines degrade th' attainted Race.
No Poet any Paſſion can excite;
But what they feel tranſport them when they write.
Have you been led through the *Cumæan* Cave,
And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling Eyes:
And panting; *Lo! the God, the God* ſhe cries;
With Words, not hers, and more than human Sound,
She makes th' obedient Ghoſts peep trembling thro' the Ground.
But tho' we muſt obey when Heav'n commands,
And Man in vain the ſacred Call withſtands,
Beware what Spirit rages in your Breaſt;
For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each Extreme,
And write with Fury, but correct with Phlegm.
As when the chearful Hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling Wine ſmiles in the tempting Glaſs,

Your

Your Pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Thro' ev'ry ſwelling Vein a loud Retreat:
So when a *Muſe* propitiouſly invites,
Improve her Favours, and indulge her Flights;
But when you find that vigorous Heat abate,
Leave off, and for another Summons wait.
Before the radiant Sun, a glimmering Lamp,
Adult'rate Metals to the Sterling Stamp,
Appear not meaner, than meer human Lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe Inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe, nervous, bold; thoſe languid and remiſs;
There, Cold ſalutes; but here, a Lover's Kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid, headlong Tide,
With foaming Waves the paſſive *Soan* divide;
Whoſe lazy Waters without Motion lay,
While he, with eager Force, urg'd his impetuous Way.

The Privilege that ancient Poets claim,
Now turn'd to Licenſe by too juſt a Name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd Fame,
Which ſcorns to take it-----
Abſurd Expreſſions, crude, abortive Thoughts,
All the lewd Legion of exploded Faults,
Baſe Fugitives to that Aſylum fly,
And ſacred Laws with Inſolence defy.
Not thus our Heroes of the former Days,
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading Bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt Part
Of what ſome call Neglect, was ſtudy'd Art.
When *Virgil* ſeems to trifle in a Line,
'Tis like a Warning-piece, which gives the Sign
To wake your Fancy, and prepare your Sight,
To reach the noble Height of ſome unuſual Flight.
I loſe my Patience, when with ſaucy Pride,
By untun'd Ears I hear his Numbers try'd.
Reverſe of Nature! ſhall ſuch Copies then
Arraign th' Originals of *Maro*'s Pen!

And the rude Notions of Pedantick Schools
Blaſpheme the ſacred Founder of our Rules!

The Delicacy of the niceſt Ear
Finds nothing harſh, or out of Order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The Sound is ſtill a Comment to the Senſe.

A skilful Ear, in Numbers ſhould preſide,
And all Diſputes without Appeal decide.
This ancient *Rome*, and elder *Athens* found,
Before miſtaken Stops debauch'd the Sound.

When, by Impulſe from Heav'n, *Tyrtæus* ſung,
In drooping Soldiers a new Courage ſprung;
Reviving *Sparta* now the Fight maintain'd,
And what two Gen'rals loſt, a Poet gain'd.
By ſecret Influence of indulgent Skies,
Empire and Poeſy together riſe.
True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
And when they fail, portend approaching Fate.
For that which *Rome* to Conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the *Veſtal*, but the *Muſes* Fire;
Heav'n joins the Bleſſings: No declining Age
E'er felt the Raptures of Poetick Rage.

Of many Faults, Rhyme is (perhaps) the Cauſe;
Too ſtrict to Rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful Laws,
For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,
Till by barbarian Deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their Invaders way.

I grant that from ſome moſſy, Idol Oak,
In double Rhymes our *Thor* and *Woden* ſpoke;
And by Succeſſion of unlearned Times,
As *Bards* began, ſo *Monks* rung on the Chimes.

But now that *Phœbus* and the *ſacred Nine*,
With all their Beams on our bleſt Iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not We their ancient Rites reſtore,
And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?

' * Have we forgot how *Raphael*'s num'rous Proſe
' Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,
' And mark'd the Ground where proud apoſtate Thrones
' Defy'd *Jehovah!* Here, 'twixt Hoſt and Hoſt,
' (A narrow but a dreadful Interval)
' Portentous Sight! before the Cloudy Van
' *Satan* with vaſt and haughty Strides advanc'd,
' Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.
' There bellowing Engines, with their fiery Tubes,
' Diſpers'd Æthereal Forms and down they fell
' By thouſands, *Angels* on *Arch-Angels* roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,
' Which (with their pond'rous load, Rocks, Waters, Woods)
' From their firm Seats torn by the ſhaggy Tops
' They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,
' 'Till more incens'd they hurl'd 'em at their Foes.
' All was Confuſion, Heav'n's Foundations ſhook,
' Threatning no leſs than Univerſal Wreck,
' For *Michael*'s Arm main Promontories flung,
' And over-preſt whole Legions weak with Sin:
' Yet they blaſphem'd and ſtruggled as they lay,
' 'Till the great Enſign of *Meſſiah* blaz'd,
' And (arm'd with Vengeance) *God*'s Victorious Son
' (Effulgence of Paternal Deity)
' Graſping ten thouſand Thunders in his Hand
' Drove th' old Original Rebels headlong down,
' And ſent them flaming to the vaſt Abyſs.

O may I live to hail the Glorious Day,
And ſing loud Pæans thro' the crowded Way,

* *An Eſſay on Blank Verſe, out of* Paradiſe Loſt, *Book* VI.

When

When in Triumphant State the *Britiſh Muſe*,
True to herſelf, ſhall barb'rous Aid refuſe,
And in the *Roman* Majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near.

A PARAPHRASE *on the*

CXLVIIIth PSALM.

O Azure Vaults! O Cryſtal Sky!
The World's tranſparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the *God* of War,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are,
Let Ecchoing Anthems make his Praiſes known
On Earth his Footſtool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of All, whoſe Glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,
O praiſe his Name, without whoſe purer Light
Thou hadſt been hid in an Abyſs of Night.

Ye Moon and Planets, who diſpenſe,
By *God*'s Command, your Influence;
Reſign to him, as your Creator due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as Firſt, of Things
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings;
O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth thee for his Empyreal Robe.

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
Whoſe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,
Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whoſe Command is th' univerſal Law:

Ye wat'ry Mountains of the Sky,
And you ſo far above our Eye,
Vaſt ever-moving Orbs, Exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your Glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whoſe contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hiſſing into joyful Song,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praiſe him ye Monſters of the Deep,
That in the Seas vaſt Boſoms ſleep;
At whoſe Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, Tremble and Adore.

Ye Miſts and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow,
Swift Executors of his holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempeſt, praiſe th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's View
Seem leſs than Mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt *Jehovah* ſpoke,
All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praiſe him, ſweet Offspring of the Ground,
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly Crown'd;
And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praiſe,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raiſe.

Idle Muſicians of the Spring,
Whoſe only Care's to Love and Sing,
Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt Note. Praiſe

Praiſe him each Savage Furious Beaſt,
That on his Stores do daily feaſt:
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whoſe Pow'r hath here no Periods,
May all Attempts againſt your Crowns be vain;
But ſtill remember by whoſe Pow'r you reign.

Let the wide World his Praiſes ſing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* ſpring,
And from the *Danube*'s froſty Banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our Lives,
Praiſe him from whom your Pow'r derives:
Be True and Juſt like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praiſe him, old Monuments of Time;
O praiſe him in your Youthful Prime:
Praiſe him fair Idols of our greedy Senſe;
Exalt his Name, ſweet Age of Innocence.

Jehovah's Name ſhall only laſt,
When Heav'n, and Earth, and all is paſt:
Nothing, Great *God*, is to be found in Thee,
But Unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt, O *Jacob*'s Sacred Race,
The *God* of *Gods*, the *God* of Grace;
Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,
And with his Glory recompenſe your Praiſe.

A PROLOGUE *ſpoken to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of* YORK, *at* Edinburgh.

FOLLY and Vice are eaſy to deſcribe,
The common Subjects of our ſcribling Tribe;
But when true Virtues, with unclouded Light,
All Great, all Royal, ſhine divinely bright,
Our Eyes are dazled, and our Voice is weak;
Let *England*, *Flanders*, let all *Europe* ſpeak,
Let *France* acknowledge that her ſhaken Throne
Was once ſupported, Sir, by you alone:
Baniſh'd from thence for an Uſurper's Sake,
Yet truſted then with her laſt Deſp'rate Stake:
When wealthy Neighbours ſtrove with us for Pow'r,
Let the Sea tell, how in their fatal Hour,
Swift as an Eagle, our Victorious Prince,
Great Britain's Genius, flew to her Defence;
His Name ſtruck Fear, his Conduct won the Day,
He came, he ſaw, he ſeiz'd the ſtruggling Prey,
And while the Heav'ns were Fire and th' Ocean Blood,
Confirm'd our Empire o'er the Conquer'd Flood.

Oh happy Iſlands, if you knew your Bliſs!
Strong by the Sea's Protection, ſafe by His,
Expreſs your Gratitude the only Way,
And humbly own a Debt too vaſt to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future Ages tell,
None e'er Commanded, none Obey'd ſo well;
While this high Courage, this undaunted Mind,
So Loyal, ſo ſubmiſſively Reſign'd,
Proclaim that ſuch a Hero never ſprings,
But from the Uncorrupted Blood of Kings.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL's *Sixth Eclogue*,

SILENUS

TRANSLATED.

The ARGUMENT.

Two young Shepherds, Chromis *and* Mnaſylus, *having been often promis'd a Song by* Silenus, *chance to catch him aſleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him Hand and Foot, and then claim his Promiſe.* Silenus *finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his Song; in which he deſcribes the Formation of the Univerſe, and the Original of Animals, according to the* Epicurean *Philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing Transformations which have happen'd in Nature ſince her Birth. This Eclogue was deſign'd as a Compliment to* Syro *the* Epicurean, *who inſtructed* Virgil *and* Varus *in the Principles of that Philoſophy.* Silenus *acts as Tutor,* Chromis *and* Mnaſylus *as the two Pupils.*

My Aim being only to have Virgil *underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand* Latin, *and cannot (probably) be acquainted with ſome Names and Paſſages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the* Poſtſcript, *where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

The

SILENUS,

ECLOGA VI.

FAUNORUM, SATYRORUM ET SYLVANORUM DELECTATIO.

PRIMA Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.
Cùm canerem reges, & prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, & admonuit: Paſtorem, Tityre, pingues
Paſcere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.
Nunc ego (namque ſuper tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, & triſtia condere bella)
Agreſtem tenui meditabor arundine Muſam.
Non injuſſa cano. ſi quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
Captus amore leget; te noſtræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet. nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen.
Pergite, Pierides. Chromis & Mnaſylus in antro
Silenum pueri ſomno videre jacentem,
Inflatum heſterno venas, ut ſemper, Iaccho.

Serto

The SIXTH ECLOGUE.

SILENUS.

I First of *Romans* ſtoop'd to Rural Strains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among [1] *Sicilian* Swains,
When my [2] *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battles were her lofty Choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuſe,
And with this Whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe.
A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flock ſhould feed,
And chooſe a Subject ſuited to his Reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
To write thy Praiſes, *Varus*, and thy Wars)
My Paſt'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a Trifle prize)
Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains ſhall ſing,
And ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Eccho ring.
Phœbus delights in *Varus* fav'rite Name;
And none who under that Protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of Fame.

Proceed, my Muſe.
Young *Chromis* and *Mnaſylus* chanc'd to ſtray
Where (ſleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
Whoſe conſtant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
And always boil in each extended Vein;

His

Serta procul tantùm capiti delapſa jacebant:
Et gravis attritâ pendebat cantharus ansâ.
Aggreſſi (nam ſæpe ſenex ſpe carminis ambo
Luſerat) injiciunt ipſis ex vincula ſertis.
Addit ſe ſociam, timidiſque ſupervenit Ægle:
Ægle Naïadum pulcherrima. jámque videnti
Sanguineïs frontem moris, & tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens, Quò vincula nectitis? inquit.
Solvite me, pueri. ſatìs eſt potuiſſe videri.
Carmina quæ vultis, cognoſcite: carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. ſimul incipit ipſe.
Tum verò in numerum Faunóſque feráſque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.
Nec tantùm Phœbo gaudet Parnaſſia rupes:
Nec tantùm Rhodope mirantur & Iſmarus Orphea.
Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarúmque, animæque, maríſve fuiſſent,
Et liquidi ſimul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, & ipſe tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare ſolum, & diſcludere Nerea ponto
Cæperit, & rerum paulatim ſumere formas.
Jámque novum ut terræ ſtupeant luceſcere ſolem,
Altiùs atque cadant ſubmotis nubibus imbres:
Incipiant ſylvæ cùm primùm ſurgere, cúmque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

Hinc

His truſty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Uſe;
Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they 5 bound;
Eager for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his inſtructive Song:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt 6 *Nais* of the Flood,
With a 7 Vermilion Dye his Temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verſe no longer I'll delay,
(She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their liſtning Branches bow'd,
And Savage Beaſts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he ſung the World's ſtupendous Birth,
How ſcatter'd Seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through univerſal Night
And empty Space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable Race of Things,
By circular ſucceſſive Order ſprings.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;
How ſinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun ſurpris'd the dazled Sight;
How Vapours turn'd to Clouds obſcure the Sky,
And Clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty Ground ſupply;
How the firſt Foreſt rais'd its ſhady Head,
Till when, few wandring Beaſts on unknown Mountains fed.

Then

Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiásque refert volucres, furtúmque Promethei.
His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamâssent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.

Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juvenci,
Ah, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit?
Prætides implêrunt falsis mugitibus agros:
At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
Et sæpe in lævi quæsisset cornua fronte.
Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
Ilice sub nigrâ pallentes ruminat herbas,
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nymphæ,
Dictææ nymphæ, nemorum jam claudite saltus:
Si quà fortè ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
Errabunda bovis vestigia. forsitan illum
Aut herbâ captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vaccæ.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:
Tum Phaëthontiadas musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
Utque viro Phœbi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;

Then *Pyrrha*'s ſtony Race roſe from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,
And bold *Prometheus* (whoſe untam'd Deſire
[8] Rival'd the Sun with his own heav'nly Fire)
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endleſs Prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay.
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods cou'd tell?)
Into whoſe Arms the lovely [9] *Hylas* fell;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the Coaſt.

He with Compaſſion told *Paſiphae*'s Fault,
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty Thought?
The [10] Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnat'ral Heat.
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains ſtray,
He on ſoft Flow'rs his ſnowy Side does lay;
Or ſeeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
Surround, my Nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the Grove;
Perhaps ſome Footſteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct your wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I rome,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He ſung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By thoſe *Heſperian* Baits her Lover laid,
And the ſad Siſters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd.
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their Eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verſe, the Poplars ſeem'd to riſe.

He taught which Muſe did by *Apollo*'s Will
Guide wand'ring [11] *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned Senate roſe,

Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine paſtor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos antè ſeni: quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:
Nequis ſit lucus, quo ſe plus jactet Apollo.

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Niſi, quam fama ſecuta eſt,
Candida ſuccinctam latrantibus inguina monſtris
Dulichias vexâſſe rates, & gurgite in alto
Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerâſſe marinis?

Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus?
Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona parârit?
Quo curſu deſerta petiverit, & quibus antè
Infelix ſua tecta ſupervolitaverit alis?

Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros,
Ille canit. pulſæ referunt ad ſidera valles.
Cogere donec oves ſtabulis, numerúmque referre
Juſſit, & invito proceſſit veſper Olympo.

And [12] *Linus* thus (deputed by the reſt)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This Harp of old to *Heſiod* did belong,
To this, the Muſes Gift, join thy harmonious Song;
Charm'd by theſe Strings, Trees ſtarting from the Ground,
Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful Sound.
Thus conſecrated, thy [13] *Grynæan* Grove
Shall have no Equal in *Apollo*'s Love.

Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of the [14] *Megarian* Maid,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?
And [15] her, who round with barking Monſters arm'd,
The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted Men) alarm'd;
[16] Whoſe only Hope on ſhatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled Friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd Shape,
And dire Revenge of *Philomela*'s Rape,
Who to thoſe Woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous Force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own?

Whatever near [17] *Eurota*'s happy Stream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo*'s Theme,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And ſend his Myſtick Numbers through the Sky;
Till Night began to ſpread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World reſign'd.

ODE *upon* SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, Sacred *Solitude!* from this calm Bay,
I view the World's Tempestuous Sea,
And with wise Pride despise
All those senseless Vanities:
With Pity mov'd for others, cast away
On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em tos'd
On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:
Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,
Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,
Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,
Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest Charms,
And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,
They in their Shipwreck'd State themselves obdurate please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better Life and nobler Vigour give;
Dost each unruly Appetite control:
Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,
With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.
Presuming Love does ne'er invade
This private Solitary Shade;
And, with fantastick Wounds by Beauty made,
The Joy has no allay of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,
The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere;

Yet

Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendſhip, abhorring ſordid Gain,
And purify'd from Luſt's diſhoneſt Stain:
Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,
For I am with my Friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,
But Friendſhip does two Souls in one comprize.

III.

Here in a full and conſtant Tide doth flow
All Bleſſings Man can hope to know;
Here in a deep Receſs of Thought we find
Pleaſures which entertain, and which exalt the Mind;
Pleaſures which do from Friendſhip and from Knowledge riſe,
Which make us happy, as they make us wiſe:
Here may I always on this downy Graſs,
Unknown, unſeen, my eaſy Minutes paſs:
'Till with a gentle Force victorious Death
My *Solitude* invade,
And, ſtopping for a-while my Breath,
With Eaſe convey me to a better Shade.

ODE *upon* SOLITUDE.

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I view the World's Tempeſtuous Sea,
And with wiſe Pride deſpiſe
All thoſe ſenſeleſs Vanities:
With Pity mov'd for others, caſt away
On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I ſee 'em toſs'd
On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I ſee 'em loſt:
Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,
Unhappy Men, or Adverſe Fate,
Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
But more, far more, a numberleſs prodigious Train,
Whilſt Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
Deaf to her fondeſt Call, blind to her greateſt Charms,
And ſunk in Pleaſures, and in brutiſh Eaſe,
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My *Solitude* invade,
And, ſtopping for a-while my Breath,
With Eaſe convey me to a better Shade.

AD *ARISTIUM.*

ODE XXII.

Vitæ integritatem & innocentiam ubiq; esse tutam.

INteger vitæ, scelerísque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis:
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malúsque
Jupiter urget:
Pone sub curru nimiùm propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

The Twenty Second ODE *of the First Book of* HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The ſureſt Guard is Innocence:
None knew, 'till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poiſon'd Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* Sands or *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaſpes'* wealthy ſide
Pays Tribute to the *Perſian* Pride.
For as (by am'rous Thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in *Sabin* Woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming Wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling fled.
No Beaſt of more portentous Size
In the *Hercinian* Foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace;
Where angry *Jove* did never ſpare
One Breath of kind and temp'rate Air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs Plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching Country run.
The burning Zone, the frozen Iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of *Cælia*'s Smiles:
All Cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all Heat but that in *Cælia*'s Eyes.

The SAME *imitated.*

I.

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms, but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An honeſt Mind ſafely alone
May travel through the burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepeſt *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows.

III.

While rul'd by a reſiſtleſs Fire,
Our great * *Orinda* I admire,
The hungry Wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace;
When there her Image fills my Breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome *Libyan* Plain,
So ſhe my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty Monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magic of *Orinda*'s Name
Not only can their Fierceneſs tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

* Mrs. *Catharine Philips.*

REMARKS

REMARKS on the foregoing ODE, *To* FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HORACE *writes to the ſame* Ariſtius Fuſcus, *to whom he addreſs'd the Tenth Epiſtle of the Firſt Book. He was a Rhetorician, Grammarian and Poet. There is not any thing in this Ode by which one may make a Conjecture in what time it was made; but if this* Lalage *is the ſame with her in the Fifth Ode in the Second Book, of which I make no doubt, it muſt have been written much later than the other. No one has hitherto given any Light as to the occaſion of this Ode, let us ſee what Conjecture can be made of it.*

Fuſcus Ariſtius *was in Love with* Lalage: Horace, *who was in a ſtrict League of Friendſhip with him, and who alſo lov'd* Lalage, *but rather as the Friend of* Ariſtius *than as his Rival, writes him an account of an Adventure that happen'd to him, in which* Lalage *had preſerv'd him from an eminent Danger, upon the account of his having ſung her Praiſes. He attributes his Safety to this Miſtreſs, whom he looks upon as a Goddeſs coming to his Succour, in reward for thoſe Sentiments, as reſpectful as paſſionate, which he had for her. This is the Reaſon he begins the Ode with deſcribing his being innocent, and free from any vicious Intentions. This is making a great Compliment to* Lalage, *and at the ſame time confirming the Friendſhip of his Rival, by preventing his being jealous of him.*

This Ode is ſo Polite and Gallant, as never to be ſufficiently commended.

Lin. 1. Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus. *Theſe are* Greek *Phraſes, in which the Prepoſition* ἐκ *is to be underſtood; for let the Grammarians ſay what they will,* integer *and* purus *can never govern a Genitive Caſe.*

Lin. 2. Mauri jaculis. *He ſpeaks of the Darts of the* Moors, *by reaſon thoſe People ſhot wonderfully from the Bow.*

Line. 3. Venenatis ſagittis. *The* Moors *were obliged to poiſon their Arrows, to defend themſelves from wild Beaſts, which their Country was full of.*

Lin. 5. Per Syrtes æſtuoſas. *It is not to be underſtood here that which is properly call'd the* Syrtes *of* Africa, *but all ſorts*

of

of Places, ſandy and burning, as thoſe Countries are over-againſt the Syrtes.

Lin. 6. Inhoſpitalem Caucaſum. *The* Greeks *called this Mountain* ἄξεινον, ἄξενον, ἀπάνθρωπον. Horace *has expreſs'd it all by this one word* Inhoſpitalis. Caucaſus *is between the* Euxine *and* Hircanian *Seas, and properly ſignifies* The Rampart of *Scythia.*

Line 7. Fabuloſus Hydaſpes. Hydaſpes *is a River in* India; *it is now called* Lobchan. Fabuloſus *does not ſignify Fabulous, but Renown'd, Famous.* Pliny *has call'd* Atlas *after the ſame manner,* Fabuloſiſſimum Africæ Montem, *The moſt celebrated Mountain of* Africa.

Lin. 9. Namque me ſylvâ lupus in Sabinâ. *He ſpeaks upon another Occaſion after the ſame manner, That being one Day aſleep in a very retir'd Place the Doves cover'd him with Leaves of Laurel and Myrtle, and that he ſlept there ſafely in the midſt of Vipers and Bears.*

Lin. 13. Militaris Daunia. Daunia *is properly that Part of* Apulia *which juts out into the* Adriatick *Sea, where is* Sipontus *and Mount* Gargan, *now call'd Mount St.* Angelo: *But all* Apulia, *from the* Samnites *even to* Calabria, *was alſo called* Daunia, *as is all* Italy. Horace *uſes it here in the ſecond Signification, and calls it Warlike, by reaſon it produces very good Soldiers.*

Lin. 14. In latis eſculetis. Apulia *is much over-run with Wood, it is that which is named by the* Greeks Daunia, *from the Word* Δαῦλος, Δαῦνος, *which ſignifies Covert, Thick, Thicket,* Heſych. Δαῦλον δασύ. Daunia Terra *is then properly* γῆ δασεῖα, *a Land of much under-weody Covert. Mr.* Guget *had written this Remark on the Margin of his* Horace, *which tho Learned Mr.* Menage *lent me.*

Line 15. Nec Jubæ tellus. Mauritania *is a Part of* Numidia, *which was under the Government of* Juba, *who had there ſo great a number of Lions and Tigers, that the People were at laſt forc'd to abandon their Dwellings, and the tilling of their Ground.*

Lin. 17. Pone me pigris. *He means, There is no Place ſo ſavage, nor ſo hideous, that the Thoughts of his Miſtreſs wou'd not render agreeable to him, and where that Goddeſs, whoſe powerful Protection he has already experienc'd, could not ſend him Succour, and draw him out of all thoſe Dangers which ſhou'd threaten his Life. 'Tis on this Account he is reſolv'd always to love her, and this Love will be a certain Refuge for him in every Danger. In all the Books of Chivalry there is nothing more gallant.*

Pigris

Pigris campis. *These four Verses admirably design the two Polar Zones, which are always environ'd by Ice and killing Frosts.* Pigri Campi *wonderfully express Countries condemned to a perpetual Sterility, and in a manner depriv'd of the Motion of Life.*

Lin. 19. Quod latus mundi. Latus *is a very proper Word, the two Zones being the two Sides of the World.*

Malusque Jupiter urget. *This Expression is extremely fine and very Poetical. He looks upon those places as deform'd by* Jupiter *as a Mark of his Anger: Nothing cou'd better paint the Inclemency of a Climate:* Jupiter, *for the Air.*

Lin. 21. Pone sub curru. *Under the Torrid Zone, between the two Tropicks.*

Lin. 22. In terrâ domibus negatâ. *The Ancients believ'd the Torrid Zone to be intirely uninhabitable, but now every one knows that it is not only inhabited, but also very temperate thro' the happy Mixture of Warmth by Day, and the fresh Breezes of the Night.*

Lin. 23. Dulcè ridentem, dulcè loquentem. Horace *has here join'd two the most considerable Allurements, the grace of making her laugh and speak agreeably. He has translated word for word this fine Passage of* Sapho.

———Καὶ πλασίον ἀδὺ φωνεῦσας ὑπακούει
Καὶ γελάσας ἱμερόεν.

Who hears you speak with so much Pleasure,
And is charm'd whene'er you smile.

On Mr. DRYDEN's RELIGIO LAICI.

BEGON you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Maſter know;
Let free, impartial Men from *Dryden* learn
Myſterious Secrets of a high Concern,
And weighty Truths, ſolid convincing Senſe,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.
What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men ſtill had Faults, and Men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,
Muſt be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the Yoke of his impoſing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Pow'r aſſume,
And wou'd for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine:
Fanaticks caſt the Pearls of Heav'n to Swine:
What then have honeſt thinking Men to do,
But chooſe a Mean between th' Uſurping two?

Nor can th' *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame my Muſe,
Which for his Firmneſs does his Heat excuſe;
Whatever Councils have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* ſure was his own Act and Deed.
Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll ſay)
'Tis true, but ſo ſhe will th' *Apocrypha*;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling Attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;

Yet

Yet leave his *Fav'rite*, Man, his chiefeſt Care,
More wretched than the vileſt Inſects are?

O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs Millions muſt be doom'd a Prey
To yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad Place from whence is no Return,
For Unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they cou'd not do!
The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And ſo do all their Followers that rebel;)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* ſtray,
Shall the great Gulph be ſhow'd him for the Way?

For better Ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n Angels rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.

That *Chriſt*, who at the great deciding Day
(For He declares what He reſolves to ſay)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *ill-natur'd Faults*,
And ſave the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
Hath too much Mercy to ſend Men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whoſe Inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In Damning Crowds of Souls, may Damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer Side,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

Part of the Fifth SCENE of the Second ACT in *Guarini's* PASTOR FIDO.

AMARILLI.

CARE ſelue beate
E voi ſolinghi, e taciturni horrori
Di ripoſo, e di pace alberghi veri.
O quanto volentieri
A riuederui i torno, e ſe le ſtelle
M'haueſſer dato inſorte
Di viuer à me ſteſſa, e di far vita
Conforme à le mie voglie;
Io già co campi Eliſi
Fortunato giardin de ſemidei
La voſtr'ombra gentil non cangerei.
" *Che ſe ben dritto miro*
" *Queſti beni mortali*
" *Altro non ſon che mali:*
" *Men' hà, chi più n' abbonda,*
" *E poſſeduto è più, che non poſſede,*
" *Ricchezze nò, ma lacci*
" *De l'altrui libertate.*
" *Che val ne più verdi anni*
" *Titolo di bellezza,*
" *O fama d'honeſtate,*
" *E'n mortal ſangue nobiltà celeſte:*
" *Tante grazie del Cielo, e de la terra.*
" *Qui larghi, e lieti campi*
" *E là felici piagge,*
" *Fecondi paſchi, e più fecondo armento,*
" *Se'n tanti benì il cor non è contento?*
Felice paſtorella,
Cui cinge à pena il fiance
Pouera sì, ma ſchietta,
E candida gonnella.

Ricca

Tranſlated into Engliſh.

AH happy Grove! dark and ſecure Retreat
Of ſacred Silence, Reſt's eternal Seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaſte Retirements of a Maid;
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been ſo much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I wou'd here confine,
And only this *Elyſium* ſhou'd be mine:
Fond Men by Paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches, with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to ourſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with Bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant Good,
Vain are the boaſted Titles of our Blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our Youth our ſhort-liv'd Beauty dies;
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid!
Whoſe modeſt Clothes no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul preſerves the native White;

Ricca ſol di ſe ſteſſa,
E de le grazie di Natura adorna,
Che'n dolce pouertate
Nè pouertà conoſce, nè i diſagi
De le ricchezze ſente,
Ma tutto quel poſſiede
Per cui deſio d'hauer non la tormenta;
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Co doni di natura
I doni di natura anco nudrica;
Col latte, il latte auuiua
E col dolce de l'api
Condiſce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
Quel fonte ond'ella beue,
Quel ſolo anco la bagna, e la conſiglia;
Paga lei, pago il mondo:
Per lei di nembi il ciel s'oſcura indarno,
E di grandine s'arma,
Che la ſua pouertà nulla pauenta:
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno ſgombra
Cura le ſta nel core.
Paſce le verdi herbette
La greggia à lei commeſſa, ed ella paſce
De ſuo'begli occhi il paſtorello amante,
Non qual le deſtinaro
O gli huomini, o le ſtelle,
Ma qual le diede Amore.
E tra l'ombroſe piante
D'vn fauorito lor Mirteto adorno
Vagheggiata il vagheggia, nè per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli ſcopra,
Ned'ella ſcopre ardor, ch'egli non ſenta,
Nuda sì, ma contenta.
O vera vita, che non sà che ſia
Morire innanzi morte.

Whoſe little Store her well-taught Mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Eaſe,
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few Wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can diſcompoſe her Breaſt,
Love, of all Cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt;
While on ſweet Graſs her bleating Charge does lie,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impoſe,
But one whom Love has for this Lover choſe,
Under ſome fav'rite Myrtle's ſhady Boughs,
They ſpeak their Paſſions in repeated Vows,
And whilſt a Bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful Heart makes as ſincere Returns;
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And while they live, their Flames can never die.

THE

THE DREAM.

TO the pale Tyrant, who to horrid Graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs Slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,
Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
But woful Cares that load Men while they wake.
When his ſoft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,
Dorinda came, diveſted of the Scorn
Which the unequall'd Maid ſo long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God eſſay'd
To tame the ſtubborn Heart of that bright Maid?
Yet ſpite of all the Pride that ſwells her Mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A riſing Bluſh increas'd the native Store
Of Charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the Viſion to my View,
The ſweet Illuſion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely She, how raviſh'd I!
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

The GHOST *of the Old Houſe of Commons, to the New One, appointed to meet at* OXFORD.

FROM deepeſt Dungeons of eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender Youth,
A ſeaſonable and important Truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no Diſeaſe
Is like a Surfeit of luxurious Eaſe:
And of all other, the moſt tempting Things
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Induſtry and Skill:
And ſome, whoſe Meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow Knaves by Uſe, and Rebels by Deſpair.
My Time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt Bloſſoms from the Blaſt of Sin;
And by the Fate of my tumultuous Ways,
Preſerve yourſelves, and bring ſerener Days.
The buſy, ſubtle Serpents of the Law,
Did firſt my Mind from true Obedience draw:
While I did Limits to the King preſcribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew ſeditious for Variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws illegally abus'd,
The Robe was ſummon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,
In legal Murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the Bar, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when three Kingdoms rung
With his accumulative *Hackney*-Tongue;

Pris'ners

Pris'ners and Witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to die,
And to expect their arbitrary Fates,
Some for ill Faces, ſome for good Eſtates.
To fright the People, and alarm the Town,
B------ and *Oates* employ'd the reverend Gown.
But while the triple Mitre bore the blame,
The King's three Crowns were their rebellious Aim:
I ſeem'd (and did but ſeem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards:*
Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheiſts, Rich and Reprobate:
But above all I got a little Guide,
Who ev'ry Ford of Villany had try'd:
None knew ſo well the old pernicious Way,
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey;
And my ſmall *Jehu*, at a furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty*, back to *Forty-Eight.*
This the King knew, and was reſolv'd to bear,
But I miſtook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happy Iſland cou'd afford,
Was ſacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradiſe, one only Tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict Decree;
A ſacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet it in Pieces I conſpir'd to tear;
Beware, my Child! Divinity is there.
This ſo undid all I had done before,
I cou'd attempt, and he endure no more,
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath,
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift Hand of Death;
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter Darkneſs of the lower World:
A dreadful Place! which you too ſoon will ſee,
If you believe Seducers more than me.

On the DEATH *of a* LADY's *Dog.*

THOU, happy Creature, art ſecure
From all the Torments we endure:
Deſpair, Ambition, Jealouſy,
Loſt Friends, nor Love, diſquiet thee;
A ſullen Prudence drew thee hence
From Noiſe, Fraud, and Impertinence,
Tho' Life eſſay'd the ſureſt Wile,
Gilding itſelf with *Laura*'s Smile.
How didſt thou ſcorn Life's meaner Charms,
Thou who cou'dſt break from *Laura*'s Arms!
Poor Cynick! ſtill methinks I hear
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear;
As when on *Laura*'s Lap you lay,
Chiding the worthleſs Crowd away.
How fondly human Paſſions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

SONG.

On a young Lady who Sung finely, and was afraid of a Cold.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
'Till fatal Tempeſts ſwell the Sea,
In vain let ſinking Pilots pray,
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing Froſt, and laſting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Deſtruction ſow!

Yet

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer Ills create,
Theſe we can bear; but gentle Fate,
And thou bleſt Genius of our Iſle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the liſt'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial Sound each Day
With Extaſy tranſport our Souls,
Whilſt all our Paſſions it controls,
And kindly drives our Cares away;
Let no ungentle Cold deſtroy,
All Taſte we have of heav'nly Joy.

EPILOGUE *to* ALEXANDER *the Great, when acted at the Theatre in* Dublin.

YOU've ſeen to Night the Glory of the Eaſt,
The Man, who all the then known World poſſeſt,
That Kings in Chains, did Son of *Ammon* call,
And Kingdoms thought divine, by Treaſon fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her Sport,
And when his Conduct wanted her Support,
His Empire, Courage, and his boaſted Line,
Were all prov'd Mortal by a Slave's Deſign.
Great *Charles*, whoſe Birth has promis'd milder Sway,
Whoſe awful Nod all Nations muſt obey,
Secur'd by higher Pow'rs, exalted ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious Hands;
Thoſe Miracles that guard his Crowns, declare
That Heav'n has form'd a Monarch worth their Care;
Born to advance the Loyal, and depoſe
His own, his Brother's, and his Father's Foes.

Faction,

Faction, that once made Diadems her Prey,
And ſtopt our Prince in his triumphant Way,
Fled like a Miſt before this radiant Day.
So when, in Heav'n, the mighty Rebels roſe,
Proud, and reſolv'd that Empire to depoſe,
Angels fought firſt, but unſucceſsful prov'd,
God kept the Conqueſt for his beſt Belov'd:
At ſight of ſuch Omnipotence they fly,
Like Leaves before autumnal Winds, and die.
All who before him did aſcend the Throne,
Labour'd to draw three reſtiff Nations on.
He boldly drives 'em forward without Pain,
They hear his Voice, and ſtraight obey the Rein.
Such Terror ſpeaks him deſtin'd to command;
We worſhip *Jove* with Thunder in his Hand;
But when his Mercy without Pow'r appears,
We ſlight his Altars, and neglect our Pray'rs.
How weak in Arms did Civil Diſcord ſhew!
Like *Saul* ſhe ſtruck with Fury at her Foe,
When an immortal Hand did ward the Blow.
Her Offspring, made the Royal Hero's Scorn,
Like Sons of Earth, all fell as ſoon as born:
Yet let us boaſt, for ſure it is our Pride,
When with their Blood our Neighbour Lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted Loyalty remain'd,
Her People guiltleſs, and her Fields unſtain'd.

ON THE DAY *of* JUDGMENT.

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Aſhes lay,
As *David* and the *Sibyls* ſay.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the ſtrict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial Faults to find?

III.

The laſt loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

Nature and Death ſhall, with Surpriſe,
Behold the pale Offender riſe,
And view the Judge with conſcious Eyes.

V.

Then ſhall, with univerſal Dread,
The ſacred Myſtick Book be read,
To try the Living, and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge aſcends his awful Throne,
He makes each ſecret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! What Intereſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important Stake,
When the moſt Juſt have Cauſe to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhauſted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ranſom coſt,
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be loſt,
In Storms of guilty Terror toſt.

X.

Thou who for me didſt feel ſuch Pain,
Whoſe precious Blood the Croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the ſad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whoſe Load my Soul with Anguiſh bears,
I ſigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with *Mary*'s Grief,
And, by abſolving of the Thief,
Haſt giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
Preſerve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Among thy choſen Right-hand Race;
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that inſatiable Abyſs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiſs,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliſs.

XVII.

Proſtrate my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forſake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their ſecond Breath,
Who riſe to a reviving Death,
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty Man Compaſſion find.

PROLOGUE *to* POMPEY,

A Tragedy, tranſlated by Mrs. K. Philips, *from the* French *of Monſieur* Corneille, *and acted at the Theatre in* DUBLIN.

THE mighty Rivals, whoſe deſtructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Cæſar from none but you will have his Doom,
He hates th' obſequious Flatteries of *Rome:*
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beſide.
When he the *Thames*, the *Danube*, and the *Nile*
Had ſtain'd with Blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this Iſle;
And you alone may boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar till now, and now can give him Law.

Great *Pompey* too, comes as a Suppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal Juſtice, and (to tell
A *Roman* Truth) he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on *Cæſar*'s ſide,
But *Pompey* thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not *Cato*'s Mind.
Then of what Doubt can *Pompey*'s Cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many *Cato's* judging ſit?

But you, bright Nymphs, give *Cæſar* leave to woo,
The greateſt Wonder of the World, but you,

And hear a Muſe, who has that Hero taught
To ſpeak as generouſly as e'er he fought.
Whoſe Eloquence from ſuch a Theme deters
All Tongues but *Engliſh*, and all Pens but hers.
By the juſt Fates your Sex is doubly bleſt,
You conquer'd *Cæſar*, and you praiſe him beſt.

And You (* illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A preſent Deſtiny reſerv'd for You.
Rome, *France* and *England* join their Forces here,
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that *Pompey*'s Brow,
Who gave ſo many Crowns, beſtow one now.

ROSS's GHOST.

SHAME of my Life, Diſturber of my Tomb,
Baſe as thy Mother's proſtituted Womb;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
Like *Samuel*, at thy necromantick Call,
I riſe, to tell thee, *God has left thee*, Saul.
I ſtrove in vain th' *infected Blood* to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the *Spring*'s impure.
In all your meritorious Life, we ſee
Old *Taaf*'s invincible Sobriety.
Places of *Maſter of the Horſe*, and *Spy*,
You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once ſupply:
From *Sidney*'s Blood your Loyalty did ſpring;
You ſhow us all your Parents, but the *King*,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he who ſuch a Viper warms;

* *To the Lord Lieutenant.*

As

As dutiful a Subject, as a Son)
To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old Apostate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and merit more than Hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the Sons of Light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.

AD

ROMANOS.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE VI.

Corruptos ſuæ ætatis mores inſectatur.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
Romane: donec templa refeceris,
Ædéſque labentes Deorum, &
Fœda nigro ſimulacra fumo.

Dîs te minorem quòd geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dî multa neglecti dederunt
Heſperiæ mala luctuoſæ.

Jam bis Monæſes, & Pacori manus
Non auſpicatos contudit impetus
Noſtros, & adjeciſſe prædam
Torquitus exiguis renidet.

Penè occupatam ſeditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus, & Æthiops:
Hic claſſe formidatus, ille
Miſſilibus melior ſagittis.

Fœcunda

THE

SIXTH ODE

of the THIRD BOOK *of* HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE Ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious Smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, grateful Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their Command, at their Command they end.

Let *Craſſus'* Ghoſt, and *Labienus* tell,
How twice by *Jove*'s Revenge our Legions fell,
And, with inſulting Pride,
Shining in *Roman* Spoils, the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
While our Seditions took their part,
Fill'd each *Ægyptian* Sail, and wing'd each *Scythian* Dart.

Fœcunda culpæ ſæcula, nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, & genus, & domos.
Hòc fonte derivata clades
In patriam, populúmque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit,
Cui donet impermiſſa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:

Sed juſſa coràm non ſinè conſcio
Surgit marito: ſeu vocat inſtitor,
Seu navis Hiſpanæ magiſter,
Dedecorum pretioſus emptor.

Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor ſanguine Punico,
Pyrrhúmque, & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum:

Sed

Firſt, thoſe flagitious Times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed,
From which polluted Head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the ſpurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Ionian Artiſts, at a mighty Price,
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice;
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtle Baits to lay,
And with an early Hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the common mean Deſign,
To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or ſnatch, in ſome dark Place,
A haſty illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal*, repairs,
Who feeds upon the Fleſh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whoſe tributary Flame,
Pays the full Price of Luſt, and gilds the ſlighted Shame.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europe*'s Steel,
Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield;
And won the long diſputed World at *Zama*'s fatal Field.

Sed ruſticorum maſcula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Verſare glebas, & ſeveræ
Matris ad arbitrium reciſos

Portare fuſtes, Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnoſa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

But Soldiers of a ruſtick Mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did ſound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs;
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs;
And we than ours; next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we,
(With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

REMARKS *on the foregoing* ODE.

THIS Ode is a Leſſon of Morality. Horace *is perſuading the* Romans, *that Contempt of Religion, and Corruption of Manners, were the ſole Cauſes of all the Misfortunes which had befallen* Rome. *The Time when it was written was after the Defeat of* Antony, *about the Year of* Rome, DCCXXIV, *or* DCCXXV.

Lin. 1. Delicta majorum immeritus lues.] *The Pagans had diſcover'd this Truth, That Poſterity might ſuffer for a Crime of their Anceſtors; and that till ſuch Crime was aton'd for, the Children of the Offenders were liable to the Puniſhment due to their Crime.*

Lin. 2. Donec templa refeceris.] *He means the Temples which had been burn'd during the Wars. This points at* Auguſtus *in particular: For that Prince was very diligent in repairing the Temples which had been demoliſh'd or burnt, and raiſing them up again.*

Lin. 3. Ædeſque labentes Deorum.] *The difference between an* Ædes Sacra *and a* Temple, *was this*; Ædes Sacra, *was properly a ſacred Edifice dedicated to ſome Deity, but without the Ceremony of the Augurs*; *a* Temple *was a certain ſpace of Ground ſet apart by the* Augurs, *but not hallowed nor conſecrated to any of the Gods, as the* Roſtra, Curia Pompeia, Curia Julia, Curia Hoſtilia. *Hence it is no hard matter to conceive how one might be turn'd into the other; that is, how a* Temple *might be made an* Ædes Sacra, *and an* Ædes Sacra *a* Temple: *there were ſeveral at* Rome, *which were both the one and the other at the ſame time.*

Lin. 4. Et fœda nigro ſimulachra fumo.] *This is a fine Paſſage.* Horace, *after he had ſpoke of the Temples being burnt, ſets before the Eyes of the* Romans *the Statues of the Gods, all over black with the Smoke of the Flames which had turn'd the Temples to Aſhes. Here it is proper to mention what we find in Book* I. *Ode* XXXV. *which was written a little after this:*

------ Quid intactum neſaſti
Liquimus? unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? -----

Profane Wretches! what have we not defil'd? In what Inſtance has the Fear of the Gods reſtrain'd the ſacrilegious Hands of our young Soldiers? Is there any one of the Altars which they have ſpar'd?

Lin.

Lin. 5. Dîs te minorem quod geris imperas.] *Chriſtians themſelves could not have given better Inſtructions to Princes: You are no longer Kings than you own a God above you, and truſt in his Power. This* Horace *writ not ſo much for the* Roman *People, as for* Auguſtus; *of whom, Book* I. *Ode* XII. *ſpeaking to* Jupiter, *he ſays,*

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:

He will ever own you to be above him; he will content himſelf with the Government of the World.

Lin. 6. Hine omne principium.] *He ſays we ſhould begin all our Works with Prayer to the Gods, and end them with Thankſgivings. This he recommends as a ſeaſonable Precept, after ſo much Miſery which had follow'd upon the Contempt of Religion.*

Lin. 8. Heſperiæ.] Italy, *call'd alſo* Heſperia proxima, *to diſtinguiſh it from* Spain, *which was call'd* Heſperia ultima.

Lin. 9. Jam bis Monæſes.] *Undoubtedly* Horace *ſpeaks here of the two Victories which the* Parthians *got over the* Romans, *one under* Monæſes, *and the other under* Pacorus *their Generals. He likewiſe imputes theſe Misfortunes of the* Romans *to the Contempt which they had ſhewn to Religion. It is probable that one of theſe Victories of the* Parthians, *was the Defeat of* Craſſus, *who march'd againſt the* Parthians, *in defiance of all the unlucky Omens which happen'd both at* Rome, *and in the Camp, as* Dion *reports. Hiſt. Book* XL. *But the difficulty is to know whether* Craſſus *was defeated by* Monæſes, *who was a chief Man about King* Orodes. *Hiſtorians agree that it was* Surena *who routed* Craſſus. *What is* Surena? *not a proper Name, but a Title of Dignity, and ſignifies,* The King's Lieutenant: *Now* Monæſes *was the ſecond Man of the Empire: And therefore it is probable that* Surena *was the Title of* Monæſes. *This Paſſage of* Horace *is very conſiderable; for it is the only one of all Antiquity which gives us light in this famous Story. The Victory of* Monæſes *over the* Romans *proved fatal to himſelf: For King* Orodes *growing jealous of his Glory, put him to Death ſoon after it. And therefore that* Monæſes, *who put himſelf into* Antony's *Hands ſeventeen Years after this Defeat of* Craſſus, *and whom* Antony *ſent back to* Phraates, *either becauſe he ſuſpected him, or becauſe he hop'd he might do him good Service about the Prince, was the Son of the former.*

Et Pacori manus.] Pacorus *was the eldeſt Son of* Orodes, *who ſent him to ravage* Syria *preſently upon the Defeat of* Craſſus: *But he was then ſo young, that he had only the Name of General, and* Ozaces *commanded the Army. He was ſent thither again with* Labienus *two or three Years after, and did great Service; for he ſubdued all*

Syria,

Syria, *except* Tyre, *as* Dion *writes, Book* XLVIII. *He was defeated and ſlain three Years after by* Ventidius, Antony's *Lieutenant.*

Lin. 10. Non auſpicatos contudit impetus.] *He calls the Efforts of the* Romans *againſt the* Parthians, non auſpicatos, *unauſpicious, contrary to the* Auſpicia, *becauſe* Craſſus *had enter'd upon this War with ſingular Contempt of thoſe Divine Tokens. Firſt of all, when he left* Rome, *the Tribune* Ateius *having oppoſed his Departure, and not being able to ſtop him, convey'd a Chaffing-diſh to the City-Gate, thro' which he was to paſs; and as* Craſſus *went out he caſt ſome Perfumes upon the Fire, and then threw it about, with horrible Curſes and Imprecations. This* Craſſus *minded not, but went on his way. In like manner he ſlighted all the unlucky Preſages that befel him. And, laſtly, when the Soothſayers let him know, that the Tokens in the Sacrifices were unfortunate, he took no Notice of what they ſaid.*

Lin. 11. Et adjeciſſe prædam torquibus.] *He ſays, that the* Parthians *enlarged the Chains about their Necks with the Gold and Silver which they had taken from the* Romans. *Here it muſt be remember'd, that the* Parthians *wore Chains about their Necks, like the old* Gauls *and* Germans.

Lin. 12. Renidet.] γελᾷ, *he laughs. So* Catullus, *Ode* XXXVI.

> Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,
> Renidet uſquequaque.

Egnatius is always laughing, becauſe he has white Teeth.

Lin. 14. Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops.] *This is not to be underſtood of two ſeveral times, as though the* Dacians *and* Ethiopians *had like to have taken* Rome *one after another:* Horace *ſpeaks here of the Forces of* Antony *and* Cleopatra, *who had a deſign on the City, as he ſays, Book* I. *Ode* XXXVII.

> ------- Dum capitolio
> Regina dementes ruinas,
> Funus & imperio parabat.

While the mad Queen threaten'd final Deſtruction to the Capitol and Empire. *It muſt be noted that the* Ethiopians *and* Dacians *compoſed a great part of* Antony's *Troops.*

Æthiops.] *The Troops of* Cleopatra, Ethiopians *and* Egyptians; *for* Egypt *was comprehended under the general Name of* Ethiopia.

Lin 15. Hic claſſe formidatus.] *For the* Egyptians *were moſt of* Antony's *Forces for Sea-Service.*

Lin. 16. Ille miſſilibus melior ſagittis.] *This is the* Dacian. *The* Northern *People were generally good Archers; and* Strabo *ſays their Arms were Sword, Buckler, Bow and Quiver.*

Lin.

Lin. 17. Fœcunda culpæ ſecula.] *The Corruption of Manners in* Horace's *Time cannot be better expreſt than in this Epigram of* Catullus:

Conſule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, ſolebant
Mœchi. Illi, ah! facto Conſule nunc iterum
Manſerunt duo, ſed creverunt millia in unum
Singulum, fœcundum ſemen adulterio.

Cinna, in the firſt Conſulate of *Pompey*, you could ſee but two Adulterers at *Rome*. In his ſecond likewiſe, you could find but theſe two. But ſince that, each of theſe has produced a thouſand. O prolifick Adultery! *By the two Adulterers* Catullus *means* Cæſar *and* Mamurra. *A little after this Ode was written,* Auguſtus *publiſhed the* Julian *Law, to prevent Adulteries.*

Lin. 19. Hoc fonte derivata clades.] *It is very remarkable, that* Horace *here aſcribes all the Calamities which had happen'd to* Rome, *and all the Civil Wars, to Adulteries only. In this he follows the Doctrine of* Pythagoras, *who taught, that nothing was of more miſchievous Conſequence than confounding Families, and grafting Aliens upon them by Adultery.*

Lin. 21. Motus.] *As the* Greeks *uſe* κινεῖσθαι, *to move ones ſelf, for* ὀρχεῖσθαι, *to dance, ſo the* Latins *uſe* moveri *and* motus *for the ſame. Thus* Horace *in another place*;

Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa Diebus.

And again, ------ ------ ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.

And Virgil, dant motus incompoſitos. Cicero *has the ſame Phraſe in his third Paradox:* Hiſtrio ſi paulo ſe movit extra numerum.

Ionicos.] Ionian *Dances were the moſt laſcivious of any. For the World did not afford a more voluptuous People than the* Ionians.

Lin. 22. Matura virgo.] *That is a Maid who is marriageable; for among the old* Romans *it was counted a Reproach for a Maid of that Age to dance; this Exerciſe being permitted to none but young Children.*

Fingitur artubus.] Fingere *ſignifies the ſame as* formare, componere, *to faſhion, to fit. It is a Term borrow'd from the Dancing-Schools.* Horace *ſays, that at that Age the Maid was ſtill practiſing to make her Joints ſupple, that ſhe might ſucceed the better in her laſcivious Movements.* Lambin *has read in ſome Manuſcripts,* fingitur artibus. *If that be the true reading,* Horace *would ſay that the Maids learn'd all the Tricks, and practis'd all the inveigling Arts, which common Strumpets made uſe of in their Trade.*

Lin.

Lin. 24. De tenero meditatur ungui.] *This is a* Greek *Proverb,* ἐξ ἁπαλῶν τῶν ὀνύχων, de tenero ungui, de teneris unguiculis, *from ones tender Age.* Tully *in an Epiſtle to* Lentulus, *ſays:* Sed præſta te eum qui mihi à teneris, ut Græci dicunt, unguiculis es cognitus. Let me find you the ſame Man as I have always known you to be ever ſince you was a little Child. *Obſerve here how* Horace *uſes the Prepoſition* de *inſtead of* à.

Lin. 25. Juniores quærit adulteros.] Juniores *may ſignify here ſimply, the youngeſt, or ſuch as were younger than their Husbands, or new ones; as Book* I. *Ode* XXXIII.

Lin. 26. Inter mariti vina.] *A Paſſage of* Ovid *may explain this, in his firſt Book* de arte.

Ergo ubi contigerit poſiti tibi munera Bacchi,
Atque erit in ſocii fœmina parte tori, *&c.*

When you are at the Table with your Miſtreſs, and ſhe ſits upon the ſame Couch with you, *&c.*

Lin. 28. Gaudia.] *This word muſt not be chang'd.* Ovid *has it in the ſame ſenſe,* de arte amandi *Lib.* III.

Gaudia nec cupidis veſtra negate viris.

And Tibullus:

Cui Venus heſternâ gaudia nocte tulit.

Lin. 29. Coram.] *Before all the Company. This word is oppoſed here to* luminibus remotis. Suetonius *uſes it in ſpeaking of* Auguſtus, *in the* LXIXth *Chapter of his Life.*

Non ſine conſcio.] *This is oppoſed to* raptim. Horace *is not ſatisfied to deſcribe the Debaucheries of Women only; but to ſtrike more Horror, he adds, that their Husbands conſented; which is the higheſt degree of Lewdneſs.*

Lin. 30. Seu vocat inſtitor. Inſtitor *is properly a Factor to a Merchant, an Agent.* Ovid. de arte, *Lib.* I.

Inſtitor ad dominam veniet diſcinctus emacem,
Expediet merces teque ſedente ſuas.

The Merchant's Factor will come to your Miſtreſs who wants to buy ſomewhat, and will open all his Ware in your ſight.

Lin. 31. Seu navis Hiſpanæ magiſter.] Magiſter navis *ſometimes ſignifies the chief Man in the Ship, or the Pilot: But here* Horace *puts it for the Owner of the Veſſel, the trading Merchant. Now there was great Trade between* Italy *and* Spain: *the* Spaniards *furniſh'd* Rome *with Wine, and carried back Goods from thence in exchange.*

Lin.

Lin. 32. Dedecorum pretioſus emptor.] *The Word* pretioſus *here is a very ingenious, pertinent Epithet: for it ſignifies one who buys dear, who ſpares for nothing; much the ſame as* damnoſus. Horace *handſomly deſcribes the Avarice of the Women in his Time, who preferr'd Merchants and Ship-Maſters for their Gallants, only becauſe they paid better than others.*

Lin. 33. Non his juventus orta parentibus.] *Here he illuſtrates what he hinted at the 17th Verſe, that frequent Adulteries had ſpoil'd good Families, ſo that one might ſee a great difference between the* Romans *of his Time, and their brave Anceſtors, who vanquiſh'd* Pyrrhus, *the* Carthaginians, *and* Antiochus *by Sea and Land.*

Lin. 35. Pyrrhumque.] Pyrrhus *was King of* Epirus, *and deſcended from* Achilles. *He routed the Conſul* Lævinus *near* Heraclea; *but ſoon after he was overthrown by* Fabricius *and* Curius; *and retiring into* Greece, *he was ſlain with a blow of a Tile, as he was beſieging* Antigonus *in* Argos, *in the Year of* Rome CCCCLXXX.

Lin. 36. Ingentem Antiochum.] Antiochus *was King of* Syria. Æmilius Regillus *beat him by Sea, and* L. Scipio *by Land: At laſt he was ſlain by his own People, in the Year of* Rome DLXVII.

Lin. 37. Sed ruſticorum maſcula militum.] *The* Roman *Troops were compoſed of Ruſticks, Countrymen, ſuch as they raiſed for the moſt part in the Territory of the* Marſians, *in* Apulia, *and among the* Samnites. Varro *has a fine Remark upon this, in the beginning of his Book of Husbandry.* Viri magni noſtri majores non ſine causâ præponebant ruſticos Romanos urbanis; ut ruri enim qui in villâ vivunt ignaviores quàm qui in agro verſantur in aliquo opere faciundo: Sic qui in oppido ſederent, quàm qui rura colerent, deſidiores putabant. It is not without Reaſon that thoſe great Men, our Anceſtors, preferr'd the *Romans* in the Country before thoſe in the City; for as in the Country itſelf, thoſe whoſe Buſineſs lies within Doors are lazier than thoſe who ſtir abroad and work in the Field; ſo they reckon'd that thoſe who led a ſedentary Life in the City, were not ſo fit for Service as thoſe that follow'd Husbandry. *The ſame Author has ſomething fuller yet, in the beginning of his* IIId *Book.* Itaque non ſine causâ majores noſtri ex urbe in agris redigebant cives ſuos, quod & in pace à ruſticis Romanis alebantur, & in bello ab his tutabantur. Our Forefathers were in the right, to ſend Citizens abroad and ſettle them in country Places; becauſe the *Romans* in the Country furniſh'd the City with Proviſions in time of Peace, and defended it in War.

Lin. 38. Sabellis docta ligonibus.] *Which is as much as to ſay, that the Soldiers were* Samnites. *For* Sabellus *is a diminutive of* Samnis, *as* Scabellum *of* Scamnum.

Lin.

Lin. 40. Severæ matris ad arbitrium.] *This is a good Deſcription of a painful Mother who makes her Children work, and will not be pleaſed if they don't bring home good Loads of Fuel at Night. He has the ſame Thought again, Book* V. *Ode* II. *The* Samnite *Women were ſo induſtrious, that they managed the Farms for their Husbands, and left them Nothing to do. See* Columella's *Preface to his* XIth *Book, where he oppoſes the pains-taking Women of the firſt Times, to the fine, lazy, voluptuous Dames of his own Age.*

Lin. 41. Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras.] *This* mutare *of* Horace, *is the ſame with* Virgil's duplicare. *It may be explain'd of the changing of Place. For when the Sun ſets, the Shadow is not in the ſame place where it was three Hours before.*

Lin. 42. Et juga demeret bobus.] *The* Greeks *have happily expreſs'd this by one Word* βέλυσις *or* βελυτὸς, *which* Tully *uſes in his* XXVIIth *Epiſtle to* Atticus, *Book* XV. Adventabat autem βελύσει cœnantibus nobis. *He came in the Evening as we were at Supper, about the time of unyoking the Oxen. See the* IId *Ode of the* Vth *Book.*

Lin. 43. Amicum tempus.] *He calls the Evening a Friend to Labourers, becauſe it puts an end to their Day's Work.*

Lin. 45. Damnoſa.] Damnoſus, *as I have already obſerved, is properly one that never ſpares; and therefore it is very fitly applied to Time, which is likewiſe call'd* tempus ædax.

Lin. 46. Ætas parentum. *Here I admire the Poet's Art, who has ſaid ſo much of four Generations in three ſhort Verſes. If it be true that he has imitated the Verſes of* Aratus, *as* Lambin *and* Muretus *tell us, the Copy may be ſaid to excel the Original.*

Οἵην χρύσεοι πάτερες γενεὴν ἐλίποντο
Χειροτέρην, ὑμεῖς δὲ κακώτερα τεξείεσθε.

As your Fathers left Children not ſo good as themſelves, ſo you will leave thoſe that are worſe than you are. Muretus *ſays farther, that both theſe Poets have borrow'd the Thought from* Homer, *who writes that few Children are like their Father; that he obſerved a great many to be worſe, but rarely found one better. But it well deſerves to be noted, that* Horace *grounded his Remark upon true Hiſtory, of the Times for the three firſt Generations, and that he propheſied truly of the fourth, as is eaſy to prove, by comparing the Reign of* Tiberius *with that of* Auguſtus.

HORACE's

ART *of* POETRY.

Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium
& fons.

PREFACE

TO THE

ART of POETRY.

I Have ſeldom known a Trick ſucceed, and will put none upon the Reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more ſeaſonable than now to lay down ſuch Rules, as if they be obſerv'd, will make Men write more correctly, and judge more diſcreetly: But Horace *muſt be read ſeriouſly or not at all, for elſe the Reader won't be the better for him, and I ſhall have loſt my Labour. I have kept as cloſe as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often ask'd myſelf that Queſtion. I know this is a Field,*

Per quem magnus equos *Auruncæ* flexit Alumnus.

But with all the Reſpect due to the Name of Ben. Johnſon, *to which no Man pays more Veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the Conſtraint of Rhime, and a literal Tranſlation (to which* Horace *in this Book declares himſelf an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.*

My chief Care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin *was obſcure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.*

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durſt, I would beg them to remember, that Horace *ow'd his Favour and his Fortune to the Character given of him by* Virgil *and* Varius, *that* Fundanius *and* Pollio *are ſtill valued by what* Horace *ſays of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Underſtanding among the Ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt Eſteem'd were the beſt Natur'd.*

ROSCOMMON.

DE ARTE POETICA LIBER, AD PISONES.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis
Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter
Assuitur pannus: quum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.

Sed

HORACE

OF THE

ART *of* POETRY.

We are favour'd with ſome Emendations of this Poem, which are inſerted in the Text between [ ] *from a Copy corrected by the Earl of* Roſcommon's *own Hand, and now in the poſſeſſion of Dr.* Rawlinſon.

IF in a Picture (*Piſo*) you ſhould ſee
A handſom Woman with a Fiſhes Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſe's Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts of the moſt diff'rent kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Truſt me, that Book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent Stile (like ſick Mens Dreams)
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd.
This Privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common Laws of Senſe,
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathies*,
Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
And hungry Tigers court the tender Lambs.

Some that at firſt have promis'd mighty Things,
Applaud themſelves, when a few florid Lines
Shine through th' inſipid Dulneſs of the reſt;
Here they deſcribe a Temple, or a Wood,
Or Streams that through delightful Meadows run,
And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhine*,

Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare. Quid hoc? ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit, quod vis, ſimplex duntaxat & unum.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur ſpecie recti. brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimiùm, timiduſque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos:
Infelix operis ſummâ, quia ponere totum
Neſciet. hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quam pravo vivere naſo,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus, & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

Pleraque

But they misplace them all, and croud them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a Tree,
Would be to draw a Shipwreck or a Storm.
When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,
Why is the End so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most Poets fall into the grossest Faults,
Deluded by a seeming Excellence:
By striving to be short, they grow Obscure,
And when they would write smoothly, they want Strength,
Their Spirits sink; while others that affect
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany;
Some tim'rous Wretches start at ev'ry Blast,
And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore;
Others, in Love with wild Variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood;
Thus fear of Erring, join'd with want of Skill,
Is a most certain way of Erring still.

The meanest Workman in th' *Æmilian* Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun;
What [1] [can be] more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good Features in a Face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let Poets match their Subject to their Strength,
And often try what Weight they can support,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear,
After a serious and judicious Choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail.

As well the Force as Ornament of Verse,
Consist in choosing a fit Time for things,

1 *is there*

Pleraque differat, & præſens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat promiſſi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis:
Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. ſi fortè neceſſe eſt
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia ſumta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus ademtum
Virgilio Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca
Si poſſum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? licuit, ſemperque licebit,
Signatum præſente nota procudere nomen.
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terra Neptunus claſſes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; ſterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.

Multa

And knowing when a Muſe [2] [may] be indulg'd
In her full Flight, and when ſhe ſhould be curb'd.

Words muſt be choſen, and be plac'd with Skill:
You gain your Point, [3] [when by the noble Art
Of good Connexion, an unuſual Word
Is made at firſt familiar to our Ear.]
But if you write of things Abſtruſe or New,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be ſeldom and diſcreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,
Muſt ſo derive them from the *Græcian* Spring,
As they may ſeem to flow without Conſtraint.
Can an Impartial Reader diſcommend
In *Varius*, or in *Virgil*, what he likes
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why ſhould I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When *Ennius* and *Cato*'s copious Stile
Have ſo enrich'd, and ſo adorn'd our Tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new Words well ſuited to the Age.
Words are like Leaves, ſome wither ev'ry Year,
And ev'ry Year a younger Race ſucceeds.
Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæſar*'s ſtupendous Work)
Protects our Navies from the raging North;
And (ſince *Cethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)
We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.
See how the *Tiber* (whoſe licentious Waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring Fields,)
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive Courſe,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's Command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then ſhould Words challenge Eternity,
When greateſt Men and greateſt Actions die?

2 *ſhould*

3 ——— *if your induſtrious Art*
Can make unuſual Words eaſy and plain;

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidêre; cadentque,
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt & jus & norma loquendi.

Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, & triſtia bella,
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.

Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm,
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc ſocci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, & populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

Muſa dedit fidibus Divos, pueroſque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poëta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere, malo?

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Telephus & Peleus, quum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.
Non ſatis eſt pulcra eſſe Poëmata: dulcia ſunto,

Et

Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt Words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in Vogue;
Uſe is the Judge, the Law, and Rule of Speech.

Homer firſt taught the World in Epick Verſe
To write of great Commanders, and of Kings.

Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for Grief,
Though now we uſe them to expreſs our Joy:
But to whoſe Muſe we owe that ſort of Verſe,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd *Archilochus*,
Numbers for Dialogue and Action fit,
And Favourites of the Dramatick Muſe.
Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whoſe commanding Sound
Awes the tumultuous Noiſes of the Pit,
And whoſe peculiar Province is the Stage.

Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns,
Love's pleaſing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine,
Are proper Subjects for the Lyrick Song.

Why is he honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who neither knows nor would obſerve a Rule;
And chooſes to be Ignorant and Proud,
Rather than own his Ignorance, and learn?
Let ev'ry Thing have its due Place and Time.

A Comick Subject loves an humble Verſe,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and comick Stile.
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her Voice,
And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve;
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantick Words.
He that would have Spectators ſhare his Grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,

Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentèm, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Pòst effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros:
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli:
Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem:
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.
Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

Publica

And raiſe Men's Paſſions to what height he will.
We Weep and Laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; then, *Telephus*,
I feel the weight of your Calamities,
And fancy all your Miſeries my own.
But if you act them ill, I ſleep or laugh:
Your Looks muſt alter, as your Subject does
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere:
For Nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our Fortunes Changes in our Face.
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous Rage tranſports,
And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
And theſe are all interpreted by Speech;
But he whoſe Words and Fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jeſt.
Obſerve the Characters of thoſe that ſpeak,
Whether an honeſt Servant, or a Cheat,
Or one whoſe Blood boils in his youthful Veins,
Or a grave Matron, or a buſy Nurſe,
Extorting Merchants, careful Husbandmen,
Argives or *Thebans*, *Aſians* or *Greeks*.

Follow Report, or feign coherent Things;
Deſcribe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms;
Medea muſt be all Revenge and Blood,
Ino all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,
Io muſt wander, and *Oreſtes* mourn.

If your bold Muſe dare tread unbeaten Paths,
And bring new Characters upon the Stage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New Subjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chooſe a well known Theme,
Than truſt to an Invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres: nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
(Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.)
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat: ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat: & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque

Sessuri,

That with ſome Juſtice it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not Copy trivial things,
Nor Word for Word too faithfully Tranſlate,
Nor (as ſome ſervile Imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy Rules,
As [4] [you] muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the Laws of Decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old Poetaſter did,
(Troy's *famous War, and* Priam's *Fate, I ſing*)
In what will all this Oſtentation end?
The lab'ring Mountain ſcarce brings forth a Mouſe:
How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile?
Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, ſuch change of Manners ſaw.
One with a Flaſh begins, and ends in Smoke,
The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light,
And (without raiſing Expectation high)
Surpriſes us with daring Miracles,
The bloody *Leſtrygons* [5] [*Charybdis'* Gulph,
And frighted *Greeks* who near th' *Ætna* Shore,
Hear *Scylla* bark, and *Polyphemus* roar.]
He doth not trouble us with *Leda*'s Eggs,
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War;
Nor writing the Return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleager*'s Death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the Plot;
He chooſes only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are ſo aptly mix'd
That all ſeems Uniform, and of a Piece.

Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear

4 *they*

5 ——————*inhumane Feaſts,*
With all the Monſters of the Land and Sea;
How Scylla *bark'd, and* Polyphemus *roar'd:*

The

Seſſuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores:
Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque, & aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper:
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris:
Sublimis, cupiduſque & amata relinquere pernix.
Converſis ſtudiis ætas animuſque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias, inſervit honori:
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus: laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, que mox narret facundia præſens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Neve

The Epilogue, and ſee the Curtain fall;
Mind how our Tempers alter [6] [in] our Years,
And by [7] [that Rule] form all your Characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh Plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes ev'ry Hour his wav'ring Mind.
A Youth that firſt caſt off his Tutor's Yoke,
Loves Horſes, Hounds, and Sport, and Exerciſe,
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and Ambition rule our riper Years,
And make us Slaves to Intereſt and Pow'r.
Old Men are only walking Hoſpitals,
Where all Defects, and all Diſeaſes, croud
With reſtleſs Pain, and more tormenting Fear,
Lazy, moroſe, full of Delays and Hopes,
Oppreſs'd with Riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And fond of all the Follies of the paſt.
Thus all the Treaſure of our flowing Years,
Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious Care of Men,
Nor Men the weak Anxieties of Age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves leſs than what we ſee;
Spectators only have their Eyes to truſt,
But Auditors muſt truſt their Ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
Medea muſt not draw her murd'ring Knife,
And ſpill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feaſt prepare.
Cadmus and *Progne*'s *Metamorphoſis*,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my Senſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

6 *with* 7 *thoſe Rules*

Five

Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult, & ſpectata reponi.
Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis:
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commiſſa: Deoſque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula, ſed tenuis ſimplexque, foramine pauco
Aſpirare, & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu,
Quo ſanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cæpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtos impunè diebus,
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberque laborum
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, & divina futuri
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit, & aſper

Five Acts are the juſt Meaſure of a Play.
Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a Buſineſs worthy of a God;
And in one Scene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.

A *Chorus* ſhould ſupply what Action wants,
And hath a generous and manly Part;
Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honeſty,
And ſtrict Obſervance of impartial Laws,
Sobriety, Security and Peace,
And begs the Gods [8] [who guide] blind Fortune's Wheel,
To raiſe the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
But nothing muſt be ſung between the Acts,
But what ſome way conduces to the Plot.

Firſt the ſhrill Sound of a ſmall rural Pipe
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was Entertainment for the Infant Stage,
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful Audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal Anceſtors.
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
And Men (grown wanton by Proſperity)
Study'd new Arts of Luxury and Eaſe,
The Verſe, the Muſick, and the Scene's improv'd;
For how ſhould Ignorance be Judge of Wit,
Or Men of Senſe applaud the Jeſts of Fools?
Then came rich Clothes and graceful Action in,
Then Inſtruments were taught more moving Notes,
And Eloquence with all her Pomp and Charms
Foretold us uſeful and ſententious Truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the *Delphick* God.

The firſt Tragedians found that ſerious Stile
Too grave for their Uncultivated Age,
And ſo brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
Whoſe Motion, Words, and Shape were all a Farce,

8 *to turn*

(As

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quòd
Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:
Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solùm,
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interfit Davusne loquatur, & audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar: ut sibi quivis
Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet,
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne, velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim quibus est equus & pater & res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur ïambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit
Nomen ïambeis: quum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi. non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus & patiens: non ut de sede secunda
Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic & in Accî
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Ennî.

In

(As oft as Decency would give them leave,)
Becauſe the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of Confuſion, and the Fumes of Wine,
Lov'd ſuch Variety and antick Tricks.
But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much
To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
(Stript of his golden Crown and purple Robe)
Deſcend to a Mechanick Dialect,
Nor (to avoid ſuch Meanneſs) ſoaring high
With empty Sound, and airy Notions fly;
For, Tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low Mimick Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would, to dance with Girls:
You muſt not think that a Satyrick Stile
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention ſcope,
And if your Stile be natural and ſmooth,
All Men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much Pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may
Improve the common and the plaineſt Things.
A Satyr that comes ſtaring from the Woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an Orator:
But, tho' his Language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be Obſcene, and Impudent;
The better Sort abhors Scurrility,
And often cenſures what the Rabble likes.

Unpoliſh'd

In ſcenam miſſos magno cum pondere verſus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex:
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna Poëtis.
Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter? an omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea, tutus & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna.
At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere ſales: nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam ſtulte, mirati: ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus & aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis:
Quæ canerent agerentque perunctis fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus, & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Succeſſit vetus his comœdia, non ſine multa
Laude: ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. lex eſt accepta: choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquere Poëtæ:
Nec minimum meruêre decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuêre togatas.
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium: ſi non offenderet unumquemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius ſanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coërcuit, atque
Præfectum deciès non caſtigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium

Unpoliſh'd Verſes paſs with many Men,
And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point;
But then, to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the World will wink at all our Faults,
Is ſuch a raſh, ill-grounded Confidence,
As Men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
9 [Be perfect in] the *Greek* Originals,
Read them by Day, and think of them by Night.
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former Time
With too much Patience (not to call it worſe)
His harſh, unequal Verſe, was Muſick then,
And Rudeneſs had the Privilege of Wit.

When *Theſpis* firſt expos'd the Tragick Muſe,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
Where ghaſtly Faces ſtain'd with Lees of Wine
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Croud;
This *Æſchylus* (with Indignation) ſaw,
And built a Stage, found out a decent Dreſs,
Brought Vizards in, (a civiler Diſguiſe)
And taught Men how to ſpeak, and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great Applauſe,
Till her licentious and abuſive Tongue
Waken'd the Magiſtrates Coercive Pow'r,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her Inſolence.

Our Writers have attempted ev'ry Way,
And they deſerve our Praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,
And found fit Subjects for her Verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our Wit,
Than for the Force of our victorious Arms;
But that the Time and Care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright Poets from that neceſſary Toil.

9 *Conſider well*

Democritus

Ingenium miſera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone Poëtas
Democritus: bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: ſecreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciſcetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit. ô ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem ſub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata. verum
Nil tanti eſt. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipſa ſecandi:
Munus & Officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo:
Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque Poëtam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ:
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hoſpes:
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium: quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis: ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, & veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum ſpecioſa locis morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graiis

Democritus was ſo in love with Wit,
And ſome Mens natural Impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the help of Art and Rules,
And thought none Poets 'till their Brains were crackt;
And this hath ſo Intoxicated ſome,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They Cleanlineſs, and Company, renounce
For Lunacy beyond the Cure of Art,
With a long Beard, and Ten long dirty Nails,
Paſs current for *Apollo*'s Livery.
O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring
Some Phyſick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
None would have writ with more Succeſs than I;
[10] [But I muſt reſt contented as I am,]
And only ſerve to whet that Wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my Claim.
Yet without Writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the Duty of a Poet is;
Wherein his Wealth and Ornaments conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound Judgment is the ground of Writing well;
And when Philoſophy directs your Choice
To proper Subjects rightly underſtood,
Words from your Pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper Characters,
Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe [11] [our] Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators ſhould act,
And what becomes a General to do;
Thoſe are the likeſt Copies, which are drawn
By the Original of human Life.
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted Plays
We meet with ſuch a lucky Character,
As being humour'd right, and well purſu'd,
Succeeds much better, than the ſhallow Verſe
And chiming Trifles of more ſtudious Pens.

10 *But I am ſatisfy'd to keep my Senſe,*
11 *to*

Greece

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. dicat
Filius Albini, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſuperat? Poteras dixiſſe triens. eu,
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. redit uncia: quid ſit?
Semis. At hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî
Quum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & levi ſervanda cupreſſo?

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ:
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis cauſâ ſint proxima veris.
Nec, quodcumque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi:
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis: hic & mare tranſit,
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt

Greece had a Genius, *Greece* had Eloquence,
For her Ambition and her End was Fame.
Our *Roman* Youth is [12] [diligently taught,
The deep myſterious Art of growing rich,
And the firſt Words that Children learn to ſpeak,
Are of the Value of the Names of Coin;
Can a penurious Wretch that with his Milk
Hath ſuck'd the baſeſt Dregs of Uſury,
Pretend to generous and heroick Thoughts?
Can Ruſt and Avarice write laſting Lines?]
But you, brave Youth, wiſe *Numa*'s worthy Heir,
Remember of what Weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,
That has not paſs'd all Judges and all Teſts.

A Poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both;
Let all your Precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
That ready Wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful Memories retain them long;
[13] [All] Superfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your Parts,
To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old Age explodes all but Morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring Youths;
But he that joins Inſtructions with Delight,
Profit with Pleaſure, carries all the Votes:
Theſe are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,
Theſe paſs with Admiration through the World,
And bring their Author to eternal Fame.

12 ———— *bred another way,*
And taught no Arts but thoſe of Uſury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can ſubdivide a Fraction:
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their Birth
Have been devoted thus to Ruſt and Gain,
Be capable of high and generous Thoughts?
Can Verſes writ by ſuch an Author live?

13 *For* Be

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus & mens,
Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret: & citharœdus
Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Ut pictura, poësis erit, quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiet magis: & quædam, si longiùs abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. consultus juris, & actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse Poëtis
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum & Sardo cum melle papaver

Offendunt,

Be not too rigidly cenſorious,
A String may jar in the beſt Maſter's Hand,
And the moſt skilful Archer miſs his Aim;
But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I [14] [would] not quarrel with a ſlight Miſtake,
Such as our Nature's Frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his Fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent,
As a Muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame Note;
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd Fop
(Among his numerous Abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable Line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch Company,
And wonder by what Magick they came there.
But in long Works Sleep will ſometimes ſurpriſe,
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod,

Poems, like Pictures, are of diff'rent Sorts,
Some better at a diſtance, others near,
Some love the Dark, ſome chooſe the cleareſt Light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing Eye,
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.

But *Piſo* (tho' your [15] [Knowledge of the World,]
Join'd with your Father's Precepts, make you wiſe)
Remember this as an important Truth:
Some things admit of Mediocrity,
A Counſellor, or Pleader at the Bar,
May want *Meſſala*'s pow'rful Eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep *Caſcellius*;
Yet this indiff'rent Lawyer is eſteem'd;
But no Authority of Gods nor Men
Allow of any Mean in Poeſy.
As an ill Conſort, and a coarſe Perfume,
Diſgrace the Delicacy of a Feaſt,

14 *will* 15 *own Experience,*

Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulùm à ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.

Luderè qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:
Indoctuſque pilæ diſcive trochive quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè coronæ:
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. quidni?
Liber & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summum nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva:
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens: ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii deſcendat judicis aures,
Et patris, & noſtras: nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non ederis: neſcit vox miſſa reverti.

Sylveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque Deorum
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidoſque leones:
Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blanda
Ducere quò vellet. fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri: leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque

Carminibus

And might with more Diſcretion have been ſpar'd;
So Poeſy, whoſe End is to delight,
Admits of no Degrees, but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.

In other things Men have ſome Reaſon left,
And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,
Deſpairing of Succeſs, forbears to try;
But all (without Conſideration) write;
Some thinking that th' Omnipotence of Wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they pleaſe.
But *Piſo*, you are of too quick a ſight
Not to diſcern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly [16] [with your Genius to contend;]
Yet if it ever be your Fate to write,
Let your Productions paſs the ſtricteſt Hands,
Mine and your Father's, and not ſee the Light,
Till Time and Care have ripen'd ev'ry Line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But Words once ſpoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inſpir'd by more than human Pow'r,
Did not, as Poets feign, tame Savage Beaſts,
But Men as lawleſs, and as wild as they,
And firſt diſſuaded them from Rage and Blood;
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute;
Poets, the firſt Inſtructors of Mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native uſe;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And ſome to publick, ſome to private Ends:
Promiſcuous Love by Marriage was reſtrain'd,
Cities were built, and uſeful Laws were made;
[17] [So great was the Divinity of Verſe,
And ſuch Obſervance to a Poet paid.]

16 ------ *ſtruggle with your Genius.*
17 *So ancient is the Pedigree of Verſe,*
And ſo Divine a Poet's Function.

Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes:
Et vitæ monstrata via est: & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium. alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, & alsit:
Abstinuit Venere & vino. qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poëmata pango.
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Assentores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum: mirabor si sciet inter-
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum,
Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulchrè, Bene, Rectè,
Pallescet super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plùs laudatore movetur:
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,

Then *Homer*'s and *Tyrtæus*' Martial Muſe
Waken'd the World, and ſounded loud Alarms.
To Verſe we owe the ſacred Oracles,
And our beſt Precepts of Morality;
Some have by Verſe obtain'd the Love of Kings,
(Who, with the Muſes, eaſe their weary'd Minds)
Then bluſh not, noble *Piſo*, to protect
What Gods inſpire, and Kings delight to hear.

Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain, that Nature makes them ſo;
I neither ſee what Art without a Vein,
Nor Wit without the help of Art can do,
But mutually they [18] [crave] each other's Aid.
He that intends to gain th' *Olympic* Prize
Muſt uſe himſelf to Hunger, Heat, and Cold,
Take leave of Wine, and the ſoft Joys of Love;
And no Muſician dares pretend to Skill,
Without a great Expence of Time and Pains;
But ev'ry little buſy Scribler now
Swells with the Praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
Brags of his Impudence, and ſcorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more Pains to hire
A flatt'ring Audience, than poor Tradeſmen do
To perſuade Cuſtomers to buy their Goods.
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude yourſelf, nor read your Book
Before a brib'd and fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend and feign an Extaſy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to pleaſe?
True Friends appear leſs mov'd than Counterfeit;
As Men that truly grieve at Funerals,
Are not ſo loud as thoſe that cry for Hire.
Wiſe were the Kings, who never choſe a Friend,

18 *need.*

Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent
An ſit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio ſi quid recitares, Corrige, ſodes,
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. melius te poſſe negares,
Bis terque expertum fruſtrà; delere jubebat,
Et maiè tornatos incudi reddere verſus.
Si defendere delictum quàm vertere malles,
Nullam ultra verbum aut operam ſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duros: incomtis allinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſinum: ambitioſa recîdet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambiguè dictum: mutanda notabit:
Fiet Ariſtarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala, derifum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtre.

Ut mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque Poëtam,
Qui ſapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique ſequuntur.

Hic,

Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,
And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt Thoughts;
You cannot arm yourſelf with too much Care
Againſt the Smiles of a deſigning Knave.

Quintilius (if his Advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more Care ſupply the Vacancy;
But if he found you fond, and obſtinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your Faults)
With Silence leave you to admire yourſelf,
And without Rival hug your darling Book.
The prudent Care of an impartial Friend
Will give you notice of each idle Line,
Shew what ſounds harſh, and what wants Ornament,
Or where it is too laviſhly beſtow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obſcure,
And with a ſtrict Enquiry mark your Faults;
Nor for theſe Trifles fear to loſe your Love;
Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
[19] [Will be of a moſt ſerious Conſequence,]
When they have made you once ridiculous.

[20] A [Poetaſter, in his raging Fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys)
Is dreaded and proſcrib'd by Men of Senſe;
They make a Lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from the Infection of the Plague,
Or from a Man, whom, for a juſt Revenge,
Fanatick Phrenſy ſent by Heav'n purſues.]

19 *Will be of ſerious Conſequence to you.*
20 *A mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,*
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to ſhun,
Than Poetaſters in their raging Fits,
Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys,
But dreaded and proſcrib'd by Men of Senſe.

Hic, dum ſublimes verſus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve: licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, io, cives; non ſit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
Quî ſcis, an prudens huc ſe dejecerit? atque
Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique Poëtæ
Narrabo interitum: Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit. ſit jus, liceatque perire Poëtis.
Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec ſemel hoc fecit: nec, ſi retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, & ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.
Nec ſatis apparet cur verſus factitet; utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſſus. certè furit, ac velut urſus,
Objectos caveæ valuit ſi frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris hirudo.

If (in the raving of a frantick Muſe)
And minding more his Verſes than his Way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a Well,
Tho' he might burſt his Lungs to call for help,
No Creature would aſſiſt or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold Fit leap'd into *Ætna*'s Flames.
Give Poets leave to make themſelves away,
Why ſhould it be a greater Sin to kill,
Than to keep Men alive againſt their Will?
Nor was this Chance, but a delib'rate Choice;
For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
He would be at his Frolick once again,
And his Pretenſions to Divinity:
'Tis hard to ſay whether for Sacrilege,
Or Inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of Crime,
The Rhiming Fiend is ſent into theſe Men;
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſt,
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks looſe,
Without Diſtinction ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd that came within their Reach,
Sticking like Leeches, till they burſt with Blood,
Without Remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read Men dead.

REMARKS

ON

HORACE's *Art of Poetry.*

IN *Aſia, Greece, Macedonia* and *Egypt*, there were, Time out of Mind, ſelect Aſſemblies of Perſons to examine the Writings of the Poets and Orators. *Auguſtus* erected ſuch a Society at *Rome*, and encourag'd them by Rewards and Honours. He aſſign'd them the *Temple* and *Library* of *Apollo* to meet at. And to this the Aſſemblies of Learned Men, which we call *Academies*, owe their Origin. *Theodorus Marcilus*, who however does not tell us his Authority, ſays the Number of this *Roman Academy* was Twenty, of which Five or Seven can only be term'd *Judges*. He goes ſo far as to give us the Names of 'em, and whether he is right or not, he cou'd not have nam'd better Men than his Society was compos'd of. As *Virgil, Varius, Tarpa, Mecænas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius, Fuſcus*, the two *Viſcus's, Rollio*, the two *Meſſala's*, the two *Bibulus's, Servius Fulvius, Tibullus, Piſo* the Father, and *Horace*. The only Foundation I know for this Aſſertion of his, is the End of the Xth Satire of the Firſt Book. He is not ſatisfy'd to give us a Liſt of this *Academy*; he will have it that it was on Account of *Horace*'s being a Member of it, that he was put upon writing *The Art of Poetry*, and collecting all the Rules, and all the Judgments, that were made in the *Society*. I wiſh with all my Heart this was ſo, becauſe what Mr. *La Bruyere*, ſays of ſuch Aſſemblies would not then be true, that they never produc'd any Work which was Entire and Perfect in its Kind. But whether *Horace* wrote this Piece as a Publick Matter, or Private, his Deſign was to give the *Romans* an *Art of Poetry*, that ſhould take in all that *Ariſtotle, Crito, Zeno, Democritus* and *Neoptolemus* of *Paros* had written on the Subject. Nay ſome will have it, that 'tis almoſt nothing elſe but a Complication of the moſt excellent Rules of the Latter. For *Porphyrius* writes, *In quem librum conjecit præcepta Neoptolemi de Arte Poetica, non quidem omnia, ſed eminentiſſima.* Horace *has in this*

this Book ſet down Neoptolemus's *Rules for the Art of Poetry, not all indeed, but the moſt Excellent of them.* As he did not write it regularly, nor obſerve any other Order than Chance threw in his Way; ſo there is no Method, and no Connection of Parts in this Treatiſe, which ſeems not to be finiſh'd: He having not Time to give the laſt Hand to it: or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the Trouble. Thoſe who believe it would be more perfect if his Verſes were tranſpos'd are miſtaken. All we can do, in my Opinion, is to mark the void Spaces, and to divide the Heads without changing the Form. This was Monſieur *Le Fevre*'s Judgment. The want of Connection is not without its Graces; eſpecially in Rules, which ſhould be free, and have nothing in them either Looſe or Languiſhing. The Order *Heinſius* would put it in, ſeems only to ſhew the Beauty of the Diſorder in which *Horace* left it.

Next to *Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry*, I know of no Piece of Criticiſm in Antiquity, which is more Excellent than this. All his Deciſions are ſo many Truths drawn from the Nature of the Things he treats of. *Julius Scaliger* err'd very much againſt good Senſe and Reaſon, in what he ſaid of this Work. *Will you know*, ſays he, *what I think of* Horace's Art of Poetry? *'Tis an Art taught without Art. De Arte quæres quod Sentiam, Quid? Equidem quod de Arte ſine Arte Tradita.* Tho' 'tis only an Epiſtle like the preceding ones, yet *Horace* gives it the Title of *The Art of Poetry, De Arte Poetica*, to diſtinguiſh it from the others, in which he treated of this Art only occaſionally. The Antiquity of this Title is not to be doubted of, ſince *Quintilian* quotes it in the IIId Chapter of his VIIIth Book, *Id enim tale eſt monſtrum quale Horatius in prima Parte Libri de Arte Poetica fingit: Humano capiti*, &c.

1 *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.*] *Horace* all at once lays down the moſt general and neceſſary Rule, on which all the reſt are founded, which is the Simplicity and Unity of the Subject, in the Diſpoſition, the Ornaments, and the Stile. He could not render the Faults committed againſt this *Unity* better than by comparing them to this Extravagance in a Picture.

3 *Ut turpiter atrum deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.*] As *Virgil* in his IIId Book repreſents *Scylla*.

> Prima, hominis facies, & pulcro pectore Virgo
> Pube tenus, poſtrema immani corpore piſtris
> Delphinum caudas utero commiſſa luporum.

Upwards

Upwards 'tis a beautiful Figure, and a very beautiful Virgin for half its Body; downwards 'tis a horrible Whale, ending in a Dolphin's Tail, join'd to a Wolf's Belly. Ater Piſcis, for a horrible Fiſh, as *Porphyry, atrum piſcem, belluam marinam,* &c.

5. *Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici.*] Taken from the Cuſtom of Painters, and Sculptors, to expoſe a Statue or Picture when finiſh'd, and to Publiſh that it might be ſeen on ſuch a Day. At which time great Numbers of Spectators us'd to come to view it.

6. *Credite, Piſones.*] To prevent the *Piſo's* giving into the vulgar Error, that the breach of Unity is no Fault, he ſays, *Credite, Believe, be Convinc'd.* He was afraid theſe young Gentlemen ſhould be led away by bad Poets, whoſe Intereſt it was that this Rule ſhould not be eſtabliſh'd. Tho' this Epiſtle is addreſs'd to *Piſo* and his Children, as appears by the 24th Verſe, yet 'tis to his Children more particularly; and thus the Difference *Porphyry* ſpeaks of is reconcil'd: *Scribit ad Piſones viros nobiles diſertoſque, patrem & filios, vel, ut alii volunt, ad Piſones Fratres.* Horace *writes to the Young* Piſo's, *and their Father, or as others pretend, only to the Children.*

Piſones.] There were three or four Families of theſe *Piſo's* in *Rome* at the ſame time, who were all *Calpurnians,* and ſaid they deſcended from *Calpus* the Son of *Numa.* One was that of *Cneus Piſo* of *Plancina,* who kill'd himſelf, being accus'd of poiſoning *Germanicus,* and left two Children, *Cneus* and *Marcus.* But it cou'd not be theſe *Piſo's* to whom *Horace* addreſſes, for theſe Children were not born, or were very young, when this Epiſtle was written. There was another Branch of the *Piſo's* called *Ceſonins,* that deſcended from *Lucius Piſo,* who had been Cenſor, and whoſe Daughter *Calpurnia, Julius Cæſar* marry'd; *Piſo* who was Conſul with *Druſus Libo,* in the Year of *Rome* DCCXXXVIII, was his Son, *Horace* being One and Fifty Years old in that Conſulate. *Auguſtus* gave the Governments of *Rome* and *Thrace* to this *Piſo,* who was a Man of Pleaſure, a Confident to both *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius,* Great Pontiff at Fourſcore Years of Age, *Romæ Urbis* 785: And to this *Piſo* and his Children it is that *Horace* writes.

Iſti tabulæ fore librum perſimilem.] He is not ſatisfy'd with ſaying, that a Writing thus diverſified, will be like this Monſter, he adds *perſimilem,* it will be entirely like.

Librum.] All Writings of what Nature foever, tho' he treats particularly of *Epick* and *Dramatick* Poetry.

7. *Velut ægri ſomnia.*] Like the Dreams of a ſick Man, ſtrange and incoherent.

Vane

Vanæ ſpecies.] Ideas of Things that do not ſubſiſt together in Nature, and are only to be met with in the empty Brains of ſick Men, Madmen, or bad Poets.

8. *Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur formæ.*] An Explanation of *vanæ ſpecies*, the Head and Feet of which are of a different kind.

9. *Pictoribus atque Poetis quidlibet audendi.*] The Anſwer of ill Poets, who will not ſubject themſelves to the Rules of their Art. *Poets* and *Painters*, ſay they, may do what they pleaſe, nothing is too daring for them. They abuſe the Privilege of Poetry, and thus excuſe their moſt monſtrous Fancies, and moſt extravagant Dreams. That Privilege is of great Extent, 'tis true; *Ovid* talks of the *Fœcunda Licentia Vatum*; and *Lucian* aſſerts, that Painters and Poets are not accountable for their Fancies; but *Horace* is ſhewing us what Bounds they ought to ſet to this Licence.

11. *Scimus.*] *Horace*'s Anſwer to the bad Poets; after having ſaid, *I know* the Privilege of Poetry, he would go on *ſed non*, but he's interrupted by the ſame Poets, who proceed,

Et hanc veniam petimus damuſque viciſſim.] My Opinion of this Verſe is diſcover'd in the preceding Remark. Some will have it, that *Horace* continues his Anſwer without Interruption, that as a Poet he ſays, *Hanc veniam petimus, I demand this Permiſſion*: As a Critick, he adds, *Damuſque viciſſim, I give it in my Turn.* This agrees with the old Commentator, who writes, *petimus quidem ut Poetæ, damus autem ut Critici.* But how cou'd *Horace* demand Permiſſion to uſe this Liberty, when he never look'd upon himſelf as a Poet? There muſt be a Miſtake in this Paſſage. After he had ſaid *Scimus* he is interrupted, as is obſerv'd before, by the ill Poets. *Et hanc veniam petimus damuſque viciſſim. We claim the Privilege, as we give it to others.* He cannot mean himſelf, he being no Poet, as he declares afterwards, *Nil ſcribens ipſe.* Beſides the Dialogue is more agreeable, more lively, and more like *Horace*'s Manner.

12. *Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia.*] *Horace*'s Anſwer, We give you the Privilege you demand, but on Condition you do not abuſe it. I, a long Time, thought the firſt Thirteen Verſes of this Epiſtle were a ſort of Dedication and Preface, and that *Horace*, to excuſe the Diſorder in which he left it, wrote to the *Piſo's*; *The Book I addreſs to you is like the Picture I have been ſpeaking of*, in which I was miſtaken. He would then certainly have written it *Fore Librum hunc ſimilem.* Add to this, that not looking upon himſelf to be a Poet, nor on his *Art of Poetry* as a Work of Importance, 'tis not likely he ſhould go about

about to excuſe its want of Regularity; it being neither neceſſary nor poſſible to obſerve it in ſuch a Treatiſe as this. The Diſcovery of the Dialogue between the bad Poets and *Horace* confirms me in the Opinion that I was miſtaken, and my Reaſon has convinc'd ſeveral good Judges of the ſame Miſtake.

Ut placidis coeant immitia.] Painters and Poets are only Imitators, and are to paint only what is or what may be; there being nothing elſe that can be imitated. But they have both often abus'd their Art, and forſaken probable Ideas for monſtrous Imaginations. *Vitruvius* complains of this Fault in Painters, in the Vth Chapter of his VIIth Book: From hence proceed *Groteſques*, which are not to be compar'd to a regular Figure. This Rule of *Horace* is one of the moſt Important in the *Art of Poetry*; never to join Incompatible Subjects, nor offend againſt Nature, Veriſimility and Truth.

14. *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis.*] He comes from the general Rule to Particulars, and gives an Example of the vitious Variety which he condemns. He chooſes one that's the leaſt ſhocking, but 'tis by ſo much the more dangerous *Vice*, by how much it ſlides in under an Appearance of Virtue. He is ſpeaking of Deſcriptions, a Snare which is almoſt inevitable to little Genius's. *Horace* ſhews us how apt Poets are to fall into the *Ridiculous* by this Means: From grave and ſerious Beginnings, which promiſe ſublime and marvellous things, they deſcend into a ſhining Deſcription of a Wood, an Altar of *Diana*, a River, the *Rhine*, the Rainbow; their Deſcriptions are ſtitch'd together like Patch-Work. Their Patches, indeed, are Purple, but are Childiſh and Extravagant, becauſe ill plac'd. Writers muſt never abandon themſelves to ſuch Digreſſions, let them be of what Nature ſoever, when their Deſign calls them elſewhere.

16. *Quem lucus & ara Dianæ.*] I believe, with *Theodorus Marcilus*, he ſpeaks of the Wood and Altar of *Aricia*, pretended to have been built by *Oreſtes*, who there Conſecrated the Statue of *Diana Taurica*, which, when he had kill'd King *Thoas*, he brought from *Scythia*. The Poets thought this a fine Subject for Deſcriptions. It took in *Oreſtes*, *Diana Taurica*, her Sacrifices in *Scythia*, and at *Aricia*, with the odd Cuſtom in her Temple. There cou'd be but one Prieſt and he a Fugitive. He muſt with his own Hand kill the Prieſt his Predeceſſor, if he would get into his Place. For which Reaſon the Prieſt who held it, was always arm'd to defend himſelf. *Ovid* calls this Temple of *Aricia*, a Kingdom acquir'd by the Sword, and with a criminal Hand,

Partaque

Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.

18. *Aut flumen Rhenum.*] *Horace* had without doubt been often tir'd with the Deſcription of the *Rhine*, in the Poems written on *Auguſtus*'s Victories on that Side. The Bad Poets never omit plunging into that River, as *Alpinus*, of whom he ſpeaks in the Xth Satyr of the Iſt Book.

Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, &c.

Aut pluvius deſcribitur Arcus.] The Rainbow is as likely as any thing to turn a wretched Poet's Brain. The wonderful Mixture of its Colours are with them ſo worthy of Admiration, that they let no Opportunity ſlip to deſcribe it; few imitating in this the Diſcretion of *Homer* and *Virgil*. *Homer* ſays not above one Word of her, and *Virgil* but two Lines,

Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roſcida pennis
Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole Colores
Advolat.

A Deſcription as Rapid as *Iris*'s Flight.

19. *Et fortaſſe cupreſſum ſcis ſimulare.*] The young Poets and Painters began the Practice of their Arts with Deſcriptions and Imitations of Cypreſs.

20. *Si fractis enatat exſpes navibus.*] What's the painting of Cypreſs to that of a Wreck? What are Deſcriptions in Poetry, when illuſtrious Actions are the Subject of the Song? *Horace* alludes to thoſe *ex voto* Pictures, made by ſuch as had eſcap'd Shipwreck.

21. *Amphora cœpit inſtitui, currente rota cur Urceus exit?*] An Image taken from a Potter, who commonly began his Trade by making little Pots called *Urceos*, and ended with a great Pitcher call'd *Amphora*, which was his Maſter-piece. To begin with an *Amphora* and end with an *Urceus*, is like a Poet who after a magnificent Beginning, falls and is loſt in Deſcriptions. *Amphora* anſwers to *inceptis gravibus*, and *Urceus* to *purpureus pannus*.

23. *Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum.*] The Rule that reſults from what he has ſaid. Simplicity and Unity are entirely oppoſite to the Fault he has been ſpeaking of. Deſcriptions, which have no immediate Relation to the Subject,

corrupt

corrupt and deſtroy them. *Homer, Virgil,* and *Sophocles*'s Deſcriptions are all neceſſary, and well introduc'd.

25. *Decipimur ſpecie recti.*] This is not a new Rule, but the general Reaſon of the Fault he has been explaining: We are deceiv'd by Appearance in the Beauties of Art, as well as thoſe of Nature; a Poet thinks to adorn his Subject by Deſcriptions, and he ſpoils it. *Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio,* &c. are Examples to confirm this Propoſition.

Brevis eſſe, &c.] Brevity is certainly one of the great Beauties of Diſcourſe; but ſo near a Neighbour to Obſcurity, that it is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Perſpicuity is the principal Virtue, *Virtus prima perſpicuitas.*

26. *Sectantem levia nervi deficiunt.*] As by endeavouring to make ſtrong Verſes and Expreſſions, an Author renders them hard and rough, ſo by endeavouring to poliſh, he very often weakens them.

27. *Profeſſus grandia turget.*] They fall into this Error, that ſtretch what is *Grand* too far; as *Gorgias,* in calling *Xerxes* the *Jupiter of the Perſians,* and he who call'd *Brutus* the *Sun of Aſia*; they become Bombaſt, when they ſtudy to be *Great.*

28. *Serpit Humi tutus nimium timiduſque procellæ.*] Poetry is a Sea, and thoſe who ſail on it, if they are wiſe, will never venture too far from the Shore, nor come too near it. *Horace*'s Expreſſion ſeems rather to be borrow'd from *Birds,* who creep on the Ground, when the Winds and Storms make 'em afraid of riſing into the Air.

29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.*] This Verſe proves, that whatever he has already ſaid is only the Conſequence of the ſame Rule. For he returns to it again, by ſhewing, That thoſe who to arrive at the *Marvellous,* which he here terms *Prodigious,* vary a Subject, and tack to it pompous Deſcriptions, form Monſters. *Omnia Monſtra faciunt,* ſays *Catullus.* 'Tis as if they ſhould place Dolphins in the Woods, and Boars in the Sea. The Word *prodigialiter* is taken here in a good Senſe, as are often our Words *Prodigious* and *Prodigiouſly.* For it muſt not be imagin'd that it refers to *Appingit.*

31. *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.*] The fear of falling into one Vice, is frequently the occaſion of our falling into a greater than that which we endeavour'd to avoid. We would ſhun a tedious Uniformity, and we are guilty of a monſtrous Mixture: The reaſon is, we make this Mixture without Art, which can only teach us to do it, and not offend Uniformity. Our beſt Examples are *Homer, Theocritus,* and *Virgil.*

32. *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus.*] *Horace* here means a certain Statuary, who liv'd at the Bottom of the *Circus*, near a Place call'd the *School of* Æmilius; becauſe a Fencing-Maſter, nam'd *Æmilius Lentulus*, kept his Gladiators there. This Statuary gave a great deal of grace and eaſineſs to Hair, and finiſh'd the Nails admirably; but take his Statues altogether they were wretched Pieces, there being no Connection of the Parts, nor that Agreement which, like the Soul, adds Life and Action to the Figure, and is the All in All in a Statue. 'Tis the ſame with Poets, who know not how to make any Thing but a Deſcription, to expreſs a Sentiment, or make a ſtrong Compariſon, with all which they are at the beſt but miſerable Poets.

34. *Ponere totum.*] *Ponere, to put*, for *to do, to make*, as in the *Greek* τιθέναι: He ſays elſewhere, *Solers nunc hominem ponere nunc Deum*; and *totum* is what we call *All together*, a Term properly us'd in Painting and Sculpture, when Pictures or other Pieces, conſiſting of many Figures, are ſo diſpos'd, that the different Parts agree to form one ſingle and the ſame whole, and repreſent one ſingle Object. 'Tis alſo made uſe of in Pieces where there is but one Figure, either in Sculpture or Painting, the different Parts of which ought to have ſo natural a Connection with each other, that they may form but one ſingle and the ſame Body. 'Tis not enough that the Artiſt knows how to make an Head, an Arm, a Foot, he muſt underſtand how to put the whole together, ſo that it may be one ſingle Figure, which has nothing maim'd in it, but is every where equally well deſign'd and finiſh'd.

36. *Quam pravo vivere Naſo.*] If a Man has an ugly Noſe, he will be ugly, tho' all the other Parts of his Face are beautiful; and a Poet, if all the other parts of his Poem be fine, will be an ill Poet, if he offends againſt Simplicity and Unity.

38. *Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam Viribus.*] Every Poet who makes choice of a Subject that is not proportionable to his Strength offends againſt the Art of Poetry; and 'tis impoſſible he ſhould ſucceed. See the Remarks on the 26th Chapter of *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry.

39. *Et verſate diu quid ferre recuſent.*] A Man muſt not preſently conclude, that becauſe he has by Chance made a good Madrigal, Epigram, or Song, he's therefore fit to write an Heroick Poem; he is to conſider his Strength. *Tibullus* would perhaps

perhaps have written bad Odes, and *Horace* bad Elegies. The *Hebrews* had a Proverb upon this, *Pro Camelo Sarcina, Suit your Burden to your Camel.*

40. *Cui lecta potenter erit res.*] *Potenter*, for *according to his Strength.*

42. *Ordinis hæc Virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor.*] *Horace* here explains in a few Words, the Virtue and Grace of the Order a Poet ought to obſerve in the Diſpoſition of his Subject; and adds theſe Orders, *aut ego fallor*, it being a new Rule of his, made by him, from the Practice of the greateſt Authors of Antiquity.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat.*] This *debentia dici* ſerves for two Propoſitions, *dicat & differat.* The Conſtruction and Senſe of the Paſſage is this; *Ut jam nunc dicat debentia dici jam nunc, & pleraque differat jam nunc debentia dici: Let him ſay at firſt Things that ought to be at firſt ſaid, and reſerve for another Time the greateſt Part of thoſe that ſhould alſo have been ſaid at firſt.* *Horace* diſcovers here one of the greateſt Secrets of Poetry. In Dramatick Poetry, as well as Epick, the great Maſters open the Scene as near as they can to the Cataſtrophe, always taking the Action at the Moment it draws to an End: They artfully bring in afterwards the Events preceding, which they ſhould not have told us at firſt, as in a Hiſtory. *Homer*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, never did otherwiſe. By this keeping off the Cataſtrophe, by probable and natural Incidents, when we every Minute expected it, our Curioſity is the more inflam'd, and all the Paſſions are mov'd in us one after another, which could not be done in a methodical Order; to prove this we need only read *Apollonius*'s *Argonauts*; *Longinus* owns there is not a ſingle Fault in that Piece, and yet 'tis mortally tedious, and the chief Reaſon is, 'tis methodical, and proſecuted without Interruption from the Beginning to the End; the greateſt Fault it could have, for there's nothing ſo dull as a Poet;

Who when he ſings a Hero's glorious Deeds,
Writes a dry Hiſtory, and by Dates proceeds.

45. *Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat.*] Having ſpoken of the Order, he comes now to the Choice of the Incidents, which is not eaſy to be made: What is good for the Epick Poem, is not for Tragedy; neither is it ſufficient to know which to take and which to refuſe. The Poet muſt put thoſe he takes in their proper

proper Place, where their Effect may be moſt ſurpriſing, and moſt convenient for the Poem, ſince the ſame Thing plac'd in a different Manner has a quite different Effect.

Promiſſi carminis.] A Poem that has been a long while expected, and rais'd the Curioſity of the Publick: For every Thing which the World have great Expectations of ſhould be more perfect than what they do not expect. *Horace* had, perhaps, *Virgil*'s *Æneis* in view; 'twas ſeveral Years after that Poem was expected, that it appear'd, *Neſcio quid majus naſcitur Iliade.*

76. *In Verbis etiam tenuis.*] From the Diſpoſition of the Subject, and the Choice of the Incidents, he comes to the Queſtion, Whether the Poet is allow'd to invent new Words: He maintains that he is, and lays down the Rules for it, *Tenuis, ſubtle, agreeable, fine.*

47. *Notum ſi callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum.*] New Words are of two ſorts, Simple or Compound. We ſhall hereafter talk of Simple. Compound are ſuch as are made of two Words, as *Velivolum, ſaxifragum.* This Compoſition *Horace* here terms *Junctura*: There are two other Conſtructions of this Verſe quite different; ſome pretend *Horace* is not ſpeaking of Words, but of Expreſſions, when by the help of Epithets, Adverbs, *&c.* we determine certain known Phraſes from an Ordinary Uſe to an Extraordinary, as *Horace* has often practis'd with ſo much Succeſs, that *Petronius* ſays of him, *Horatii Curioſa Felicitas*, and *Quintilian, Verbis feliciſſimè audax.* This Conſtruction is more Ingenious than True. *Horace* would never have call'd it *Junctura*, which denotes neceſſarily a Binding, a Connecting, as when out of Two Things One is made. Farther, 'tis neither poſſible nor natural to give Rules for ſuch Boldneſſes as theſe, which depend on every Man's *Goût*, on his Genius, and his Knowledge of the force and extent of Words. In ſhort, this Rule would be out of its Place here, ſince *Horace* ſays in the preceding Verſe, *in Verbis ſerendis*, which cannot admit of ſuch an Explanation: The other Conſtruction is, *Si callida junctura reddiderit Verbum Novum, Notum*: If you ſo make uſe of a new Word, that the Place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true Signification to be at firſt ſight eaſily Comprehended. Which Conſtruction ſeems to me to be neither ſo good nor ſo true as the other, nor indeed to be maintain'd. The Queſtion is not concerning the placing of Words, but of making, *de Verbis ſerendis*; and what *Horace* adds afterwards of new

ſimple

ſimple Words is an undoubted Proof that he ſpeaks here of Compound.

48. *Si forte neceſſe eſt Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum.*] This relates to Simple Words, which *Ariſtotle* terms πεποιημένα, and *Cicero*, *Ficta*, *Words never heard of before*. *Horace* declares 'tis allowable for a Poet to make 'em, when he is oblig'd to expreſs Things that are unknown, as the *Compaſs*, *Artillery*, *Powder*; he may then invent Words, but muſt take care that they expreſs either the Nature of the Thing, or the Effect it produces. For this Reaſon *Homer* is commended; he being the firſt who ſaid Σίζε θεθαλμὲς, and λάφυσσε; the firſt expreſſes admirably the Hiſſing of Red hot Iron thrown into Water, and the laſt the *Barking* of Wolves and Dogs. The *French* Word *Lapper* to lick, is of this kind.

49. *Indiciis.*] Words ought to be the Sign and Image of the Things they expreſs; wherefore *Plato* calls them σημεῖα σύμβολα.

50. *Cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis.*] The *Cethegi* are here repreſented as a Maſculine Sort of People, who in their Cloaths kept to the Old Faſhions of their Fathers, and deſpis'd the *Tunica*, as too cumberſome; wearing only a kind of an Apron, which ſerv'd them inſtead of Drawers, from the Waſte downwards; upon which they put their *Toga*. The Pane of it, which they drew over their Left Shoulder, hung down their Backs, and left their Right Arm bare: This Dreſs was call'd *cinctus Gabinus*, and was uſually worn by Conſuls and Pretors, whence we have the *cinctu Gabino*, in the VIIth Book of the *Æneis*, in *Silius Italicus*, and in *Lucan*. *Cinctutus* is an Epithet, which not only gives an Idea of Antiquity, but raiſes alſo Veneration.

51. *Dabiturque licentia ſumta pudenter.*] This Liberty muſt be us'd with Moderation. *Horace* confines it to very narrow Limits; for he would have the invented Words to be Derivatives from the *Greek*.

52. *Habebunt verba fidem.*] They ſhall have Authority, and be received.

53. *Si Græco fonte cadant.*] If their Original be *Greek*; as if we ſhould call a Man who leads an Elephant *Elephantiſta*; the *Latins* made alſo new Simple Words of *Latin* Derivation, as of *Beatus*, *Cicero* made *Beatitas*; *Meſſala*, of *Reus*, *Reatus*; *Auguſtus*, of *Munus Munerarius*; and *Horace*, of *Inimicus*, *Inimicare*, &c.

Parce detorta.] Theſe new Simple Words ought not only to be deriv'd from the *Greek*, but their Derivation muſt be

eaſy

eaſy and natural, the Analogy juſt and entire; they muſt not be bold and far-fetch'd: This is what is meant by *Parce detorta.*

54. *Quid autem Cecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.*] Why ſhould not *Varius* and *Virgil* have the ſame Liberty *Cecilius* and *Plautus* had, who are both full of new Words: When did this Privilege ceaſe, ſays *Quintilian, Quid natis poſtea conceſſum eſt, quando deſiit licere?*

59. *Signatum præſente nota procudere Nomen.*] He ſpeaks of Words, as of Coin, which is not Current without the publick Stamp: *Præſens nota,* the Coin the publick Authorizes, which only has a Currency: So *Quintilian, ut Nummo cui publica forma eſt.* He calls *Form,* what *Horace* terms *Stamp.* The invented Word ſhould be clear, intelligible, and reſemble thoſe already in Uſe in its Termination. *Horace,* in the IId Epiſtle of the IId Book explains it farther thus, *Adſciſſet nova quæ genitor produxerit Uſus.*

60. *Ut Sylvæ foliis.*] The Grammarian *Diomedes* quotes this Verſe thus,

Ut folia in Sylvis.

This reading is moſt Simple, the other moſt Figurative; the Compariſon is taken from the VIth Book of the *Ilias,* where *Homer* ſays οἵπερ φύλλων, &c. *The Generation of Man is like that of Leaves, when the Leaves are blown off by the Winds, the Trees of the Foreſt bud and bring forth others which appear in the Spring. 'Tis thus with Man, when one Generation paſſes away another comes.*

63. *Debemur morti nos noſtraque.*] Since every thing wears away, why ſhould we think Words will always have the ſame Force and Grace? All the noble Expreſſions *Horace* has collected in theſe ſix Lines, ſerve to render this Fall the more pleaſant, *nedum Verborum ſtet honos:* For nothing contributes ſo much to the *Ridiculous* as the *Grand.*

64. *Sivè receptus terra Neptunus claſſe; aquilonibus arcet.*] *Auguſtus* cut that ſpace of Land which divided the Lake *Lucrinus* and the Lake *Avernus* from the Sea, and made a Port call'd *Portum Julium, Julius Cæſar* having begun to cut it. *Virgil* mentions it in the IId Georgick.

65. *Regis Opus.*] To denote *Auguſtus,* not the *Work of the King*; that would have been Invidious in the Infancy of the Monarchy, but a Royal Work, the Work of a King.

Steriliſve diu palus aptaque remis.] He ſpeaks of the *Pontin Marſh.* Tho' *Horace* here commends *Auguſtus* for draining it, he,

he, in all likelihood, drain'd only a part of it, or elſe the Marſh was apt to overflow again; for the Conſul *Cethegus* drain'd it in the Year of *Rome* 593, and it was alſo drain'd again under *Theodorick*.

67. *Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis.*] Banks rais'd by *Auguſtus* to hinder the Overflowing of the *Tiber*.

68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.*] Since the moſt ſolid Works of Mankind periſh, 'tis no wonder Words do. The ſame Turn is us'd by *Severus Sulpitius*, in his Letter to *Cicero*, Book IV. of *Cicero*'s Epiſtles, Epiſt. V.

71. *Si volet uſus, quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi.*] Uſe is the Tyrant of Languages. *Socrates* confeſt to *Alcibiades*, in the firſt Dialogue of that Name, that the *People* is an excellent Maſter of Languages. We have in our Days a good Uſe and a bad Uſe, the good form'd by the polite Part of the Court, City, and the beſt Authors; the bad by the People. The difference between us and the Ancients, as well *Romans* as *Athenians*, ariſes from this, the People were there confounded, great and ſmall together; from whence there was no ſenſible Variation in their Language: Among us the People have no Commerce with the Court, and accordingly their Language is quite different.

74. *Quo ſcribi poſſent numero monſtravit Homerus.*] He is ſpeaking of the *Epick Poem*, and ſays, *Homer* has ſhewn in what ſort of Verſe it ought to be written, the *Heroick*, which only agrees with the Majeſty of the *Epick*. *Ariſtotle* ſays the ſame thing in his Art of Poetry; and adds, *That whoever ſhould undertake to write an Epick Poem in any other kind of Numbers, he would not ſucceed, for the Heroick Verſe is the moſt grave and pompous.* Moſt People imagine, that by Heroick Verſe is meant the *Hexameter*, which is a Miſtake: All Heroick Verſes are indeed Hexameter, but all Hexameters are not Heroick Verſes. Six Feet plac'd how you will make an Hexameter, but for an Heroick Verſe you muſt keep the Laws preſcrib'd by *Homer*. The Firſt of which is to obſerve the *Ceſure* call'd *tome penthemimeris*, that is, after the Second Foot there muſt be a Syllable which finiſhes the Word, and is Senſe, as

Dardani---ique ro---gum.

The Second is to obſerve the *Ceſure* call'd *tome Heptamimeris*; that is, after the Third Foot, the Syllable which follows ought to cloſe the Word and Senſe. As,

Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tis.

If

If neither of theſe Rules are obſerv'd the *Penthemimere Ceſure* muſt end with a *Trochæus*. That is, after the two firſt Feet the Word ſhould end with One Long and One Short.

Infan---dum re---gina.

Or the *Heptamimere Ceſure* muſt end alſo with a *Trochæus*: One Long and One Short after the Third Foot,

Quæ Pax---longa re---miſerat---arma.

which is very rare. Without the Obſervation of theſe Rules, the Verſe will be *Hexameter* not Heroick; and the Criticks reject it, like that of *Virgil*,

Magnanimi Jovis Ingratum aſcendere cubile.

which is forgiven him, being the only One among ſo many Thouſands wherein theſe Rules are not obſerv'd.

75. *Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum.*] Elegy was at firſt only Lamentations for the Death of a Perſon, according to *Ovid* on *Tibullus*'s Death,

Flebilis indignos Elegeia ſolve capillos
Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

It was in time apply'd to the Joys and Griefs of Lovers: As *Boileau* deſcribes it.

La plaintive Elegie, &c.

Mr. *Dacier* prefers the *French* Deſcription of the Elegy, as to its Origin and Improvement, to *Ovid*'s.

76. *Voti ſententia compos.*] Joy for having obtain'd what they deſir'd.

77. *Exiguos Elegos.*] The *Pentameter* Verſe is the *Elegiack*. *Horace* calls it *Exiguum* becauſe it wants a Foot of the Hexameter. For this Reaſon he ſays, two Verſes higher, *Verſibus impariter junctis*. The Moderns want the Beauty of this Inequality in their Elegiacks. *Ovid* expreſſes it thus,

Venit odoratos Elegeia nexa capillos,
Et puto pes illi longior alter erat.

Emiſerit

Emiſerit autor, Grammatici certant.] *Horace* tells us it is not known who invented the *Elegy*, nor why it was ſo nam'd *Terentius Maurus* ſays the ſame, and that ſome People will have it to be *Callinous*, others, *Theocles*, *Archilochus*, or *Terpander*.

79. *Archilochum propriis rabies armavit iambo.*] He attributes the Invention of Iambicks to *Archilochus*. True, no body wrote them ſo well as he, till his Time, but there were Iambick Verſes long before him; however, for his bringing them to ſuch Perfection, they were call'd the *Iambicks* of *Archilochus*.

80. *Huna Socci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni.*] *Soccus*, the *Sock* of Comedy. *Cothurnus* the *Buskin* of Tragedy. Tragedy and Comedy uſing *Iambicks* as fitteſt for Converſation.

81. *Alternis aptum Sermonibus.*] *Horace* aſſigns three Qualities to Iambick Verſe; That 'tis proper for Converſation, that it compoſes beſt the Tumults of the Theatre, and is good to carry on the Action: As for the firſt, one can hardly ſpeak in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues without making Iambicks; as both *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* have obſerv'd. See the IVth Chap. of *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry; and *Cicero* tells us, *Magnam enim partem ex iambis noſtra conſtat oratio.*

82. *Et populares vincentem ſtrepitus.*] Silences the Noiſe of the People; for the Iambick Verſe not being much different from their ordinary Way of ſpeaking, their Attention was the more eaſily engag'd: It is not ſo with the Modern Languages.

Et natum rebus agendis.] *Horace* took this from *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry, where 'tis ſaid *Iambick and Tetrameter Verſes* are proper to give Motion. The one is ſuited to Dances, the other to Action. *Quintilian* tells us why the *Iambick* Verſe is proper for Action, *The Movement of it is quicker*, &c. *frequentiorem quaſi pulſum habet, ab omnibus partibus inſurgit, & à brevibus in longas nititur & creſcit.*

83. *Muſa dedit fidibus Divos pueroſque Deorum.*] He is about to enter upon the Subjects of Lyrick Poetry; and it being not known who Invented it, he aſcribes the Invention to the Muſes. *Orpheus* learnt it of the Muſe *Calliope* his Mother, as in the XIIth Ode of the Iſt Book.

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapſus.

Divos, pueroſque Deorum.] There were four ſorts of Lyrick Poems, *Hymns*, *Panegyricks*, *Lamentations*, and *Bacchanalian* Songs: *Hymns* and *Dithyrambicks* were for *Gods*; *Panegyricks* for *Heroes* and *Victors* at Grecian *Games*; *Lamentations* for *Lovers*;

Lovers; the general Name is the *Ode*. See the XIIth Ode of the Ist Book, and the IId Ode of the IVth Book.

Et juvenum curas & libera vina referre.] The fourth kind of Lyricks, the Songs of the Bacchanals, on Love, Mirth, and Wine.

86. *Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores.*] There is ſome difficulty in this Verſe, becauſe it is not preſently perceiv'd whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. *Horace* having ſpoken of the different Subjects and Characters of Epick, Elegiack, and Iambick Poems, adds, that a Poet who does not know how to diſtinguiſh them, does not deſerve the Name of one. He who would in the Elegy aſſume the Epick Tone, or would mix the Softneſs of the Elegy with the Roughneſs of the Iambick, would make but a ſorry Poem of it. Mr. *Dacier*'s Complaint of the *French* Poets touches all the Moderns, which is, that in moſt of 'em, their *Paſtorals* are *Elegies*; their *Elegies*, *Epicks*; and their *Lyricks*, *Epigrams*.

Vices.] He calls *deſcriptas Vices*, *Vices adtributas*, *aſſignatas*, the different Subjects, the different Characters, of theſe different Poems.

Operumque Colores.] The different Colours, the different Stile of each, their different Ornaments; compar'd to the Colours of Painters, which are different according to the different Subjects, and the different Impreſſion they would make.

88. *Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo.*] The Folly of moſt Men, who had rather hide their Ignorance, than by confeſſing endeavour to cure it.

89. *Verſibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.*] A Verſe may be call'd *Tragick* or *Comick* on two Accounts; the firſt for its Meaſure and Feet; for the *Tragick* and *Comick* Verſe may be both *Iambicks*, and both admit of *Spondees*; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: The *Tragick* admits of the *Spondee* only in the firſt, third, and fifth Foot, which renders its Motion the more Noble and Pompous: The Comick admits it in all thoſe Feet, becauſe its Motion is thereby the more Natural and Unaffected. The ſecond Reaſon why a Verſe may be call'd *Tragick* or *Comick*, is on account of the Meanneſs of its Expreſſions and Figures. Thus it is certain that Tragick Verſe ought not to be us'd in Comedy, nor Comick in Tragedy. *Horace* ſpeaking of Feet and Meaſure, in the 253d Verſe; I believe he intends here Expreſſions and Figures only: Nothing is more Vicious than Loſty Expreſſions and Noble Figures in Comedy, for which the Common Phraſe

is moſt proper; whereas Tragedy requires a Sublime and Bold Stile.

91. *Narrari Cœna Thyeſtæ.*] He puts *Thyeſtes*'s Supper for Tragedies in general. *Thyeſtes* eat his own Children, whom *Atreus* caus'd to be ſerved up to him. This Story being one of the moſt Tragical, is alſo recommended by *Ariſtotle* as a Subject for Tragedy. He ſays, *Narrari*, it ought to be told, and not repreſented. See the 184th Verſe.

92. *Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.*] The Tragick and Comick Stiles muſt not incroach upon one another; as *Quintilian* in the Xth Book, *Sua cuique propoſita Lex, ſuus decor eſt; nec Comœdia in Cothurnos aſſurgit, nec contra Tragœdia Socco ingreditur.*———Comedy muſt not aſſume the Buskin, nor Tragedy the Sock. Nature has made this Law, and he who breaks it, errs againſt Decorum.

97. *Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit.*] However, Comedy raiſes its Voice ſometimes, and Tragedy ſometimes makes uſe of the Language of Converſation: Tragedy and Comedy being only Imitations of Humane Actions. The Stile ſhould be proportionable to the Subject, and the Actor; an Angry Father in Comedy ſhould aſſume a lofty Tone, and ſpeak with Paſſion; and an afflicted Man in Tragedy wou'd be intolerable, if he ſpoke his Affliction in a Sublime and Elegant Stile. See the IVth Satyr of the Iſt Book. *At pater ardens ſævit*, &c.

94. *Iratuſque Chremes.*] *Chremes* aſſumes a Tragick Tone in the Vth Scene of *Terence's Heautontimorumenos*. *Non ſi ex capite ſis meo*, &c. Speaking to his Son, *No*, Clitipho, *tho' you iſſu'd out of my Brain, as 'tis ſaid* Minerva *did out of* Jove's, *I would not ſuffer you to diſhonour me with your infamous Debaucheries.* So *Demeas*, in the Fifth Act of the *Adelphi*. *Heu mihi quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem?* &c. *Hah, what ſhall I do? What will become of me? How ſhall I exclaim? What Complaints ſhall I make? Oh Heaven! O Earth! Oh the Seas of* Neptune. 'Tis allowable for Comedy to elevate its Stile, in all violent Paſſions, as well as that of Choler. In *Terence*'s *Eunuch*, what *Cherea* ſays in the Tranſport of his Joys, would very well become a Tragedy. This is not to be done but with great Art.

95. *Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedeſtri.*] *Tragedy* gives leſs occaſion for incroaching on the *Comick* Stile, than *Comedy* does on the *Tragick*. *Horace* muſt be taken here as meaning only in the great Diſtreſſes of Tragedy, where Grief ought to be expreſs'd in a Simple and Common Phraſe. Not all Grief however, wherefore *Horace* ſays, *plerumque* and not *ſemper*. *Longinus* determines it in general, that the *Sublime* is not proper to move Pity.

96. *Telephus*

96. *Telephus & Peleus quum pauper & exul uterque.*] *Peleus* and *Telephus*, two Greek Tragedies. Theſe two Princes having been driven out of their Dominions, came to beg Aſſiſtance in *Greece*, and went up and down dreſs'd like Beggars. The two Pieces here referr'd to were *Euripides*'s; that Poet, in *Ariſtophanes*'s *Frogs*, talking of them as his own. See Act III. Scene I. For this Reaſon *Æſchylus* calls *Euripides* a *Beggar-maker*, and a *Patcher* of Rags. See alſo the IId Scene of the IVth Act. *You dreſs Kings in Rags to move Pity.* *Ariſtophanes* again makes Merry with *Euripides*'s *Telephus* in his *Acharnenſes*, Act IV. Scene II. where he introduces *Diceopolis* coming to borrow of *Euripides Telephus*'s Beggars Equipage, *the Staff, the Scrip, the Horn-Cup*, &c. *Ah Friend, ſays* Euripides, *you will after this Rate carry away my whole Play*; and again, upon his farther Importunities, *Thou wilt Ruin me, doſt not thou ſee thou wilt take away all my Tale from me.* What adds to the Pleaſantry of this Satire on the *Telephus* of *Euripides*, is, that the whole Scene is in a manner made up of his own Verſes. *Theodorus Marcilus* is therefore miſtaken, in ſaying the *Exul* in *Horace* alludes to *Peleus* only, and not to *Telephus*; For *Telephus* himſelf ſays, *How am I driven from my Houſe in Want of every Thing neceſſary*, &c. *Ennius* and *Nævius* brought *Euripides*'s *Telephus* on the *Roman* Stage. In *Ennius* this Exil'd King ſays, *Regnum reliqui ſeptus mendici Stola*, I left my Kingdom in a Beggar's Habit. *Ariſtophanes* ridicules this Play of *Euripides*, for the Impoſſibility of a King's being reduced to Beggary. *Horace* is ſatisfy'd with ſaying *Pauper*. *Æſchylus* alſo writ a *Telephus*; but one cannot believe he fell into the ſame Error of which he accuſes *Euripides*, and introduces the King in Rags.

97. *Projicit Ampullas & Seſquipedalia Verba.*] *Ampullas* for Swelling Thoughts, *Seſquipedalia Verba*, for Bombaſt Words. *Seſquipedalia*, a Foot and Half, for their Length. The *Greeks* often made compound Words of a prodigious Length, which were ſucceſsful in the *Sublime*, but Ridiculous in the Paſſion of Grief. See the IIId Epiſtle. *Ampullatur in Arte.*

99. *Non ſatis eſt pulcra eſſe Poemata, dulcia ſunto.*] A Play ſhould not only be *Fine*, but it ſhould be *Touching*. *Horace* here refers to the Ignorance of ſuch as fancy they have made a *Fine Play*, when they have been laviſh of the Flowers of Rhetorick; all which are Nothing if it does not move; for that's the principal end of *Dramatick* Poetry: 'Tis with this View *Plato* calls Tragedy, *The moſt diverting and moving Effect of Poetry*. In *Dulcia*, Sweet, moving, *Horace* imitates *Ariſtotle* in the XXth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry*. *Heinſius* miſtakes

the *Fine* for *Commendable*. *Horace* would certainly never have call'd a Play *Commendable*, if it had not been Moving. 'Tis thus in a Picture; the Buſineſs is not to make it glare with fine Colours without Conduct, but to render the Action ſenſible. In order to which, no Colour ſhould be us'd but what will agree with it, and make the deſir'd Impreſſion.

100. *Et quocumque volent.*] It ſhould inſpire all the Paſſions it pleaſes; *Hate, Fear, Terror, Pity.*

102. *Si vis me flere dolendum eſt primùm ipſe tibi.*] *Cicero* has explain'd this Rule at large in his IId Book *De Oratore*. Poets and Orators can never move an Auditory, if the Speakers do not ſhew that they are Themſelves mov'd with the Paſſions they wou'd Inſpire. There is a Story of an Old *Greek* Player nam'd *Polus*, who in the *Electra* of *Sophocles* us'd to play the Part of that Princeſs. It happen'd that a Son of his, whom he dearly lov'd, dy'd; and after the firſt Tranſports of his Grief were over, he took his Part again, and play'd *Electra*; in which, inſtead of the Urn with the Falſe Aſhes of *Electra*, he came in with the Urn wherein were the True Aſhes of his Son; which embracing, he pronounc'd theſe Words, *Oh Doleful Monument of him who was of all Mankind moſt Dear to me*, with ſo Natural a Grief, ſuch True and Lively Tears, that it had a prodigious Effect on the Audience. This Rule of *Horace*'s is taken alſo from *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*; the Philoſopher adding to the Precept the Means to perform it. *The Poet*, ſays he, *when he is compoſing, muſt as far as poſſible imitate the Geſtures and Actions of thoſe he introduces on the Stage. He who is truly mov'd, will in the ſame manner move thoſe that hear him*, &c.

103. *Tua me infortunia lædent.*] Then wou'd thy Misfortunes wound me. *Lædere* for *commovere*, to *wound* for to *touch*. So βλάπτω in *Homer*.

104. *Malè ſi mandata loqueris.*] *Horace* alludes to the Speeches *Telephus* and *Peleus* made, to oblige the *Greeks* to aſſiſt them. *Telephus* in *Euripides* begins his Diſcourſe to the *Athenians* thus; *Athenians, who are the Flower of* Greece, *do not take it ill, if in the miſerable Condition I now am, I preſume to ſpeak before ſo fair an Aſſembly.*

105. *Triſtia mœſtum vultum verba decent.*] The greateſt Poets have not always put ſuch Words into the Mouth of Sorrow, as agree with it. Monſieur *Corneille* himſelf often fell in to this Error. When *Chimene* in the *Cid* demands Juſtice for the Murder of her Father, and ſpeaks of the ſpilling of his Blood, ſhe ſays,

Spilt

Spilt as it is, the Blood ſtill reeks with Rage,
To find 'twas loſt in any Cauſe but yours.

Is this to talk like a Perſon in Affliction? *Non projicit Ampullas.* Here are the *ſwelling Thoughts* ſtill. What can be more trivial than to make the Blood that was ſpilt, think and find, and to explain itſelf by *Reeking? Electra* in *Sophocles* mourns the Death of her Father after quite another rate.

106. *Iratum plena minarum.*] *Horace* feigns elſewhere, that when *Prometheus* form'd Man, he borrow'd each Quality from each Animal, and when he put Choler into his Heart, took it from the Lion. What can give a juſter Idea of the Effects of this Paſſion? There muſt be nothing mean or affected in it. *Seneca*'s Fury is often full of Meditation.

107. *Ludentem Laſciva.*] A florid, gay Stile agrees with Joy. *Achilles* in Love may be *agreeable* and *delicate.* Thoſe who apply theſe Words to Comedy are in the wrong. Tragedy admits of Raptures of Joy, which render her Cataſtrophe ſometimes the more Moving.

Severum ſeria dictu.] A grave Perſon muſt ſpeak anſwerably to his Character. *Euripides* is not ſo diſcreet as *Sophocles. Seneca* the tragick Poet never minds this Rule. He is ſo fond of ſhining every where, that he becomes ridiculous.

108. *Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum habitum.*] In theſe four admirable Verſes, *Horace* gives the Reaſon of the Precepts contain'd in the two preceeding ones. His Reaſon is drawn from our Mother Nature, who gave us a Heart capable of feeling all the Changes of Fortune, and a Tongue to expreſs it. When our Words do not anſwer the Condition we are in, the Heart ſtrikes one String in the Inſtrument of Man inſtead of another, and makes a very diſagreeable Diſcord.

109. *Juvat aut impellit.*] Nature helps us to put ourſelves into a Rage. *Horace* adds *Impellit*, to denote the Impetuoſity of that Paſſion.

110. *Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit.*] *Horace*'s Expreſſion agrees very well with the Paſſion he ſpeaks of. How natural is his Image of the Humiliation of an afflicted Man? How ridiculous does it render all frothy Expreſſions in that Condition?

112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta*] The Language muſt always agree with the Condition of the Perſon ſpeaking; otherwiſe the Orator will be laught at. See *Antonius* ſpeaking for *M. Aquilius*, in the 2d Book of *Cicero*'s Orations. *Non prius ſum conatus miſericordiam aliis commovere quàm miſericordiâ ſum ipſe captus*, &c.

114. *Intereit multum Divuſne loquatur an heros.*] A Poet muſt alſo ſuit the Language of his Actors to their Age and Characters. A God muſt expreſs himſelf otherwiſe than a Hero. An old Man than a young Man. This Rule is not much obſerv'd by the Moderns.

Divuſne loquatur an Heros.] Some have read it, *Davuſne loquatur, an Eros. Eros* was the Name of an honeſt Footman in *Menander*'s Play, as *Davus* that of a knaviſh one. But *Horace* is not here diſcourſing of Comedy: Beſides, the Difference between Footman and Footman is not conſiderable enough to be taken notice of by him in a Precept. Others have read it, *Divuſne loquatur, an Irus.* The Senſe of this is too mean, and *Irus* is not a tragick Perſon. Others, *Davuſne loquatur, an Heros.* The Matter in diſpute, as I have ſaid already, relates only to Tragedy, and to the Difference there ought to be between the Character of a God and that of a Hero, as he ſays afterwards.

Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibetur Heros.

The Gods were introduc'd by the Ancients into their Plays, as in *Æſchylus, Sophocles* and *Euripides.*

115. *Maturuſne Senex an adhuc florente juventâ fervidus.*] An experienc'd old Man does not talk like a raw Youth. Mr. *Corneille* and Mr. *Racine,* imitate in this the wonderful Conduct of *Sophocles.*

116. *An Matrona potens, an ſedula Nutrix.*] Here *Horace* had doubtleſs in View the *Hypolitus* of *Euripides,* where *Phædra* and her Nurſe ſpeak very differently; and Mr. *Racine* in his *Phædra* has obſerv'd this Precept, in varying the two Characters.

117. *Mercatorne vagus, an cultor virentis agelli.*] Some have thought *Horace* is diſcourſing of Comedy alſo, on account of the Meanneſs of the Perſons, whereas he is ſtill diſcourſing of Tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the Ancients to introduce Tradeſmen, Shepherds and Labourers. You have a Merchant in the *Philoctetes* of *Sophocles*; and in *Euripides, Clytemneſtra* gives *Electra* in Marriage to a Labourer. He opens the Scene with it. See the 78th Verſe, *&* *ſeq.* The beſt Comment on this Paſſage of *Horace,* is what *Plutarch* writes in his Fragment of the Compariſon between *Ariſtophanes* and *Menander. The Difference in Diction,* ſays he, *is infinite.* Ariſtophanes *does not know how to make every one ſay what becomes him. A King ſhould talk with Dignity, an Orator with Force, a Woman with Simplicity, a private Man after a common Manner; a Mechanick with Rudeneſs. The Diction of all* Ariſtophanes's *Perſons is at a venture,*

venture, and you cannot tell whether 'tis a Son or a Father that ſpeaks, a Labourer or a God, an old Woman or a Hero.

118. *Colchus an Aſſyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis.*] The Poet muſt have the Country of his Actors before his Eyes. For, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, a *Macedonian* does not talk like a *Theſſalian*. The Manners of different Nations, are as different as their Dreſs.

The Manners note, of Countries and of Times,
For various Humours come from various Climes.

The People of *Colchus* were ſavage and cruel. Thoſe of *Aſſyria* falſe and cunning. The *Thebans* rude and ignorant. The *Argives* polite and proud. *Ariſtophanes*'s *Perſians* and *Scythians*, never talk like *Athenians*.

119. *Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge.*] *Horace* having ſpoken of the *Language*, comes to the *Characters*; one of the moſt eſſential Parts of *Dramatick* Poetry, as well as of the *Epick*. The *Characters* are only deſign'd by the *Manners*, and the *Manners* form the *Actions*. Poets have but two ſorts of *Characters* to bring on the Stage, either *Known* or *Invented*. In known Characters they muſt alter nothing, but repreſent *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax*, as *Homer* repreſented them. As to *invented* ones, they muſt make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after Likeneſs, in the latter after Convenience. The former *Ariſtotle* terms τὸ ὅμοιον, the latter, τὰ ἁρμόττοντα.

120. *Scriptor honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem.*] He is explaining the *Famam ſequere* of the foregoing Verſe, what it is to follow Fame, which is to make the Characters what Fame makes them to be. As *Achilles*, Cholerick, Violent, Furious, Implacable, Unjuſt. *Ulyſſes*, Valiant, Virtuous, Cunning. *Ajax*, Intrepid, Raſh. *Honoratum*, honour'd by the *Greeks*, an Explanation of τετιμένον, an Epithet *Homer* always beſtows on *Achilles*. *Reponis*, *reponere*, to repreſent after another. *Homer*, *poſuit Achillem*, whoever comes after him, *reponit*.

121. *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*] *Ariſtotle* ſays, that to ſucceed in ſuch a Character as *Achilles*'s, a Poet ſhould rather imagine what Choler ought to do with Veriſimility, than what it has done.

122. *Jura negat ſibi nata.*] *Achilles* pretends to be above the Laws, for which Reaſon he refuſes to obey *Agamemnon*, whom he loads with Affronts, and inſolently threatens. By the ſame Principle he ſacrifices the Common Cauſe, the Honour and Lives of ſo many thouſand Men, and the Glory of his Country, to his private Intereſt.

Nihil non arroget Armis.] He depended on his Sword for Juſtice. He draws it half out in *Homer* againſt *Agamemnon*. *Minerva* hinders his drawing it further. He tells that King, if he dares take any thing out of his Tent, he ſhould ſoon ſee his Blood at his Spear's End All the Qualities *Horace* attributes to *Achilles* are in the Iſt Book of the *Iliad*.

123. *Sit Medea ferox invictaque.*] The true Character of *Medea*, who is repreſented as Cruel and Inflexible by *Euripides*. She kills her two Children, and ſends her Rival a Robe and a Crown ſo prepar'd, that they conſume her as ſoon as ſhe puts them on. *Creon* falls on her Corps. The fatal Robe ſticks to his Fleſh, and he expires in the ſame Torments with his Daughter.

Flebilis Ino.] *Ino* the Daughter of *Cadmus* and *Harmonia*. She was firſt marry'd to *Athamas* who had a Son by a former Wife, and ſhe feign'd an Oracle which order'd the Son to be ſacrific'd to *Jupiter*. But ſhe was ſoon puniſh'd for her Cheat. *Athamas* running Mad kill'd *Learchus*, the eldeſt Son he had by her, and had ſacrific'd her other Son, if ſhe had not flung herſelf into the Sea with that Son in her Arms. *Euripides* wrote a Tragedy on this Story. 'Tis eaſy from the Grief of this Princeſs, on the Loſs of her Children, to imagine ſhe might well be call'd *Flebilis*.

124. *Perfidus Ixion.*] *Ixion* was the firſt Murderer in *Greece*: He marry'd the Daughter of *Dejoneus*, and kill'd his Father-in-law at Supper, inſtead of giving him the uſual Preſents. This Crime was ſo horrible, no Body wou'd expiate the Murderer, nor have any Correſpondence with him. At laſt *Jupiter* took Pity on him, expiated him and receiv'd him into Heaven, where the Traitor falling in Love with *Juno*, wou'd have raviſh'd her. He only embrac'd a Cloud, and *Jupiter* in a Rage hurl'd him headlong to Hell, where the Poets feign him to be ſtretch'd on a Wheel always turning. *Æſchylus* and *Euripides* wrote on this Story. *Plutarch* mentioning the *Ino* and *Ixion* of *Euripides*, who being blam'd for writing upon it as a Subject *accurs'd by the Gods*, Euripides replies, *I have not left him till I have nail'd his Feet and his Hands to a Wheel.* *Ariſtotle* places theſe two Plays of his among the *Patheticks*. There's nothing extant of them.

Io vaga.] *Io*, Daughter of *Inachus*, with whom *Jupiter* was in Love, and chang'd her into a Cow. *Juno* out of Jealouſy made her run mad, and ſent a *Fly* which ſo ſtung her, that ſhe ran from Country to Country, croſs'd ſeveral Seas, and arriv'd at laſt in *Egypt*, where ſhe recover'd her firſt Shape, and

was

was worſhip'd under the Name of *Iſis*. *Æſchylus* makes her wander ſo in his *Prometheus*, that ſhe came to the Mountain where he was chain'd, at the farther End of *Scythia*, and there ſhe learn'd of that Wretch all the future Fortune that was to befal her.

Triſtis Oreſtes.] *Triſtis* here ſignifies *curs'd, mad, raging*, as well as *ſad*. Thus he elſewhere calls Choler, *ſad, triſtes ut Iræ*. *Ovid* has alſo ſaid *triſtis Oreſta*. *Euripides*'s Repreſentation of *Oreſtes* in this State, is admirable; he appears in the Tragedy which goes by his Name, more like a hideous Spectre than a Man.

> Men. *Your Eyes are ghaſtly, horrible your look.*
> Or. *My Body's gone, I'm nothing but a Name.*

He alludes to the Signification of the Name *Oreſtes*, which, according to *Socrates*'s Opinion in *Cratylus*, denotes ſomething wild, fierce, and brutal.

125. *Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis.*] Having explain'd the *Famam ſequere*, he now does the ſame by the latter Part of the Verſe, *aut convenientia finge:* Shewing what is to be done with new Characters. Their firſt Quality is to be conformable and agreeable. A Madman muſt act like a Madman; a King like a King, and ſo on, A Woman muſt not have *Achilles*'s Valour, nor *Neſtor*'s Prudence. Their ſecond Quality is to be one and the ſame from the Beginning of the Play to the End, which *Ariſtotle* calls τὸ ὁμαλὸν, *Equality*. This is as neceſſary in *known* Characters as in *invented*. *Boileau* explains it in his *Art of Poetry*.

> *If then you form ſome Hero in your Mind,*
> *Be ſure your Image with itſelf agree,*
> *For what he firſt appears he ſtill muſt be.*

Agatho's Flower was an admirable Play, tho' it was all Invention. See the IXth Chapter of *Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry*, on known and invented Subjects.

128. *Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere.*] Having ſhewn the two Qualities that ſhould be given to *Invented* Perſons, he adviſes Tragick Poets not to take too much Liberty to Invent, it being very difficult to ſucceed in New Characters. By *common Subjects, invented Ones* are underſtood. Subjects that have no Foundation in *Hiſtory*, or the *Fable*; he calls them Common, becauſe every body has a Right to them, and is free to invent

them. 'Tis very difficult to invent a new Character that ſhall be Juſt and Natural; the Moderns have ſucceeded much better in their *known* Stories than in their *invented* Ones. Let a Character be form'd ever ſo juſtly, every one will pretend to a Right to judge of it, and cenſure it, if it is not conformable to the Idea they themſelves have of it; whereas when a Poet follows a known One, there's a common Rule which he muſt not deviate from, and which is the Standard of their Judgment as well as his Compoſition. *Horace* cannot by *Communia* mean common and ordinary Characters, becauſe he immediately adviſes the Poets to make uſe of known Characters.

129. *Tuque rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus.*] *Ariſtotle* in his IXth Chapter, determines for invented Fables, as well as receiv'd ones; *Horace* is here for known Subjects, ſuch as are taken from the *Ilias and Odyſſeys*, for both thoſe Poems are compris'd under the Words *Iliacum carmen.* This Difference ariſes from the different Ends the Poet and Philoſopher propos'd to themſelves. *Ariſtotle* ſpeaks only of what might pleaſe or diſpleaſe, and *invented* Subjects may pleaſe as well as known: *Horace* talks only of what is eaſy or difficult, and *known* Subjects are eaſier than *invented:* Beſides, *Ariſtotle* wrote to the *Greeks*, who were ſo far poſſeſt of the Spirit of Tragedy, that nothing was impoſſible for them. *Horace* wrote to the *Romans*, who were much inferior to the *Greeks*, and whom he diſſuaded from undertaking what was moſt difficult for them to ſucceed in. *Horace*, in adviſing Poets to borrow their Subjects from *Homer*, is of the ſame Opinion with *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, who have both affirm'd that *Homer* is a Tragick Poet; his *Ilias* and *Odyſſeys* have the ſame Relation to Tragedy, as his *Margites* has to Comedy. *Plato*, in his Tenth Book, calls *Homer* the *Father of Tragedy.*

130. *Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque prius.*] By *ignota indictaque* he means the ſame thing as by his *Communia*, *unknown Subjects:* He adds *indicta* to *ignota*, Subjects never treated of before. For a Story may be *unknown*, without being *new*; 'tis what he ſays in the XXVth Ode of the IIId Book. *Dicam inſigne*, &c. *I will ſpeak of new Things which have not yet been ſpoken of.*

131. *Publica Materies privati juris erit, ſi*, &c.] Leſt the Advice he has been giving Poets might cauſe them to fall into ſervile Imitations, by handling *known* Subjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themſelves, to make ſuch Stories *proper. Publica materies*, the *Ilias*, the *Thebaide*, the *Odyſſey*, and all the Subjects of the ancient Tragedies: He oppoſes

Publica materies to *Communia*; *Chryſippus* boaſted he had made *Euripides*'s *Medea* his own, becauſe he had not follow'd that Poet's Diſpoſition of his Subject.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis Orbem.*] *Horace* adviſes Poets to take the Subjects of their Tragedies out of *Homer*'s Poems, and he here cautions them againſt the Faults they might be guilty of. The firſt and moſt conſiderable, is to amuſe themſelves, *circa Orbem vilem & patulum, with a vile Circuit open to all the World*, that is, with bringing into a Tragedy all the Parts of *Homer*'s Poem, imitating his very Connection and Chain: As for Inſtance, in opening the Scene with the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, and cloſing all with *Hector*'s Funeral. *Heinſius* is miſtaken, in thinking *Horace* means a *vain Circuit of Words, that do not relate to the Subject*. The *Circuit* he ſpeaks of, is in the Fable, and nothing can be more Vicious: For what would be but of a juſt Extent for an *Heroick* Poem, would be monſtrous, confin'd to the narrow Limits of a Tragedy. *Remember, above all things, ſays* Ariſtotle, *not to make a Tragedy of an Epick Plot; I call an Epick Plot, a Plot conſiſting of ſeveral Fables; as if you ſhould bring all the Iliad into one Play.* There's another vicious Circuit beſides this. See the 147th Verſe.

133. *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.*] Not to tranſlate *Homer* Word for Word, the Buſineſs of an exact Tranſlator, not of a Poet. He ſhould imitate the Diſcretion of *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who all of 'em make bold with *Homer*'s Sentiments, but do not tranſlate him literally: *Horace* condemns the ſuperſtitious Exactneſs of ſuch Tranſlators as keep cloſe to the Letter. *Cicero* ſays very well, in the Treatiſe *de Optim. Gen. Orat.* Speaking of the two Orations of *Æſchynes* and *Demoſthenes*, which he tranſlated, *Nec converti ut Interpres, &c. I have tranſlated them not as an Interpreter, but as an Orator, by preſerving the Sentences, and their different Forms, as well as the Figures, and explaining the reſt in Terms adapted to our Cuſtoms, and according to our Manners. I did not think it neceſſary for me to confine myſelf to render them Word for Word, but only to expreſs the Force and Propriety of the Terms, believing I ought not to give the Reader thoſe Terms by Tale but by Weight.* If a Tranſlator ſhould not tranſlate Word for Word, how much leſs ſhould a Poet.

134. *Nec deſilies imitator in arctum, unde pedem proferre.*] This in my Opinion is one of the moſt difficult Places in *Horace*: The Poet does not here ſpeak of thoſe who confine themſelves to a certain Meaſure of Verſe, in their Imitation; nor of thoſe

who

who loſe Sight of their Original. He has already given *Tragick* Poets two Ways of rendring Subjects that have been handled, which he prefers to Invented ones: The Firſt is, not to bring the whole Matter of an Heroick Poem into a Tragedy; and the Second, not to tranſlate it Word for Word: He here gives them a Third, not to keep too cloſe to their Author, in imitating one Action only, ſo as to perplex themſelves, or break the Laws of Tragedy, which Laws are very different from thoſe of Heroick Poetry; ſuppoſe, for Example, I was to write a Tragedy on *Achilles*'s Choler, and to follow the two firſt Rules of *Horace*; that is, not to put all the *Ilias* in my Play, nor uſe his Expreſſions: I ſhall break the third Rule, if I ſervilely repreſent the ſame Circumſtances of *Achilles*'s Choler, as *Homer* has repreſented it, for by that means I ſhall entangle myſelf in a great many Difficulties; how ſhall I repreſent *Achilles* with his Sword half-drawn, and *Minerva* holding him by the Arm to hinder his killing *Agamemnon*; an Incident which is marvellous in an Epick Poem, and yet would be ridiculous in a Tragedy. They who read *referre* here inſtead of *proferre*, did not underſtand the Paſſage.

136. *Nec ſic incipies.*] He blames the pompous Beginnings of ſome Tragedies, when Poets, to give the Audience a great Idéa of their Performances begin Loftily, which is faulty ſeveral Ways; the Beginning ſhould be Simple and Modeſt. This is a Rule in Epick Poetry, and much more in Tragedy.

Ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim.] See what is ſaid of theſe Cyclick Poets, in the VIIth Ode of the firſt Book. 'Tis not known who was the Cyclick Poet, of whom *Horace* ſpeaks; ſome learned Men have thought it was *Mævius*, who wrote a Poem on the *Trojan* War, in which he compris'd all the Hiſtory of *Priamus* from his Birth to his Death: But the Word *Olim* ſhews he means ſome more ancient Poet. *Staſimus*, who wrote the *little Ilias*, is thought to be this Cyclick Poet, by thoſe who follow the *Scholiaſt*, on the Knights of *Ariſtophanes*, who places this Poet among the *Cyclicks*: *Photius* will not have him to be one of 'em; *Caſaubon* thinks he was of the Number of thoſe Poets who join'd in that Work, mention'd by the Ancients under the Name of the *Cyclick Poem*, which took in the Hiſtory of the World from the Beginning of it to the Death of *Ulyſſes*, and was the Work of ſeveral Poets, as *Onomacritus*, *Leſches*, *Eumelus*, and others, tho' 'tis often quoted as the Production of one Man, *Fortunam Priami cantabo & Nobile letum*, the Beginning of *Mævius*'s Poem. What would *Horace* have ſaid of *Statius*, another *Cyclick Poet*,

Poet, who brings all the Story of *Achilles* into his Poem, as *Mævius* brought that of *Priamus* into his.

Magnanimum Æacidem formidatamque tonanti
Progeniem, & vetitam patrio ſuccedere Cælo
Diva refer.

A Poet muſt be hard put to it to maintain the Idea of a Hero, dreaded even by *Jove*, to the End of the Poem. There's nothing more Extravagant than theſe bluſtring Beginnings, the ſure Signs of a weak Poet; the Moderns are very apt to fall into this Fault, and imitate the Vices of the Ancients.

133. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?*] *Hiare* is to open the Mouth very wide, as thoſe are oblig'd to do who pronounce big Words and ſounding Verſes; *Perſius* who alſo laughs at this fooliſh Bluſtring at the Beginning of Epick and Dramatick Poems, makes uſe of this very Term in the Vth Satire.

Fabula ſeu mœſto ponatur hianda Tragœdo.

The fifteen firſt Verſes of this Satire are a Comment on this of *Horace*'s.

139. *Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.*] *Horace*, by ending his Verſe with a Monoſyllable *mus*, againſt the common Rule, expreſſes admirably well, what the Bombaſt Promiſes of theſe Boaſting Poets produce. The end of this Verſe is an Imitation of that in the Firſt Book of the *Georgicks*.

——— *ſæpè exiguus mus.*

Where, according to *Quintilian*'s Judgment, *Clauſula ipſa unius Syllabæ non uſitata addidit Gratiam.* The Fable of the Mountain that brought forth a Mouſe is in *Æſop*. *Phædrus* applies it to thoſe who promiſe much, and perform nothing. 'Tis very old, as appears by the Jeſt of the *Egyptians*, who having a long time expected *Ageſilaus* to come to their Aſſiſtance, and when he came, ſeeing him ſo Little, and ſo Ugly, ſaid among themſelves, *'Twas the Labour of the Mountain which brought forth a Rat.* *Athenæus* quotes the Words of it.

140. *Quanto rectiùs hic qui nil molitur ineptè.*] To theſe bluſtring Beginnings of the boaſting Poets, he oppoſes the Diſcretion and Modeſty of *Homer*, in that of his *Odyſſey*; for nothing can be more plain.

Qui

Qui nil molitur ineptè.] *Horace*'s ſaying that *Homer* did nothing Improperly, ought to reſtrain ſome Modern Authors, who by endeavouring to find out groſs Faults in him, only diſcover their Ignorance and ill Taſte.

141. *Dic mihi, Muſa, virum.*] *Horace* includes the three firſt Verſes of *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* in two, contenting himſelf with expreſſing the Modeſty and Simplicity of *Homer*'s Beginning, without explaining all the Parts of it; for otherwiſe one might find conſiderable Faults in his Tranſlation. He has forgotten the Epithet πολύτροπον, *wiſe*, which marks *Ulyſſes*'s Character: He neglects the Circumſtance that makes us moſt concern'd for his Hero, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη, *Who wander'd a long Time.* He ſays, in a looſe way, *after the taking of* Troy, whereas 'tis in *Homer*, *after having ruin'd* Troy; but, as I have ſaid, his Deſign was to ſhew *Homer*'s Modeſty, and not to tranſlate him.

143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem.*] Thoſe pompous Beginnings that are not carry'd on, reſemble Fuel which eaſily takes Fire, and after having blaz'd awhile, goes out, and waſtes away in Smoke: 'Tis a Straw Fire. Whereas modeſt Beginnings increaſe as they proceed, and are like ſolid Fuel, which is hard to kindle, ſmokes awhile, blazes up, and caſts forth a Fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time.

Ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat,] *Horace* here calls *Homer*'s Stories of *Antiphates, Scylla, Charybdis,* the *Cyclops Polyphemus,* &c. *ſhining Wonders.* And *Longinus* makes a very fine Compariſon of the *Ilias* and *Odyſſey*, with reference to theſe Fables. *As the Ocean is always great, tho' ſometimes he leaves his Shores, and is confin'd in narrower Limits*; *ſo* Homer *alſo having left the* Ilias, *is ſtill great, even in the incredulous and fabulous Stories of the* Odyſſey. He alludes to the Tempeſts, the *Cyclops*, &c. the ſame Places *Horace* calls *Wonders.* *Longinus* in the ſame Chapter calls thoſe Stories the *Dreams of* Jupiter, Dreams worthy of the King of the Gods.

145. *Antiphaten.*] *Antiphates*, King of the *Leſtrigons*, deſcrib'd in the Xth Book of the *Odyſſey*. They were *Man-eaters* and *Homer* ſays they carry'd away *Ulyſſes*'s Followers in Strings, like ſo many Strings of Fiſh.

Scyllamque & Charybdim.] Two Rocks in the Strait of *Sicily*, the one call'd *Scylla*, from the *Punick* Word *Scol*, which ſignifies *Deſtruction*, the other *Charybdis*, from *Chorobdam*, ſignifying an *Abyſs of Perdition.* *Homer* makes two horrible Monſters of 'em. See the Deſcription in the XIIth Book of the *Odyſſey*.

Cum

Cum Cyclope.] *Polyphemus*, King of the *Cyclops*, who dwelt in *Sicily*, near the Promontory of *Lilybæum*: Tis one of the moſt agreeable Tales in *Homer*. See the IXth Book of the *Odyſſey*.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.*] *Homer* has not written on *Diomedes*'s Return: Neither is it what *Horace* means in this Paſſage; the Senſe of which is, That *Homer*, in his Poem on the Return of *Ulyſſes*, has not done like the Poet *Antimachus* in his Return of *Diomedes*, whoſe Adventure he begins with the Death of his Uncle *Meleager*, which is abſurd: for by this he gives a Beginning to the Beginning of the Action; *Before which*, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, *nothing muſt be ſuppos'd Neceſſary*. This Matter is treated of in the VIIth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry*.

147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The *Trojan* War is not the Subject of the *Ilias*, 'tis only the Occaſion of it. *Homer* makes no *Beginning* nor *End* to the Siege of *Troy*; nay, there's hardly a *Middle* that's proper to it; but he forgets none of the Parts of his Subject, which is *Achilles*'s Choler. He does not ſo much as relate the Circumſtances of the Rape of *Helen* the Cauſe of the War. *Horace* laught here at the Author of the *little Ilias*, who began his Poem with the two Eggs: In one of which *Helen* and *Clytemneſtra* were incloſ'd; in the other *Caſtor* and *Pollux*. The *Unity* of the *Perſon* can never excuſe the breaking the *Unity* of the *Action*, which, as *Ariſtotle* teaches, muſt be always preſerv'd: He condemns, in his *Art of Poetry*, the Authors of the *Heracliade* and *Theſeiade*, for not obſerving that Unity, and ſets *Homer*'s Conduct as an Example. He has not in his *Odyſſey* heap'd together all the Events that happen'd to *Ulyſſes*; nor in the *Ilias* does he amuſe himſelf with writing the Hiſtory of *Achilles*: He introduces no Adventure that has not Relation to his Subject in either of theſe Poems. *Statius*, after *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* had given ſuch good Rules, falls into a greater Fault than even the Author of the little *Ilias*; inſtead of beginning his *Thebaid* with the Inceſtuous Birth of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, he begins it with the Rape of *Europa*, the Occaſion of the founding of *Thebes*.

148. *Semper ad eventum feſtinat.*] Still going forward to the End of his Subject, he makes uſe of no *Epiſode* but what leads to it. The End of the *Ilias* is *Achilles*'s Vengeance. *Statius*, inſtead of going forward to the End of his Action, ſeems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by *Epiſodes* independent of his Subject.

149. *Et in medias res, non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*] A Paſſage of great Importance, and very difficult: It has been interpreted, as if *Horace* would ſay, that *Homer* preſently tranſports his

his Readers to the Middle of his Subject, to hold them always in Desire and Hope to the End of it. This, 'tis true, is one of the greatest Beauties of an *Epic* Poem, and *Homer* has not neglected it, as *Macrobius* observes in the IId Chapter of the XVth Book of his *Saturnalia*; but *Horace* having treated of this Precept in the 42d and 43d Verses, 'tis not likely he should repeat it here: Besides, *Horace* does not talk here of what *Homer* does in the Beginning, but what he does in the Sequel, thro' the whole course of the Poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, *Semper ad eventum festinat, He always hasten'd to the End of the Action.* The true Sense of this Passage is, *Homer* carries his Readers swiftly over all Things that preceded the Action; he calls them *medias res*, middle Things, either because he places the Recital of 'em in the Course of the Poem, after the Beginning, or before the End; or because they are Things which the *Greeks* call properly μέσα, *middling, indifferent.* *Horace* says, the Poet passes swiftly over those Adventures, as if they were known: And such is *Homer*'s constant Practice; every thing that precedes the Siege of *Troy*, and *Achilles*'s Vengeance, is related in the course of the Poem, as publick Events known to all the World: This a Tragick Poet ought to observe, as well as an Epick. *Sophocles*, in his *Oedipus*, passes swiftly over every thing that precedes the Action of his Tragedy.

150. *Et quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*] This is a Consequence of what he said just before, That *Homer* carries his Reader swiftly over everyThing that precedes his Action; fearing one might from thence believe he gave the whole History. *Horace* shews the Poet's Address, in not mentioning all the Incidents of the Story, but making a judicious Choice of them; leaving those that were not susceptible of Ornaments, suitable to the Grandeur and Majesty of his Poem: He does not speak of *Leda*'s Eggs, nor the Rape of *Helen* in the *Ilias*, nor of the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, nor of *Achilles*'s Disguising himself like a Girl; and thus a Tragick Poet should reject all Incidents that do not answer the Grandeur of his Subject.

151. *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.*] The Soul of an *Epick* Poem, is the Fable, which includes a general Truth, made particular by the Application of Names. Thus the Truth contain'd in the *Ilias* is, That Union and Subordination preserve States, and that Discord and Disobedience destroy them: The Fiction in which this Truth is wrapt up is the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, feign'd to be taken from a known Story as the *Trojan* War, to make it the more probable. In epick Poetry the Fiction goes always on with the Truth; but 'tis not only

only moral Truth that *Homer* teaches in his Fictions, ſometimes alſo 'tis Phyſical and Hiſtorical, which he enfolds in fine *Fables*, to render 'em the more Marvellous, and conſequently the more Agreeable. None has ſucceeded ſo well as himſelf in theſe *Fables*: *Horace* begins this Precept with them, and continues it with the Mixture of the *Fable and the Truth*, *Sic veris falſa remiſcet*. Which is a perfect Explanation of *Homer*'s Conduct, and all the Myſtery of an Epick Poem, according to *Ariſtotle*'s Rules. The Poet firſt draws the *Plan* of his *Fable*, which is not leſs a Fable than any of *Æſop*'s; *mentitur*, *he feigns*. After he has laid down this *Plan*, he muſt make his Fable probable, and perſuade that it has been done, to have it believ'd that 'tis poſſible. To this purpoſe he attributes it to certain known Perſons; he names the Places that were the Scene of it, all which he takes from a known Story, borrowing ſome true Actions and Circumſtances, which he accommodates to his Deſign. *Sic veris falſa remiſcet*; thoſe Poets who have not, like *Homer*, drawn the Plan of their Poems, after they had ſought out ſome Hero in Hiſtory, and choſen a true Action done by that Hero, have never ſucceeded: As *Silius*, *Statius*, *Lucan*, and among the *Greeks* the Authors of the *Heracliade* and *Theſiade*: *Ariſtotle* preſcribes this Rule in the XVIIIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, and it is the Foundation of an Epic Poem.

152. *Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.*] He every where mixes the Fable with the Truth, That the three Parts of his Subject may be connected and equal. The Middle, which is the Knot, muſt anſwer to the Beginning; and the End, which is the unravelling of it, to the Beginning and Middle. If Fiction is us'd in one Part, and not in all, the Parts will be ſo unequal and disjointed that they will not compoſe one *Whole*: Neither will the *Marvellous*, which is produc'd more by Fiction than Truth, reign thro' the Work as it ought to do. This is alſo to be obſerv'd in *Tragedy*.

153. *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi.*] He returns to the Manners. *Tu*, *Thou*, who writeſt Dramatick Poems. All Poets, and not the *Piſo*'s.

154. *Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis*] If you would have us ſtay the Play out, *Aulæa manere*, *Stay 'till the Curtain is rais'd*, or as we ſay now-a-days, till the Curtain is dropt. See *Aulæa premuntur*, in the firſt Epiſtle of the IId Book.

155. *Donec Cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat.*] *Cantor*, the *Chorus*, who us'd to ſay, *Vos Plaudite*. *Quintilian*, in the firſt Chapter of the VIth Book, *Tunc eſt commovendum theatrum*, &c. *You muſt above all things endeavour to move the Audience, when you come*

near

near the Vos Plaudite, *with which all ancient Comedies and Tragedies end.*

156. *Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.*] He has already ſaid the *Manners* ought to be like, *famam ſequere*; agreeable, *Convenientia finge*; and equal, *Servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto proceſſerit.* There wants ſtill a fourth Quality: They ought to be well expreſs'd, well diſtinguiſh'd, *notandi ſunt tibi mores.* So diſtinguiſh'd, that no Body may be able to miſtake them, that every one, when he ſees the Actions of the Perſon you have form'd, may ſay, thoſe are the Actions of a furious, a paſſionate, an ambitious, an inconſtant or covetous Man; and this, with the other three, make the four Qualities which *Ariſtotle* requires for the Manners; *Horace* only inverts his Order, by putting that Quality laſt, which the Philoſopher puts firſt: But this changing the Order does not change the Rule, and, in the main, is of no Conſequence. *Ariſtotle* treats of it in the XVIth Chapter of his *Art of Poetry.*

157. *Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus & annis.*] A fine Verſe, and very expreſſive. Word for Word, *Give to moveable Natures and Years their proper Beauty. Moveable Natures*, that is, Age, which always rolls on like a River, and as it rolls gives different Inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the Beauty proper to Age: Each Age having its Beauties as well as each Seaſon; to give the *Virile Age* the Beauty of *Youth*, is to deck *Autumn* with the Beauties of the *Spring.*

Et Annis.] *Horace* is not ſatisfy'd with ſaying, *each Age*, he ſays, *each Year*; becauſe the Inclinations of each Age are not the ſame at the *beginning* and the *end*: There's an inſenſible Change which a Poet ought to know and diſtinguiſh, as a Painter ought to know and diſtinguiſh the Changes of each Seaſon, and not make the *End* of the Summer like its *Beginning.*

158. *Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer.*] Children learn to ſpeak by Imitation: *Horace* therefore ſays, *reddere Voces*, to render Words: He is running thro' the four Ages of Mankind, which Tragick, Comick, and Epick Poets ought alike to underſtand how to diſtinguiſh well. Infancy, the firſt, is not ſo neceſſary as the other three, an Infant being ſeldom introduc'd as an Actor; for which Reaſon *Ariſtotle* mentions only *Youth*, *Manhood*, and *old Age.* The Qualities *Horace* aſcribes here to Infancy remain alſo in Youth, where that Philoſopher compris'd 'em.

160. *Iram colligit ac ponit temerè, ac mutatur in horas.*] Theſe Changes proceed only from the Softneſs of the Brain, where Objects

jects are eaſily impreſt and effac'd. Wherefore, according as that Softneſs is greater or leſs, thoſe Changes are alſo the ſlower or ſwifter: Whence it is that he ſays here of an Infant, *mutatur in horas*, and afterwards of a young Man, *amata relinquere pernix*. Tho' the latter's more ſteady, yet he's ſtill changeable.

Temerè.] Without Reaſon or Reflexion.

161. *Imberbis juvenis cuſtode remoto.*] See what *Simo* ſays in *Terence*'s *Andria*, ſpeaking of his Son, *Quod plerique omnes faciunt adoleſcentuli*, &c. *Horace* copies *Ariſtotle* in this Picture of the Manners, but he paints in *little*, what *Ariſtotle* painted in *great*, in the 2d Book of his *Rhetorick*, and contents himſelf with giving a Stroke of ſome of the principal Features.

162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the Exerciſes of the Field of *Mars*, explain'd in the 8th Ode of the 1ſt Book.

163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It eaſily receives the Impreſſions of Vice.

Monitoribus aſper.] It hates Reproof.

164. *Utilium tardus proviſor.*] Young People always prefer the *Honourable* to the *Profitable*.

Prodigus æris.] They know not the Value of Money, and therefore ſquander it away.

165. *Sublimis.*] Preſumptuous, vain.

Cupiduſque & amata relinquere pernix.] Inconſtant, wavering. *Ariſtotle* ſays their Dreams are like the Hunger and Thirſt of the Sick.

166. *Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis.*] The *Manners* of the *Virile* Age, is the Middle between the Manners of Youth and old Age.

167. *Quærit opes & amicitias.*] A Man in his Virile Age is for heaping up Riches and getting Friends.

Inſervit honori.] A Man in the Virile Age endeavours to reconcile Honour with Intereſt; this *Horace* means by *Inſervit*, a Term that denotes Mediocrity.

Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.] He corrects the Vices of Cuſtom by Reaſon, and wou'd do nothing he may repent of.

169. *Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda.*] Old Men, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, are hard to pleaſe, irreſolute, malicious, ſuſpicious, covetous, peeviſh, timorous, &c.

170. *Quærit & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti.*] Old Men are always ſcraping Wealth together, but dare not make uſe of it.

171. *Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidéque miniſtrat.*] Old Age is attended with no greater Inconveniency than Timidity.

172.

172. *Dilator.*] 'Tis irresolute.

Spe longus.] Old Men do not easily hope. *Aristotle* says, they are difficult to hope. *Lambin* explains *Spe Longus*, who *carries far his Hopes*, which he grounds on what *Horace* says elsewhere, *Spatio brevi spem longam reseces & Spem incboare longam.* But there is a great deal of difference between *Spes Longa* and *Spe Longus.* *Horace* is speaking of what commonly happens to Old Men, who are longer conceiving Hopes than Young. The latter are εὐέλπιδες. They conceive Hope on nothing, *Spe citi, Spe prompti.* The former δυσελπίδες, *Spe longi, Spe tardi.* Hard to conceive Hope. They hope for nothing but what they see, or as *Aristotle* has it, *They live more by Memory than Hope.*

Iners.] Lazy, slow. *Aviduſque futuri.* Tender of Life, the nearer they draw to its End. *Difficilis*, humoursom, peevish. *Querulus*, always complaining. *Laudator temporis acti ſe puero.* They are full of Times past, when their Pleasures were more lively. This makes them great Talkers. The Character of *Nestor* in the 1st Book of the *Ilias* is exactly such a one.

174. *Censor castigatorque minorum.*] Taken from *Aristotle*'s Principles, old Men are guided by Reason, not by Custom, and think young Men Fools for following Custom more than Reason. This makes 'em always grumbling and out of Humour.

175. *Multi ferunt anni venientes.*] *Anni venientes*, the coming Years; the Years preceding the Virile Age. *Anni recedentes*, the returning Years; the Years going back towards old Age and Death: the former were always reckon'd by the Ancients by *Addition*, the latter by *Subſtraction.* See the 5th Ode of the 2d Book. The *French* have an Expression like the *recedentes* of the Ancients, for they say of a Person who is declining in Years, he is *Sur ſon retour, Upon his Return.*

176. *Ne forte Seniles mandentur juveni partes.*] The Manners and Passions which attend each Age, shou'd be carefully study'd, to prevent confounding them.

178. *Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjuncta ævo*, Every thing that necessarily attends the Age. *Apta ævo*, every thing proper to it. The same may be apply'd to Sex, Country, Quality, and whatever else distinguishes Mankind. As in the XVIth Chapter of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry.*

179. *Aut igitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.*] Dramatick Poems consist of *Representation* and *Recital.* By *Representation* every thing is brought on the Stage that ought to be expos'd to the View of the Spectators. By *Recital* he's inform'd of every thing he ought not to see. 'Tis the same with *Epick* Poetry.

180. *Segniùs irritant animos.*] What we ſee touches us more than what we hear, and the Eyes are more incredulous than the Ears. A Poet therefore ſhou'd take care not to keep behind the Scenes what he ought to expoſe on the Stage, and not to expoſe what wou'd ſhock the Spectators.

181. *Oculis fidelibus.*] *Faithful Eyes. Faithful*, which like a Looking-Glaſs render the Object ſuch as they receive it, whoſe Teſtimony is to be credited.

182. *Et quæ ipſe ſibi tradit Spectator.*] A happy Expreſſion; in *Repreſentation*, the Spectator learns by himſelf what paſſes. In Recital he learns it only from the *Reciter*; in the One he forms what Idea of it he pleaſes, in the Other, he can form only what Idea the *Reciter* pleaſes to give him.

Non tamen intus digna geri.] A Poet muſt never expoſe any thing that's Incredible and Cruel.

184. *Facundia præſens.*] The Recital of an Actor preſent. *Facundia*, becauſe the *Recital* ought to be pompous and pathetick, as that of the Death of *Oreſtes* in the *Electra*.

185. *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*] Some have thought *Horace* here does not condemn all Murders upon the Stage, only horrible Ones, as that of a Mother killing her Children; nay it has been endeavour'd to be prov'd, that Murders may be expos'd with Succeſs from the Practice of *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. *Æſchylus* in his *Ceophores*, kills *Agamemnon*, *Prometheus*, and *Clytemneſtra*, on the Stage. *Sophocles* does the ſame in his *Electra*, where *Oreſtes* kills his Mother. And *Euripides* in his *Alceſte*, who kills her on the Stage. But this does not at all excuſe the defiling it with Blood. Neither are theſe Allegations of thoſe that defend it true. *Agamemnon* is not kill'd in ſight of the Audience, for the Chorus, who hear his Cries in the Palace, reſolve to enter to his Aſſiſtance; and *Prometheus* is carried off by a Tempeſt, which cloſes the Scene. *Scaliger* is ſtrangely miſtaken in this; eſpecially as to *Clytemneſtra*, for ſhe's ſo far from being kill'd in view of the Spectators, that *Oreſtes bids her follow him, that he may kill her near the Body of* Ægiſthus. In *Sophocles*, *Oreſtes*'s Mother is in the Palace when ſhe is kill'd, as appears plainly by what *Electra* ſays to her Deliverers, upon their re-entring the Stage with their Hands bloody. True, *Alceſte* in *Euripides* does die on the Stage. But ſhe pines away; her Woman cries out, *She languiſhes, ſhe dies away with Sickneſs.* She was not wounded behind the Scenes. She dy'd, but was not kill'd on the Stage. In *Sophocles*, *Ajax* is ſaid to be kill'd on the Stage, which is a Miſtake too; for the Poet has

with

with very great Addreſs plac'd a Wood at the End of it, in which *Ajax* is murder'd, the Spectators not ſeeing it. *Horace* here puts *Medea* and *Atreus* for all ſorts of Tragick Stories. For Murders cannot be allow'd on the Stage, let 'em be of what Nature ſoever. None but bad Poets, who had not Genius enough to move by the Narration, have introduc'd bloody Spectacles. *Medea* is a very fine Fable for a Tragedy. *Horace* does not condemn it, but her killing her Children in Publick. *Seneca* however breaks this Rule in his *Medea*.

186. *Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.*] This Story is, *Atreus*, who ſerv'd up his Nephews to his Brother *Thyeſtes* their Father, for a Supper. 'Tis thought *Sophocles* wrote upon it, as did the *Roman* Poet *Accius*, who directly avoided what *Horace* forbids here.

187. *Aut in avem Progne.*] He ſpeaks now of other Incidents that ſhou'd not be expos'd; ſuch as wou'd be as ridiculous to ſee as agreeable to read. Of this Kind are all *Metamorphoſes*. For Inſtance, *Progne* into a Swallow, *Philomel* into a Nightingale, and the like. In *Epick* Poetry, they may be brought in by Narration. As the Metamorphoſes of *Ulyſſes*'s Ship into Stone, and *Æneas*'s into *Nymphs*, in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

188. *Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.*] Some things are to be ſhewn in Tragedy, ſome to be told; if what ſhould be told is ſhewn, and what ſhould be ſhewn, told, 'twill ſpoil the Poem. To ſhew what you ſhould tell is the greateſt Fault. *Horace* explains a Hint of *Ariſtotle*'s in his XVIth Book, and gives the Reaſon as well as the Precept. For Prodigies expos'd to Sight are incredible. They are only tolerable in Narrations.

189. *Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu.*] *Aſcanius Pedianus* ſays the ſame. This Rule is grounded on the conſtant Practice of the Ancients. Tho' 'tis not mention'd, 'tis imply'd in *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, where he tells us, *Poets ought to give their Subjects not an arbitrary but a certain Extent*. As their *Extent* muſt be *certain*, ſo it muſt be juſt, which is exactly this Diviſion into Five *Acts*: Practis'd in all regular Plays, as well ancient as modern. The *Greeks* had no Term that ſignify'd *Act*, but they had another Diviſion better than the *Latins*, or Ours. For by marking the Extent of Tragedy in general, it mark'd alſo the different Nature of its Parts in particular, which that of the *Latins* and Ours do not do. By dividing Tragedy into Five Acts, the Latin and Modern Poets divide it into five like Parts, which is vicious. This Matter is diſcours'd of at large in the Notes on the XIIth Chapter of *Ariſtotle*'s

Ariſtotle's *Art of Poetry*. If Plays of five Acts are of a juſt Extent, thoſe of three are defective. Plays of three Acts have the Defect which *Ariſtotle* finds in little Objects. The Sight is confounded, and they are either naked of, or loaded with Incidents. Plays of Six or Seven *Acts* would have the Defect of great Objects. The Spectators would loſe the Idea of the whole, on account of its exceſſive Bigneſs, wherefore the juſt Medium lies in the five *Acts*. In which there's Room for the variety of Incidents neceſſary for the Paſſions. Three Acts are not to be born with in any thing but Farces, which ſupply the Places of the *Satires and Exodia* of the Ancients. Five Acts are ſo eſſential and neceſſary to a perfect Dramatick Poem, that this Rule is not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. *Euripides* obſerves it even in his *Cyclops*, a Satirick Play, or rather a Paſtoral, wherein he might have taken more Liberty than in a regular *Tragedy*. Yet tho' that Piece conſiſts of but 800 Verſes, he has very exactly mark'd the Diviſion of five *Acts*. *Marcus Antonius* has this Rule in view, when he compares Life to a Theatrical Piece. He is comforting a young Man who was dying, and anſwers him, *I have not yet finiſh'd the Five Acts, I have play'd but Three. But in Life*, reply'd the Emperor, *Three Acts are a compleat Play*. If it is objected that Monſieur *Racine* wrote a Play of Three Acts; tho' we muſt not accuſe him as ignorant of the Rules of his Art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely regular Play. He was not willing to leave his Story, which in its Simplicity could not eaſily furniſh out five Acts, and thought much more of preſerving the Holineſs and Majeſty of the Original, than by multiplying Incidents to give it a juſt Extent.

191. *Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus.*] The Tragick Poets were blam'd of old for that, when they cou'd not unravel their Plots, they had recourſe to a Divinity, who came in a Machine and did it for them, as is done in the *Medea* of *Euripides*. This Rule is taken from *Ariſtotle*, who does not, however, quite exclude Machines, but ſuch only as are not born of the Subject, either neceſſarily or probably; and this is the true Sentiment of *Horace*, who ſays, Machines ſhould never be made uſe of, but when the Knot deſerves that a God ſhould come to untie it. We read in *Ariſtotle*, Chap. XVI. *In the Manner, as well as in the Diſpoſition of the Subject, the Poet muſt have a Regard to what's either Neceſſary or Probable, ſo that the Events may happen either neceſſarily or probably. From whence 'tis evident that the Unravelling the Plot ought to be produc'd by the Plot itſelf, without making uſe of the help of a Machine,*

Machine, as in the Medea. This relates only to Dramatick Poetry; for in the *Epick*, Machines are abſolutely neceſſary.

Dignus vindice nodus.] A happy Expreſſion taken from the *Roman* Law, which calls a Man *Vindicem*, who ſets a Slave at Liberty. Thus *Horace* looks on an entangled Piece, as a Slave that ſtands in need of a God to come and ſet him at Liberty.

192. *Nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.*] The Ancient Tragick Poet ſeldom introduc'd above Two Perſons ſpeaking in a Scene, Three were rarely to be met with, and Four hardly ever. So *Diomedes* writes, *In Græco Dramate fere tres perſonæ ſolæ agunt.* But it may happen there may be Occaſion for Four to ſpeak. Monſieur *D'Aubignac* pretends *Horace* does not entirely condemn the introducing a Fourth Perſon, but that a Fourth Perſon ſhou'd not force himſelf to ſpeak. The Text will bear ſuch a Conſtruction, and our Poets have added a Fifth to this Fourth Perſon. Nay *Scaliger* in the IIId Book of his *Art of Poetry*, ſays, *They make no Scruple of bringing a Fourth Perſon into a Scene. As* Ariſtophanes's *Ghoſt in the Frogs, the ſame in his* Plutus *and in his Birds.* However what *Scaliger* ſays of *Ariſtophanes* does not decide the Diſpute. For *Horace* talks of *Tragedy*, and not of *Comedy*, in which no Body queſtions a great deal more Liberty may be taken. 'Tis very likely *Horace*'s Rule is Simple, and without Reſtriction, drawn from the Common Practice of the *Greeks*, and its being the moſt convenient, the moſt natural, and the moſt ſafe Way. *Ariſtotle* informs us, *Æſchylus* invented a Principal Perſon, which he join'd to him who appear'd between the Songs of the Chorus, and that *Sophocles* added a Third. Nevertheleſs there are Three Actors to be met with in ſome of *Æſchylus*'s Plays. See the Remarks on the IVth Chapter of that Philoſopher's *Art of Poetry.*

193. *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The Chorus were a Company of Actors, who ſupply'd the Place of thoſe who ought probably to be preſent at the Action repreſented, and were concern'd in it. 'Twas the Foundation of all the Probability of Dramatick Poetry, which ſince it has loſt its Chorus has loſt at leaſt half of its Veriſimility and greateſt Ornament, rendring our Modern Tragedy no more than the Shadow of the Ancient. The *Chorus* had two Functions. For in the Courſe of the *Acts*, they were to join in the Action and act a Part, the *Coriphæus* ſpeaking alone in the Name of all the reſt, and after each Act all the *Chorus* was to note the Interval by their Songs. *Horace* preſcribes here two

Rules

Rules for theſe two Functions of the *Chorus*. The firſt is contain'd in this Verſe,

Actoris Partes Chorus officiumque virile defendat.

The Chorus muſt act the Part of an Actor, and perform the Functions of a ſingle Perſon. 'Tis a Tranſlation or Explanation of a Paſſage in *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, wherein 'tis ſaid, *The Chorus muſt act the Part of an Actor, be one of the Perſons of the Place, and make a Part of the whole.* The Second Function is contain'd in the following Remarks.

194. *Neu quid medios intercinat actus, quod non propoſito conducat.*] What the Chorus ſung between the *Acts* to mark the *Intervals:* Which Song *Horace* will have to agree with the Subject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding it. *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* ſhould be imitated in this; and thoſe who do otherwiſe, *inſerta canunt, ſing inſerted Songs*, as ſuitable to one Tragedy as another. *Sophocles* is the true Model for the Conſtitution of Chorus's: *Euripides* was ſometimes deficient in this, tho' *Scaliger* prefers his Conduct to *Sophocles*'s; *Ariſtophanes* blames *Euripides* for it, in his *Acharnenſes*, *And thoſe*, ſays he, *who compoſe his Chorus ſtand there like Fools:* Upon which the *Scholiaſt* makes this judicious Remark, Ariſtophanes *in this Verſe laughs at* Euripides *for introducing Chorus's that do not ſing Things agreeable to the Subject, but Stories that are foreign to it*, as in his *Phœnicians*.

196. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In theſe ſix Verſes *Horace* tells us what was the Buſineſs of the *Chorus: Scaliger* forgets a great deal of it. The Chorus always took the Part of honeſt Men; the Theatre was then the School of Piety and Juſtice better taught there than in the Temples. *Et concilietur amicis.* Some have read *& conſilietur amicis*, to give Counſel to its Friends: That was indeed one of the Duties of the Chorus; but I queſtion whether there are any Inſtances of *conſiliari*, to expreſs giving Counſel; 'till I meet with one I will rather chooſe to read *& concilietur amicis*, that is it join'd with its Friends, and ſupported their Intereſts.

197. *Et regat iratos.*] As in *Oedipus*, the Chorus endeavours to moderate that Prince's Choler againſt *Tireſias*, and *Tireſias*'s againſt him.

Et amet peccare timentes.] The Chorus was ſo religious that it always declar'd for the Innocent againſt the Guilty.

198. *Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis.*] The Chorus of Tragedy may have frequent Occaſions to commend Sobriety, one of the principal Moral Virtues.

199. *Ille ſalubrem, juſtitiam, legeſque.*] The Chorus of *Oedipus* furniſhes us with wonderful Examples of what *Horace* writes on this Subject.

Et apertis otia portis.] As in that fine Chorus of *Euripides*, when addreſſing to the Queen of Peace, it ſays,

Queen of Riches, happy Peace,
Faireſt of the Goddeſſes;
With what Impatience have I waited,
How long expected you in vain?
I fear Old Age will now deſtroy me
Before I ſhall behold your Beauty,
Before your Dances I behold
So full of Grace, before I ſee
Your Crowns, your Feaſts, and hear your Songs.

200. *Ille tegat commiſſa.*] The moſt eſſential Qualities of the Chorus, are Fidelity and Secrecy, without which all Veriſimility is loſt, and the Poem ſpoil'd. Theſe Qualities depend on the Poet's Addreſs, who ought ſo to chooſe his Chorus, that its own Intereſt may engage it to conceal what it is intruſted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does nothing againſt its Duty. *Euripides* has committed a Fault of this kind in his *Medea*, who tho' a Stranger at *Corinth*, contrives the Death of her Rival the King of *Corinth*'s Daughter, as alſo that of the King, and afterwards to kill her own Children, tells the Chorus, compos'd of *Corinthian* Women, the King's Subjects, her Deſign, and yet they are ſo faithful to this Foreigner, that they do not diſcover it to their Natural Prince. The Chorus, 'tis true, muſt be *faithful*, but without violating the Laws of Nature, or the Laws of God: The Fidelity of the *Corinthian* Women to *Medea* is criminal; the *Greek* Scholiaſt endeavours to excuſe it, by ſaying, that the *Corinthian* Women being free, declar'd for Juſtice, as Chorus's ought to do, which Excuſe is ridiculous and impious; and the ſame *Euripides*, who has made this *Corinthian* Chorus ſo faithful, when it ſhould not have been ſo, makes the Chorus of *Creuſa*'s Waiting Women in *I O N*, fail in their Fidelity to *Xuthus*, and reveal her Husband's Secret to their Miſtreſs, tho' he had commanded them, on Pain of Death, not to do it. *Horace*'s Rule is, indeed, not ſo general, but it may admit of ſome Exception; but I can much leſs forgive *Euripides* for the Treachery committed in *Iphigenia* in *Tauris*; the Chorus is compoſed of *Grecian* Women, and this Princeſs begs them to

tell

tell no Body of her Plot to carry off the Statue of *Diana*, promiſing to take them with her. The Women are faithful to her, and yet ſhe flies away alone with *Oreſtes*, and abandons them to the Rage of *Thoas*, who would certainly have ſeverely puniſh'd them, had not *Minerva* come to their Deliverance.

201. *Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.*] A neceſſary Conſequence of the Juſtice and Piety of the Chorus; the Ancients blame *Euripides*, becauſe his Chorus's are not always ſo much concern'd as they ought to be, for the Unhappy. *Sophocles* never err'd once in this Particular.

202. *Tibia non ut nunc, Orichalco vincta.*] The eighteen following Verſes are obſcure. After having ſpoken of the Chorus's in Tragedy, he ſpeaks of the Changes that had happen'd in the Muſick, and the Verſe, and the better to explain it, makes uſe of a very juſt Example, ſaying, that as the Chorus's of the *Roman* Plays, which were at firſt plain, with one very little Flute, and without any Ornament, chang'd the Tone when the *Roman* People began to be more powerful and rich, Riches and Luxury having introduc'd the ſame Change in Verſe and Muſick, as in Manners; ſo the ſame Thing happen'd to the Chorus of the *Greek Tragedies*, the Muſick of which was at firſt as plain as the Verſe, but by degrees it became more harmonious and ſtrong, and the Meaſure of the Verſe was accommodated to the Muſick; in which Meaſure they ſoon imitated the Dignity and Majeſty of the Oracles.

Orichalco vincta.] Ὀρείχαλκον, *Orichalk*, a ſort of Mountain Copper, what we now-a-days call *Braſs*: The Ancients eſteem'd it ſo much, that for a long time they preferr'd it to Gold itſelf, as in the IId Chapter of the XXXIVth Book of *Pliny*: *Virgil* puts it with Gold, ſpeaking of *Turnus's Cuiraſs*. Thoſe who took it for a natural Metal, half Gold, and half Copper, did not remember *Ariſtotle*'s Obſervation, that Nature produces no ſuch ſort of Metal.

Tubæque æmula.] The Flute was brought by degrees to ſuch a Pitch, that it equal'd the Trumpet, and was then us'd in the *Chorus's* of *Tragedies*.

203. *Sed tenuis ſimplexque.*] *Tenuis* oppos'd to *tubæ æmula*; *ſimplex* to *orichalco vincta*.

Foramine pauco adſpirare choris erat utilis.] Having few Holes, proper for the *Chorus's* of *Tragedy*, which do not require ſounding Muſick. The old Commentator, ſays *Varro*, in the IIId Book of the *Latin* Tongue, which is loſt, ſaid he had ſeen one of the ancient Flutes with but four Holes.

204. *Adſpirare choris erat utilis.*] A little Flute is ſufficient for a Chorus, firſt, becauſe the Muſick ſhould be ſoft, loud Muſick not agreeing with the Sentiments the Chorus ought to have, as *Pity*, *Tenderneſs*, &c. and ſecondly, becauſe the Theatres were then very little, and not much frequented.

206. *Quo ſanè populus numerabilis utpote parvus.*] *Horace* lays down four Reaſons why the *Romans* were at firſt no fonder of Theatrical *Repreſentations*: As 1. They were but few in Number. 2. They were Wiſe. 3. They were Pious, and 4. They were Modeſt. Monſieur *le Fevre* will have it, that the firſt deſtroys all the reſt. If the Play-Houſes were empty, becauſe there were few People to fill them, what need we attribute it to their Piety or Wiſdom? He therefore corrected the Text *parcus*, *Thrifty*, for *parvus*, *ſmall*; which Reading is not juſt: *Horace* oppoſes *parvus*, to *agros extendere*, and *latior murus*, as he oppoſes the three other Epithets, *Wiſe*, *Pious*, and *Modeſt*, to *vinoque diurno placari genius*, to the diſſolute Manners which reign'd ſoon after on Feſtival Days; beſides, the Word *parcus*, *Thrifty*, which Monſieur *le Fevre* would read inſtead of *parvus*, *ſmall*, cannot come in here on any account, ſince the People did not pay any Thing at the *Theatre*, the Magiſtrates defraying the Charge.

208. *Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor.*] When their Victories oblig'd the *Romans* to extend the Compaſs of their Walls, to admit the Nations they had ſubdu'd, then Luxury and Riches alter'd the Verſe and Muſick of the Chorus's, from Simplicity to Pomp.

209. *Vinoque diurno placari Genius feſtis impunè diebus.*] 'Twas not lawful for the firſt *Romans* to debauch by Day-light, even not on *Feſtivals*; *placari Genius*, *ſooth their Genius*: A happy Expreſſion for the Mirth of Wine and good Company.

211. *Acceſſit numeriſque, modiſque licentia major.*] They gave themſelves full Liberty to alter the Verſe and Muſick, from a ſoft and ſimple, to a lofty and diverſify'd Tone.

212. *Indoctus quid enim ſaperet.*] *Horace* attributes the Variety and Wantonneſs, which were added to Poetry and Muſick, to the Ignorance, Lazineſs, Rudeneſs, and Vileneſs of the Villagers admitted by the *Romans* into their Body. *Socrates* and *Plato*, are of Opinion, that wanton Muſick proceeds from the Ignorance of the Mind, and the Corruption of the Heart.

Libeſque laborum.] Lazy, and in Repoſe after the Vintage and Harveſt.

213. *Urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?*] The Rudeneſs and Debauchery of the Villagers, prevail'd over the Gentility and Severity of the *Romans*.

214. *Sis*

214. *Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti.*] The Players on the Flute added Movement and Wantonneſs to the ancient Art, which was before chaſte and ſevere. *Motus* anſwers to *numeris*, in the 211th Verſe, and *luxuria* to *modus*. *Pliny* ſays, *While they made uſe of ſimple Muſick, but after the Variety and Wantonneſs of Song were added to it*, which is taken from the IVth Book of *Theophraſtus*'s Hiſtory of Plants. *Plato* tells us, *The Variety in Muſick produc'd Intemperance.*

215. *Traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.*] Dreſs, as well as Muſick, was corrupted: The Muſicians wore their Robes with long Trains, only us'd by the *Greeks*; in Tragedies they call'd them *Syrma*, as in *Julius Pollux*. *Vagus* relates to the Motion of the Chorus, in ſinging the *Strophees* and *Antiſtrophees*.

216. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris.*] The Application of the Example. As our Muſick and Poetry chang'd as our People aggrandiz'd themſelves; ſo did alſo the *Grecian* Lyre, from a plain to a lofty Tone: *Cicero*, in his IId Book *de legibus*, ſpeaks of the *Severities of the ancient Muſick: antiqua Muſicæ ſeveritas.*

Fidibus.] *Horace* aſſures us the ancient *Greek* Tragedy made uſe of the Lyre; and indeed the Lyre was us'd a long time. *Sophocles* play'd on it in his Tragedy of *Thamyris*.

217. *Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps.*] The Verſes of the *Greek* Chorus, like thoſe of the *Latin*, underwent the ſame Change as the Muſick; inſtead of Plainneſs an Extravagance of Language was affected, little different from that of the Prieſts in pronouncing their Oracles. *Horace* here falls on the *Greek* Tragick Poets, who are very often Bombaſt, and affecting the *Sublime*, ſwell into *Fuſtian*, in imitation of the Prieſts. *Heinſius* is very much miſtaken in this Paſſage.

Facundia præceps.] The Epithet *Præceps*, is enough to ſhew us, that *Horace* is cenſuring and not commending: *Facundia præceps* is a bold raſh Eloquence, the Rhetoricians call it *Meteora*, and *Quintilian*, *præcipitia*. *Longinus* oppoſes it to the Sublime. 'Twas ſaid of *Æſchylus*, *ſublimis uſque ad vitium.*

218. *Utiliumque ſagax rerum & divina futuri.*] *Heinſius* is out again here: *Horace*, as he pretends, is ſhewing how Tragedy came to its Perfection; whereas he is not talking of Tragedy in general, but of the *Chorus*, and ſhews how it came to be corrupted: One of the Functions of the *Chorus* was to comfort the Afflicted, which ought to be perform'd with a Noble Simplicity; but from giving Advice, the Poets, in Time, gave entirely into *Propheſy*, as the Chorus of *Æſchylus*: *Agamemnon* ſays, *I propheſy without Miſſion and without Wages.*

Horace here condemns the Bombaſt Diction, and the Obſcurity of the Chorus's.

220. *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.*] He now ſpeaks of the *Satyrick Poetry* of the *Greeks*; a ſort of Poetry between Comedy and Tragedy: *Horace* ſeems here to attribute the Invention of it to *Theſpis*: *He who diſputed the Prize of Tragedy, ſoon produc'd Satyrs*; but there are two Reaſons againſt this Opinion: The firſt is, we read no where of *Theſpis*'s *Satyrick Pieces*; and the ſecond, that the Diſputes for the Prize of Tragick Poetry were not in uſe in *Theſpis*'s Time, as *Plutarch* informs us in the Life of *Solon*. *Suidas* is poſitive that *Pratinas* was the Inventor of *Satyrs*. He liv'd a few Years after the Death of *Theſpis*; 'tis therefore likely *Horace* means him, and that this Poet, after having diſputed the Prize of *Tragedy*, in a very little while wrote *Satyrs*.

Tragico carmine certavit.] The Diſputes of the Prize of Tragick Poetry were by the Poets producing their Pieces to be play'd in Publick: 'Tis plain by this Paſſage, that theſe Diſputes were more Ancient than the Invention of *Satyrs*.

Ob hircum.] The Poet who obtain'd the Prize had a Goat for his Reward; it being the uſual Sacrifice to *Bacchus*, who preſided over Tragedy; and ſome will have it *Tragedy* takes its Name from this very Goat, τραγῳδία, *The Song of the Goat*.

221. *Agreſtes Satyros nudavit.*] Shew'd *Satyrs* naked, and without Diſguiſe, that is, bad Satyrick Pieces play'd, wherein Satyrs compos'd the Chorus, with Father *Silenus* at their Head: *Demetrius Phalereus* ſays, *No Body can ever form a Tragedy, wherein Rallery and Laughter may be introduc'd; for he would then write a Satyr*. There's but one remaining of all the Satyrick Pieces of the Ancients, which is the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*, and that's ſufficient to juſtify what *Horace* has written of them; he ſays *Agreſtes Satyros*, as *Euripides* ſaid of the *Cyclops*, Κύκλωπος ἀγροβότα.

222. *Et aſper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.*] He endeavour'd to bring Rallery and Pleaſantry into Satyrick Pieces, without offending the Gravity of Tragedy: The Poet muſt always remember he is writing a ſort of Tragedy, and have a care of falling into mean Rallery, which is only excuſable in Comedy. *Tiberius* in the *Cyclops* rallies *Ulyſſes*, and yet preſerves the Gravity of Tragedy. *I know this famous Prater, this noble Sprig of* Siſyphus. *Horace* uſes the Word *Aſper*, *Sharp*, to expreſs its Rallery.

223. *Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus ſpectator.*] He attributes the Origin of Satyrs to the Audience's Deſire of Novelty:

Novelty: *Diomedes*, and *Marius Victorinus*, have ſaid the ſame Thing. *Satyros induxerunt ludendi cauſa, jocandique, ut ſimul Spectator inter Res Tragicas ſeriaſque, Satyrorum quoque jocis & luſibus delectaretur.* The Poets however had a more uſeful and ſpecious Pretence for it: Tragedy was at firſt only a Chorus, who ſung the Praiſes of *Bacchus*; Actors were afterwards introduc'd, and Scenes and Acts plac'd between their Songs; Tragedy became ſo alter'd at laſt, that the Chorus was almoſt loſt in it, inſomuch, that it was a Saying, *It makes not at all for* Bacchus. The People were not for aboliſhing a good old Cuſtom; and the Poets, in Honour of *Bacchus*, and to give them Satisfaction, reſolv'd to eſtabliſh the ancient Chorus, and in ſuch an agreeable Manner, that it ſhould be improv'd by the Addition of Pleaſantry; this was the Origin of *Satyrs*, wherein the Chorus mingled the Praiſes of *Bacchus*.

224. *Functuſque ſacris, & potus & exlex.*] The three Reaſons for the Invention of ſomething to divert the Audience. 1. They offer'd a Sacrifice, in which there was no want of Meat and Wine. 2. They drank chearfully at that Feſtival. 3. They were for any Thing frolickſom and extravagant.

225. *Verum ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces.*] Tho' on thoſe Feſtivals the People were diſorderly, their vicious Taſtes muſt not be humour'd with *impudent Satyrs*; they muſt be half ſerious to correct thoſe vicious Taſtes, and half pleaſant to be ſuited to the Feſtival: It may be objected, How comes it *Horace* lays down Rules for the Satyrick Pieces of the *Greeks*, of what uſe could theſe Rules be to the *Romans?* In Anſwer, *Horace* preſcrib'd thoſe Rules, becauſe the *Romans* imitated the *Satyrs* in their *Attellanes*, as in *Diomedes*. *There's a third ſort of* Roman *Plays call'd* Attellanes, *from* Attella, *a City in* Tuſcany, *where they began, which in their Subject and Rallery are entirely like the ſatyrick Pieces of the* Greeks; the only difference being, in the latter, Satyrs or other ridiculous Actors were introduc'd, as *Autolycus, Burris*, &c. and in the *Attellanes*, obſcene Actors, as *Marcus*: If *Diomedes* is not miſtaken, his *Perſonæ obſcenæ* are the ſame *Horace* calls *Satyrs*; but *Voſſius* pretends it ſhould be read *perſonæ oſcæ, Oſcan* or *Tuſcan* Actors; obſcene Perſons being rather in the *Mimes* than in the *Attellanes*: By what *Horace* ſays, 'tis unqueſtionable that there were *Satyrs*, and 'tis doubtleſs out of one of them *Marcus Victorinus* took that Verſe,

Agite, fugite, quatite Satyri.

Perhaps, inſtead of *Tuſcan* Actors, the *Roman* afterwards introduc'd Satyrs into theſe *Attellanes*. This Paſſage to be clear ſhould run thus: *In our* Attellane *Plays we have imitated the Satyrick Tragedies of the* Greeks; *but tho' the Occaſions on which they are play'd be ſtill the ſame, and the People are no leſs mad, yet we ought not to conform to their vicious Appetites; we ſhould give 'em ſome of thoſe rallying and poignant Satyrs, and make 'em paſs*, &c. *Bring 'em into Vogue*, Commendare.

226. *Ita vertere ſeria ludo.*] This Paſſage ſignifies turning *ſerious* Things into *gay*, playing *Satyrick* Scenes after *Tragical*: As in *Greece*, and *Attellanes* after Tragedies as in *Rome*.

227. *Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur Heros.*] Gods, Kings, and Heroes were repreſented in the *Attellanes*, as well as the Satyrick Pieces. *Diomedes* is therefore miſtaken when he ſays, *Satyrick Poetry is with the* Greeks *a Theatrical Performance, in which the Tragick Poets have not introduc'd Kings and Heroes, but Satyrs to rally and be merry*. The principal Actor in *Euripedes*'s *Cyclops* is *Ulyſſes*.

228. *Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro.*] The *Greek* Poets, when the Prize of Tragedy was diſputed, had commonly four Tragedies repreſented, the laſt of which was a Satyrick Piece. The four were term'd *Tetralogy*, and were written on the ſame Subject as *Ulyſſes*, *Achilles*, *Oreſtes*, &c. they had the ſame Name, the Heroes of the Play: The *Oreſtiade* of *Æſchylus* is ſo call'd, to expreſs the four Tragedies written on the Adventures of *Oreſtes*. There were alſo *Tetralogies*, where the four Pieces were written on different Subjects: We read of a *Tetralogy* of *Euripedes*, which conſiſted of four Plays, on ſo many different Fables; as the *Medea*, the *Philoctetes*, the *Dictys*, and the *Reapers*; but thoſe that were on the Adventures of the ſame Hero were moſt eſteem'd, as being moſt difficult. In the *Frogs* of *Ariſtophanes*, *Euripides* bids *Æſchylus*, *Rehearſe the firſt Prologue of his* Oreſtiade. The *Romans* had no *Tetralogies*: They wrote a Tragedy, and an *Attellane*, on the ſame Hero; the ſame Actor appear'd in both; for which Reaſon *Horace* carefully recommends to the Poet ſo to order it, that the Hero who was ſeen deckt in Gold and Purple, *Nuper*, in the firſt Play, the *Tragedy*, might not dwindle in the ſecond, the *Attellane*, to a comick Character: In a word, the Hero in the *Attellane* ſhould keep the *Middle*, between the *Sublime* of *Tragedy* and the *Meanneſs* of *Comedy*: The *Romans* had ſomething like *Tetralogies*, they had three Plays acted, one after another, on the ſame Subject; the firſt a real Tragedy; the ſecond the *Attellane*; the third a *Satyr* or Exode,

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a kind ot Farce of one Act; they were all acted in the ſame Cloaths, with the ſame Mask, and by the ſame *Actors*; there were alſo the *Tabernaria, Tavern Pieces*, more decent than the *Exodes*.

Nuper.] This proves, that the ſame Actor play'd in the *Attellane*, as play'd in the Tragedy: *Plautus* tells us as much in the Prologue to his *Menechmes, Hæc urbs Epidamnum eſt, &c. This City ſhall be* Epidamnum, *during this Piece; when we play another it ſhall be another City, after the ſame manner as we change the Band of Players; for the ſame Actor is ſometimes a Slave, ſometimes a Merchant, ſometimes a Young Man, ſometimes an Old one, ſometimes a Beggar, ſometimes a King*, &c. St. *Jerome* has a fine Compariſon on this changing of our Parts in the Scene of Life.

227. *Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas.*] The *Tabernaria* was ſo call'd, becauſe there were Taverns on the Stage: *Feſtus* ſays of 'em, *Viris excellentibus humiles permixti, ut ſunt plagiarii, ſervi Cauponæ.* People of Quality were jumbled in them with the Rabble. The Dialogue was low. *Voſſius* pretends *Plautus*'s *Amphytrion* is one of theſe Pieces, in which neither Gods nor Heroes were ever introduc'd; for *Horace* ſays, the Hero of the *Attellane* ought not to imitate the vulgar Language of the *Tavern Piece*.

231. *Effutire læves indigna Tragœdia verſus.*] *Horace* ſpeaks of the *Attellane*, which was in ſuch Eſteem, that thoſe who play'd in it were not rank'd with the Comedians; when they play'd ill they were not oblig'd to unmask on the Stage, as the others were: They did not loſe their Pay, and were allow'd to liſt in the Armies; wherefore mean and low Verſes were unworthy ſo grave and honourable a Poem as the *Attellane*.

232. *Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus.*] An admirable Deſcription of the Characters of the Satyrs introduc'd in theſe *Attellanes*; they ſhould not be ſaucy and impudent like common *Satyrs*, nor ſolemn and reſerv'd like *Stoicks*, but gay and pleaſant; in a word, an *Attellane* ſhould imitate a modeſt Woman, who does not make Profeſſion of Dancing, yet dances on Feſtival-Days, in obedience to Religion and Cuſtom. *Euripides's Satyrs*, in the *Cyclops*, are juſt ſuch as *Horace* deſcribes 'em, and keep the *Mean* he recommends.

Matrona moveri juſſa.] Young Women were commonly choſen for the Dances in Honour of the Gods. Marry'd Women danc'd on the Feaſt of the great Goddeſs, by Order of the Pontiffs; wherefore *Horace* uſes the Word *juſſa*,

234. *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum verbaque.*] A Poet who writes *Attellanes* ſhould not neglect his Style, nor give every Thing its Name without a Turn: *Dominantia verba, Proper Names*; he calls them *Reigning*, becauſe they are properly Maſters of the Things they ſignify; the *Greeks* term'd them Κύρια, *Maſters*. In *Euripides*'s *Cyclops*, *Silenus* ſpeaking to *Ulyſſes* and his Companions, ſays, *Now you have got young* Hellen *again, have not you all careſt her a little, ſince ſhe loves ſo much to change her Husband?* which is modeſt for a *Silenus* in his Cups: *Horace* would correct the Licentiouſneſs of the Satyrick Pieces of his Time.

235. *Satyrorum ſcriptor.*] If I were to write *Satyrs*, for *Satyrick* Pieces.

236. *Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori.*] The Satyrick Pieces ſhould keep the exact *Mean* between the Tragick and the Comick Style; but the Poet ſhould not be always ſo afraid of the Tragick, as to make *Silenus* in an *Attellane* talk like a *Footman* in a *Comedy*; *Silenus* is a Perſon who may ſpeak nobly, as he does in *Euripides*'s *Cyclops*.

Tragico colori.] He takes the Metaphor from Painting, and calls the different *Styles*, *Colours*; the *colouring* of *Tragedy* muſt be preſerv'd in the *Attellanes*.

237. *Davuſne loquatur an audax Pythias.*] *Davus* was a Footman in *Menander*'s and *Terence*'s Comedies. *Pythias* a Servant-maid in a Comedy of *Lucilius*'s, who cheated Old *Simon* of his Money. *Horace* ſpeaking of the Comick Styles, uſes a Comick Term, *emuncto Simone*; *emungere* is in the Low Style, *emunxi argento ſenes*.

239. *An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus.*] All the Ancients repreſent *Silenus* as a wrinkled old Man, bald, and flat-nos'd, with a long Beard; they make him Governor and Foſter-Father of *Bacchus*. *Orpheus* begins his Hymns to him thus, *Hear me thou venerable Foſter-Father of* Bacchus.

240. *Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar.*] The *Attellane* Poets, as well as the Comick, invented their Subject as they pleas'd. *Horace* condemns this Practice, and ſays, he would take the Subject of his *Attellane*, as well as his *Tragedy*, from ſome known Story, as there ought to be no difference in this between a Tragedy and an Attellane. *Euripides* took the Story of his *Cyclops* from the *Odyſſey*.

241. *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem, ſudet multum fruſtraque laboret.*] 'Tis difficult to obſerve Nature and Veriſimility in invented Stories; *difficile eſt propriè communia dicere*. The Subject taken from a known Story appears ſo natural, that every one believes he could do as much himſelf.

242. *Tantum*

242. *Tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet.*] *Horace* is talking of the Diſpoſition of the Subject, and affirms, that when a Subject taken from a known Story, ſuch as *Ulyſſes*, *Oreſtes*, &c. is well concerted, and well adjuſted, it deceives all the World, who think nothing ſo eaſy; whereas in truth, as *Quintilian* ſays of Eloquence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himſelf; the Poet invents Incidents, but applies them to a known Story, of which he makes one probable *Whole*, by that ingenious Connection *Horace* calls *junctturam*.

243. *Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.*] So many Charms are there in known Subjects. *De medio ſumpta*, Subjects that are in every one's Hands, ſuch as the Adventures of *Ulyſſes*, of one of which *Euripides* form'd the Story of his *Cyclops*.

244. *Sylvis deducti caveant me judice Fauni.*] The Poets of his Time were apt to forget, that the Satyrs and Fauns were the Inhabitants of the Woods.

245. *Nec velut innati triviis ac penè forenſes, aut nimium.*] The two Extremities he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their *Satyrs* too *polite*, nor too *rude*; Politeneſs and Brutality reign in Cities, in the Country Simplicity, which is the Mean between Brutality and Politeneſs.

246. *Nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus.*] *Horace* has coin'd the Word *juvenari*, to expreſs the *Greek* Word νεανιεύεσθαι, *juveneſcere, to grow Young*. *Satyrs* ſhould not ſay things too ſoft and tender; ſuch as young Men ſay in Cities, when they make Love: this would be too polite for them: *Euripides* has fallen into this Fault in his *Cyclop*, where the Chorus ſays between the third and fourth Acts,

Happy the Man who gives a looſe to Joy,
Near the pure Spring where grows the lovely Vine,
And in his Boſom hugs a beauteous Nymph.
Happy the Man with Eſſences perfum'd,
That in his Arms a charming Maid enfolds,
As Soft and Wanton as ſhe's Fair.

All *Euripides*'s Care to mix ſome Savage Words here and there, as ὑπαγχαλίζων, *to hug under his Arm-pits*, does not take ſo much off of its Politeneſs, but that it is ſtill too affected for a Satyr.

247. *Aut immunda crepent.*] They muſt not talk obſcenely, like Town-Rakes: *Euripides*'s Satyrs are very modeſt. *Virgil* has alſo obſerv'd this Precept, in his VIth Eclogue, where he makes *Silenus* ſay,

Carmina

Carmina quæ vultis cognoſcite: carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

Hear the Verſes you ask of me, the Verſes are for you; and as for her, the Nymph *Ægle, ſhe ſhall have another Reward.* A wanton thing cannot be ſaid with more Modeſty. Where there is not this Decency, the Pieces are *Mimes*, and not *Attellanes*. *Cicero* writes to *Papyrius*, who had rally'd him a little too Cynically: *I now come to your Rallery, wherein after the Poet* Accius's *Oenomaus, you have play'd not the true* Attelane, *as was heretofore the Cuſtom, but the true* Mime, *as is the Cuſtom now-a-days* This Paſſage in the IXth Book, Epiſtle the XVIth, has been ill interpreted. *Cicero* complains that the Poets of his Time, in their *Attelane* Pieces, fell into the Obſcenity of the *Mimes*. The Civil War had introduc'd this Abuſe, which *Horace* wou'd have reform'd.

Ignominioſaque dicta.] I have rendred it *rude Affronts*. Satyrs ſhould not be guilty of the foul Language which is in Towns. *Euripides*'s Satyrs ſay nothing rude to *Ulyſſes*.

248. *Quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res.*] *Quibus eſt equus. Thoſe who have a Horſe kept at the Publick Expence.* The *Knights*. *Quibus eſt pater, Thoſe who have Fathers.* The *Nobles*, the *Patricians*. *Quibus eſt res, Thoſe that have Wealth*, and are neither Knights nor Nobles.

249. *Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat aut nucis emtor.*] He who buys fry'd Peaſe, or fry'd Nuts; meaning the Populace, who us'd to buy them at *Rome*.

251. *Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta.*] He comes now to ſpeak of the Verſe of Tragedy. He had given a Hint of it in the 80th Verſe.

252. *Pes citus.*] The Iambick is one Short, and one Long; the Short Foot being firſt occaſions its Swiftneſs. *Terentianus* has thus explain'd it in Iambick Verſe.

Adeſto iambe præpes & tui tenax
Vigoris, adde concitum celer pedem.

Unde etiam trimetris accreſcere juſſit nomen iambeis, quum ſenos.] Tho' the Iambick Verſe conſiſts of ſix Feet, yet 'tis call'd *Trimetre*, on Account of its Swiftneſs; two Feet being join'd together in Scanning it. The Short Feet make it ſo eaſy. Thus inſtead of meaſuring this Verſe into ſix Feet,

Addeſ | t'iam | be præ | pes & | tui | tenax.

'Tis

'Tis meaſur'd into three,

Adeſt' iam | be prapes & | tui tenax. |

jugatis per dipodiam binis pedibus ter feritur. Victorinus.

Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi.] The firſt Iambick was equal and alike from one End to the other; that is, 'twas all compos'd of Iambicks, without the Mixture of any other Foot.

255. *Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.*] The Poets mingled *Spondees* to correct the Swiftneſs of Iambicks, as more agreeable to the Gravity and Majeſty of Tragedy.

256. *Spondeos ſtabiles.*] He calls them *Stable*, as conſiſting of two long Feet, a Support to one another, whereas the Iambick limps.

257. *Non ut de ſede ſecunda cederet aut quarta ſocialiter.*] The Iambick only yields to the *Spondee* the odd Places in Tragedy, as the firſt, third and fifth Foot. *Terentianus* has very well explain'd this in his little Treatiſe.

At qui cothurnis regios actus levant, &c.

But thoſe who take the Buskins to repreſent the Adventures of Kings, that their Stile may the better anſwer their royal Pomp, make uſe of majeſtick Sounds, but keep however this Law inviolable; Let the ſecond, fourth and laſt Foot be Iambick. This Mixture renders the Verſe more Noble. 'Tis ſtill the *trimetre* Meaſure, the ſecond Foot being an Iambick. The Comic Poets, to diſguiſe their Verſe, and bring it near to common Diſcourſe, invented the Tragic Order, and put *Spondees* in the even Places, where the Tragic Poets admitted of the *Iambick* only; were there no other difference but this of Number, it would give the Ancients a great Advantage over us, who have but one ſort of Verſe for Comedy and Tragedy. Tho' the Words are different, the Numbers are the ſame. Mr. *Dacier* is ſpeaking of his Countrymen the *French*; the *Engliſh* have never, or very ſeldom, obſerv'd Meaſure in their Comedies, which are written in Proſe, their Tragedies in Verſe; and in this Difference the Ancients have not the ſame Advantage over the *Engliſh* Poets, as they have over the *French*.

258. *Socialiter.*] As Aſſociates, to whom every thing is in common.

259. *Hic & in Aeci nobilibus trimetris, apparet rarus, & Enni.*] 'Tis ridiculous to think *Hic* here means the pure Iambick, and that *Horace* would praiſe *Accius* and *Ennius* for making uſe of it; the

the pure Iambick being condemn'd in Tragedy. He blames *Ennius* an *Accius* for neglecting the Mixture of *Spondees* and *Iambicks*, and making hard and heavy Verſes, by ill placing the *Spondees*, or putting in too many of 'em. *Nobilibus trimetris*, is an Irony in my Opinion. *Voſſius* is miſtaken in conſtruing *hic* here to be *hic loci*.

260. *In ſcenam miſſos magno cum pondere verſus.*] *Heinſius* did not underſtand the Meaning of this Paſſage. Inſtead of *miſſos*, we muſt read *miſſus*, according to *Theodorus Marcilus*'s Correction. *Horace* continues to cenſure *Ennius* and *Accius*, and ſays, that their Verſes *puſh'd upon the Stage with great Weight*. Their Verſes were full of *Spondees*, which made them ſo heavy they could not walk of themſelves, and were puſh'd on.

262. *Premit artis crimine turpi.*] *Servius* on the Vth Book of the *Æneis*, quotes this Verſe out of *Horace*,

Nec tanta in Metris venia conceditur uti.

It is not permitted to take ſo much Liberty in Verſes. If *Servius* is not miſtaken, this Verſe may follow immediately after *aut Ignoratæ*, &c. and we may thence infer, that this Piece of the *Art of Poetry* is not entire, but that ſeveral Verſes are loſt. I do not, however, think this Verſe is *Horace*'s.

263. *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex.*] Every one does not underſtand the Number and Cadence of Verſe, and the Poets therefore meet with a fooliſh Indulgence. He means, *Accius*, *Ennius*, and others, acquir'd their Reputation at a cheap Rate, the World being more kind than juſt to them.

265. *Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter?*] Indulgence makes Poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a *Spondee* in the ſecond Foot as well as the firſt.

266. *Tutus, & intra ſpem veniæ cautus?*] It ſignifies, word for word, *By ſecuring myſelf and taking Precautions, without expecting a Pardon*; the Word *Intra* always denotes, that we remain on this Side.

267. *Vitavi denique culpam, non laudem merui.*] He who writes regularly avoids Blame, but does not deſerve Praiſe. A Man muſt do more than not be guilty of Faults to merit Applauſe.

268. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna verſate manu.*] *Horace* does not propoſe the Reading the Ancients to ſuch as are contented with avoiding Faults only, but to thoſe who aim at Perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the *Greek* Authors. Thus *Terentianus*,

Maurus

Maurus item Quantos potui cognoſcere Graios? &c.

How much might I, who am an African, *have learn'd of the Greeks? In the Study of whom conſiſts particularly the Art of Poetry.* *Horace* recommends the *Greek* Originals, *Homer* and *Plato* for the Characters and the Paſſions; *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, &c. for Tragedy; and *Ariſtophanes* for Comedy.

270. *At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros laudavere ſales.*] Some pretend that *Horace* being the Son of a Freed-man, could not ſay *Noſtri proavi*, *our Forefathers*, and that it ſhould be *Veſtri proavi*, *your Forefathers*; others alledge, that ſpeaking of the *Romans* in general, he might ſay *Our*; Whereas, in truth, *Horace* is not ſpeaking himſelf, but the *Piſo's* or the *Romans*, who upon his ſaying, *Vos exemplaria Græca*, anſwer him, *Why do you turn us over to the* Greeks, *have not our Anceſtors recommended* Plautus *to us for his Verſe and Pleaſantry?*

271. *Nimis patienter utrumque ne dicam ſtulte, mirati.*] *Horace's* Reply to the *Piſo's*; *Yes, your Anceſtors did admire the Pleaſantry and Verſe of* Plautus, *but they were too good-natur'd in it, not to ſay too fooliſh.* 'Tis certain, *Plautus* is by no means nice in his Verſe, which are for that Reaſon call'd *Numeros innumeros*, *Numbers without Numbers*, in the Epitaph he made on himſelf. 'Tis certain alſo, that his Pleaſantry is often too flat, mean and extravagant, as it is ſometimes too delicate and fine. *Cicero* propoſes him as a Pattern for Rallery. *Horace* does not here oppoſe *Cicero's* Judgment in this Particular, but condemns the Ignorance of thoſe who thought *Plautus* excell'd alike in every thing. Mrs. *Dacier* has handled this Matter in her Preface to three of *Plautus's* Comedies.

274. *Legitimumque ſonum.*] He calls a regular Meaſure, a *lawful Sound.* He has ſaid elſewhere, *Legitimum Poema.*

Digitis callemus, & aure.] Thoſe who have a nice and delicate Ear, when they hear good Verſe beat Time with their Fingers or Feet, like Muſicians. *Terentianus*, *Quam pollicis*, &c. *The Maſters of the Art are wont to mark the Cadence by ſtriking with the Foot or Finger.* The beating Time with the Foot is moſt ancient, that with the Hand was not known in *Juvenal's* time. For, ſays his Commenator on that Verſe of his, *Audiat ille teſtarum crepitus, They beat Time with Shells, like our Caſtanets, when the* Pantomimes *danc'd*; *the Maſters of the Chorus not beating then with their Hands.*

275. *Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ dicitur.*] Having treated fully of Tragedy, he comes in the next Place to Comedy, which was a long time compris'd under the general Name of Tragedy:

Tragedy. There were ſeveral Tragic and Comic Poets before *Theſpis*, but becauſe he was the firſt that made Alterations of the Drama, and reduc'd it to Form, he is look'd upon as the Inventor of Dramatic Poetry; Tragedy before *Theſpis*'s time was only a Parcel of Tales in a Comic Stile, mingled with the Songs of a Chorus in the Praiſe of *Bacchus*. *Plato* writes in his *Minos*, *Tragedy is very ancient, it was not begun by* Theſpis *and* Phrynicus, *&c.*

276. *Et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis, quæ canerent agerentque perunctis facibus ora.*] Some learned Men have imagin'd *Horace* is ſpeaking only of the Alterations *Theſpis* made in the ancient Tragedy. The firſt is his carrying his Actors about in a Cart, whereas they before this ſung any where and any how, as it happen'd. The other is his ſmearing of 'em with Lees of Wine, whereas before they play'd without doing any thing to their Faces. The chief Alteration of all is omitted by theſe Commentators, which is *Theſpis*'s throwing in an Actor among the *Chorus* to eaſe them, and give 'em a breathing time; which Actor rehears'd an Adventure of ſome illuſtrious Perſon, which Rehearſal and Adventure gave riſe to the Fable and Perſons of the Drama; wherefore he ſays, *quæ canerent agerentque.* They *Sung* and *Acted*; they ſung the Chorus, *they acted* the Actor. This Addition of one Actor was doubtleſs very Entertaining to the People, who before had been only us'd to hear the *Chorus*. See the IVth Chapter of *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*. Theſe Actors playing in a Cart a ſort of Droll Pieces, full of Scandal, gave Occaſion to a *Greek* Proverb, *He talks in a Cart*; for, he *rails*, he *affronts*.

278. *Poſt hunc Perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ Æſchylus.*] *Theſpis*'s Alterations put *Æſchylus* upon making more conſiderable ones. He brought out his Actors with Vizards; for *Perſonæ* here is a *Vizard*, and not a *Perſon*. He dreſs'd them in Robes with Trains; he put the Buskin on them, and inſtead of a Cart built a Stage for them, changing the Stile from Burleſque to Grave and Serious. I wonder *Horace* makes no mention of farther Alterations of his of greater Conſequence; for *Ariſtotle* tells us he added another Actor to *Theſpis*'s, that he leſſen'd the Songs of the Chorus, and invented a principal Part. 'Tis ſtrange that *Horace* ſhou'd not mention that Improvement, and as ſtrange that *Ariſtotle* does not mention theſe Alterations of *Horace*, in *Æſchylus*'s Pieces, from thoſe of *Theſpis*. The Poet is leſs excuſable than the Philoſopher, for that the latter ſpeaks of the moſt important.

Pallæque.

Pallæque.] What *Laertius* calls στολὴν, a *Robe* with a Train.

279. *Inſtravit pulpita tignis.*] *Pulpitum*, the *Stage*.

281. *Succeſſit vetus his comœdia.*] *Heinſius* pretends theſe four Verſes ſhould come after the 250th, where *Horace* ſpeaks of *Satyrs*, to which he affirms the old Comedy ſucceeded. But this is their true Place. When *Horace* ſays, the old Comedy ſucceeded *Theſpis* and *Æſchylus*'s Plays, he does not mean that there were no Tragic Poets after them, nor wou'd he have it underſtood that the old Comedy ow'd its *Origin* to Tragedy. His Deſign is to ſhew us that Comedy was cultivated after Tragedy had arriv'd to a Degree of Perfection, which is alſo *Ariſtotle*'s Opinion. *Comedy*, ſays he, *was not cultivated from the Beginning, as Tragedy was*, &c. After the grave and ſerious Part of the firſt Tragedies was ſeparated from the Comic, the Poets ſtuck to the former and neglected the latter. After Tragedy was arriv'd at Perfection, the Poets began to cultivate Comedy even in *Æſchylus*'s time, as did *Chionides*, *Magnes* and *Phormus*, with Succeſs. And ſoon after *Æſchylus*'s Death, Comedy alſo arriv'd to Perfection in the Works of *Cratinus*, *Plato*, *Epicharmes*, *Crates*, *Eupolis*, *Ariſtophanes*, who were Contemporaries. Wherefore *Horace* had reaſon to ſay, *Succeſſit vetus his Comœdia*. *Marcus Antoninus* tells us in XIth Book, *After Tragedy the old Comedy appear'd*. Does *Marcus Antoninus* mean the *Satyric* Tragedy? 'Twould be ridiculous to ſuppoſe it. For it is eaſy to prove, that the old Comedy came before the ſatyric Pieces. Monſieur *Boileau* in his Poetry ſpeaks of this Matter,

To the Succeſs of the firſt Tragic Show,
Th' old Comedy in Greece *its Birth did owe.*

He means, as *Horace* does, Comedy was cultivated after Tragedy was perfect.

282. *Sed in vitium libertas excidit.*] The old Comedy was of two ſorts; that which was properly ſo call'd, in which was no Fable, the Poets reprov'd Vice openly, and ſpar'd neither Citizens nor Magiſtrates, whoſe Names, and even the Likeneſs of their Faces, they brought on the Stage. But when *Lyſander* had made himſelf Maſter of *Athens*, and chang'd the Government from a Democracy into an Ariſtocracy, putting it into the Hands of the *Thirty* Tyrants, ſuch a Liberty which was not compatible with Tyranny, diſpleas'd, and the Poets were forbidden to name thoſe whoſe Actions they repreſented. Fictitious Names were then us'd, but the Characters ſo well painted, that the Perſons cou'd not be miſtaken. This was call'd the *Middle Comedy*, which

which laſted till *Alexander*'s Time, who having made himſelf Maſter of *Greece*, reſtrain'd the Licentiouſneſs it had by degrees come to. This gave Riſe to the *New Comedy*, being an Imitation of Common Life, with feign'd Stories and Suppoſititious Names. *Horace* ſpeaks of the laſt Change.

Et vim.] *Vis*, the *Force*, for the *Sharpneſs*, the *Scandal*.

284. *Choruſque turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure docendi.*] He does not ſpeak of the Reformation made in the old Comedy. For there was a Chorus in the *Middle*; but of the Law againſt the Poets of the *Latter*, who bing forbidden to fall on the Vices of their Fellow-Citizens, and expoſing them Perſonally on the Stage, ſuppreſs'd the Chorus, which was apply'd particularly to that Uſe, as appears in the *Parabaſus* of *Ariſtophanes*'s Chorus's, where the Poet digreſſes to talk of himſelf, or the Publick; which not being allow'd afterwards in the *New Comedy*, there was no Chorus in it, as may be ſeen in *Menander*'s Plays. As there's no Chorus in *Terence*'s and *Plautus*'s of the ſame Kind with the *New Comedy*, they are purely Moral; every thing is feign'd, both *Subjects* and *Names*, the Flutes fill'd up the Intervals between the Acts.

Turpiter obticuit.] Shamefully Silent, to avoid the Puniſhment inflicted by the new Law. *Horace* looks on this Reſtraint as a ſort of Diſgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *Docendi*.

285. *Nil intentatum noſtri liquere Poetæ.*] *Horace* having ſpoke of the Changes that happen'd in the three Kinds of *Greek* Comedy, adds, the *Latin* Poets try'd all Three, that is, they take in the Gall of the *Old Comedy*, and the Pleaſantry of the *Middle*, in their Imitations of the *New*. The *Attellanes* had Chorus's like *Ariſtophanes*'s Comedies.

286. *Veſtigia Græca auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta.*] The *Latin* Poets at firſt tranſlated *Greek* Plays call'd *Palliatas* from thence, the Subject of the Story being *Greek*; they afterwards invented Stories of their own, which *Horace* terms *Domeſtica facta*, *Domeſtick Adventures*.

288. *Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] One of the moſt difficult Paſſages in *Horace*; and the main Difficulty conſiſts in knowing whether *Horace* does not mean *Tragedy* by *prætextas*, and *Comedy* by *togatas*, or whether he ſpeaks only of the different Kinds of Comedy, which laſt is the only true Interpretation. *Feſtus* writes, *Togatarum duplex eſt genus, prætextarum hominum faſtigii, quæ ſic appellantur quod togis prætextis rempublicam adminiſtrarent, Tabernariarum, quia hominibus excellentibus etiam humiles permixti. Togata* is the Genus which comprehends the two Kinds of *Roman* Comedies; *prætextæ* is

one

one of the *Species* comprehended under the *Genus*, wherefore they are here *Togatæ*, and consequently *Comedies* and not *Tragedies*; since Tragedies were never call'd *Togatæ*. As the *Comedies* whose Stories were taken from the *Greek* were call'd *palliatæ*: So the *Comedies* whose Stories were *Roman* were call'd *togatæ*: A general Name given those *Roman* Plays; because the *Toga* was the Habit of the *Romans*, as the *Pallium* was that of the *Greeks*. There were two Kinds of this *Togatæ*, and these two Kinds subdivided into two other, each of which had a Name given it according to its Subject and Actors. Those Comedies whose Subjects were Grave, and their Actors represented the chief Person in the State, were called *prætextæ*, from the Habit *prætexta* wore by the Magistrates, the Robe edg'd with *Purple*; those that were less Grave, and represented inferior Persons, were term'd *togatæ*. *Melissus* invented a third Sort, *Trabeates*, from their representing Soldiers and Knights, whose Habit was called *Trabe*. The Comedies below these, representing the Actions of the meaner People, were term'd *Tabernariæ*. There are none of these Plays extant; neither the *Prætextæ* nor *Togatæ*. There were Poets for each Kind, as *Afranius Titinius* and *Quintius Atta*, who wrote *Togatas*; and *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, who wrote the *Prætextæ*. The former were reckon'd true Comick Poets, as *Horace* says in the Ist Epistle of the IId Book.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro.

He afterwards places *Atta* among the Comick Poets. *Pacuvius* and *Accius* wrote the Plays call'd *Prætextæ*, Comedies of a more serious Cast. The two latter have been stil'd Tragick Poets, *Tragœdiæ Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi*; and consequently these *Prætextæ* had been thought to be Tragedies; but they were not call'd Tragick Poets for their *Prætextæ*, but for *Tragedies* written by them. *Pacuvius* wrote *Anchises*, *Antiope*, &c. *Accius*, *Achilles*, *Ægisthæus*, *Alcestes*, &c. which were real Tragedies. The *Prætextæ* Pieces of *Pacuvius* were *Paulus*, *Tunicularia*; and *Accius*'s *Brutus*, and *Decius*. Their Names shew they were serious Pieces that came very near *Tragedy*, tho' they were in Effect true Comedy: They treated of true Facts, mixing the Gay and the Serious together. In a Letter of *Pollio*'s to *Cicero*, Book X. we learn, that the Quæstor *Balbus*, a very Insolent Man, had caus'd a *Prætexta* Play to be represented at *Cadiz*, the Story of which was his Journey to *Lentulus*, to persuade him to embrace *Cæsar*'s Party; and when

when he saw it play'd he wept, being touch'd at the Remembrance of his great Actions. *Ludis prætextam de suo itinere ad Lentulum Proconsulem sollicitandum posuit & quidem cum ageretur flevit memoria rerum gestarum Commotus.* These *Prætextæ* Pieces had neither the Majesty nor Dignity of the *Tragedy*.

Docuere.] They *teach*; a Term affected by the Poets, who wrote for the Stage, and were call'd *Teachers*, Διδάσκαλοι, which shews plainly their End was not so much to divert as to instruct.

290. *Quàm linguâ.*] By his Tongue, that is, by his *Writings*. He speaks particularly of Theatrical Pieces, and grants, that thro' the Haste and Negligence of the Comick Poets, Comedy had never arriv'd to its Perfection. *Quintilian* says to the same purpose: *In Comœdia maximè claudicamus, We are very weak in Comedy.*

291. *Limæ labor & mora.*] The trouble of Correcting, *limæ labor*, answers to *multa litura*, in the second Verse after this, and the Patience to keep a Work a long time by one, without publishing it, *mora* to *multa dies*.

293. *Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies & multa litura.*] *Horace* here passes Sentence on an infinite Number of Writings; for every thing that is not well Corrected is condemn'd as Imperfect. *Horace* was continually Correcting his Verses, *Scriptorum quæque retexens*, Sat. III. Book II.

294. *Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*] A Metaphor taken from those that work in Marble, in Wood, &c. who run their Nail over their Works, to see whether 'tis smooth or not; the *Greeks* call'd it ἐξονυχίζειν; upon which there's a fine Saying of *Polycletes*, Χαλεπώτατον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὄνυχι ἐπιλὸς γένηται. *The difficultest Part of the Work is, when there's nothing to be done but to run the Nail over it.* The *Greeks* had a Proverb, ἐξονύχος, to express a thing being perfect, *It has past the Nail.*

295. *Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte.*] *Democritus* maintain'd that Art was useless in Poetry, and that it should come all from Fury and Enthusiasm. *Cicero* in the Ist Book *de Divinatione, Negat enim sine furore Democritus quemquam Poëtam magnum esse posse. Socrates* is of the same Opinon in *ION*. This being mistaken, abundance of People in *Horace*'s Time affected a slovenly Air and Retirement, to be thought Poets.

Misera arte.] A miserable Art, in *Democritus*'s Sense.

299. *Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëta.*] *Horace* says it with Indignation, in as much as ill Poets ran away with the Reputation and Reward only due to the great ones.

300. *Si*

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] *Strabo* mentions but two *Anticyres*, where Hellebore grew. *Horace* makes three, to give the greater Idea of the Madneſs he ſpeaks of, not to be cur'd by the Hellebore of three *Anticyres*, if there had been ſo many.

301. *Tonſori Licino.*] *Licinus*, a famous Barber, whom *Auguſtus* made a Senator, for his Hatred to *Pompey*. This Epitaph was made on him,

Marmoreo Tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet eſſe Deus?

Licinius *has a ſtately Marble Tomb*, Cato *none*, Pompey *but a little one. Who can after this believe there are Gods?*

302. *O ego lævus, qui purgor bilem verni ſub temporis horam.*] *Horace* ſays, Since Madneſs makes a Poet, who would be ſuch a Fool as to get cur'd of his Choler in Spring-time, when 'tis like to work moſt upon him, and make the better Poet of him. *Purgor bilem* is the true Reading, 'tis an Atticiſm; it muſt not be *purgo bilem*.

303. *Non alius faceret meliora Poëmata.*] No Man was more Cholerick than he.

Verum nil tanti eſt.] 'Tis not worth while, I will not be mad, to be a Poet.

304. *Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quæ ferrum valet.*] *Plutarch* quotes a Saying of *Iſocrates*, who being ask'd, how without Eloquence he could make others Eloquent, reply'd, *Whetſtones do not cut themſelves, but they make Iron cut. Horace* means, he wrote neither *Dramatick* nor *Epick* Poetry, and therefore did not look upon himſelf as a Poet. See the XIth Verſe.

306. *Nil ſcribens ipſe.*] He wrote nothing in the great Poetry.

307. *Opes.*] The Riches of Poetry.

Quid alat formetque Poëtam.] That which forms and feeds a Poet. *Horace* here joins *Nature* with *Art*: *Form* preſuppoſes *Nature*; *feed*, *Art*.

309. *Scribendi ſapere eſt & principium & fons.*] He upbraids the Fools who take Madneſs for Poetry, ſaying, Good Senſe makes a Poet, and no Man can write without it.

210. *Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ.*] Having ſaid, that Good Senſe is neceſſary, he now tells them where it is to be found: In *Socrates*'s Philoſophy, the *Academick* Philoſopher, who alone enlightens the Mind, and teaches Ethicks better than all the reſt of the Philoſophers. *Piſo*, on the Vth Book *de finibus*, makes a very fine Encomium on the ancient Academick

Academick Philoſophy, which comprehended *Ariſtotle*, and the Peripateticks. *Ad eos igitur*, &c. *I pray you therefore give yourſelf to them, for all fine Learning, all Hiſtory, all polite Language, are to be taken out of their Writings; in which there's ſo great a Variety of Arts, that without their Help 'tis difficult to ſucceed well in any thing Conſiderable. By theſe are Orators, Generals, and Magiſtrates form'd; and out of this School come Mathematicians, Poets, Muſicians, and Phyſicians. Horace* confines himſelf particularly to *Ethicks*, which *Socrates* handled better than any other Philoſopher; and nothing is more neceſſary to a Poet than Moral Philoſophy in forming his Characters. *Socratica Charta*, *Socrates*'s Papers. In the XXIſt Ode of the IIId Book, *Socratici Sermones*, *Socrates*'s Treatiſes.

311. *Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequuntur.*] When a Poet has a good Conception of things, he will not want Expreſſion; as *Cicero*, in the IIId Book *de finibus*. *Things drag Words after them.*

312. *Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat & quid amicis.*] Ethicks take in all the Duties of Mankind; of which he who is Ignorant can form no juſt Characters in Poetry.

314. *Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium.*] The Senators were call'd *Conſcript Fathers*: *Conſcripti* of a *Senator*, *Judicis* of a *Judge*; whether a Prætor, or Arbitrator confirm'd by the Prætor.

316. *Reddite perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.*] Each Actor muſt have Manners agreeable to the Character, τὰ ἁρμόττοντα ἤθη; a General muſt not talk like a Centinel, a God like a Citizen, a Senator like a Country Juſtice.

317. *Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo doctum imitatorem.*] By this Model of Life and Manners *Horace* deſigns Nature, the only Original of all the different Manners we ſee on the Stage of the World; wherefore a *skilful Imitator*, a good *Poet*, when he introduces a Miſer or Cheat, and the like, does not mind what ſuch a one and ſuch a one do, of whom he has an *Idea*; but what they ought to do, what Nature would have them to do: He Paints after Nature, and not after a particular Perſon, who is often but an imperfect and confus'd Copy.

Doctum imitatorem.] *Imitator*, for *Poet*; Poetry being an Imitation only, as *Ariſtotle* has ſhewn in his Art of Poetry.

318. *Et veras hinc ducere voces.*] Both *Poetry* and *Painting* are pure Imitations. A *Painter* who draws a beautiful Woman, after the moſt beautiful Life, cannot pretend to draw a true *Picture* of Beauty, for his *Piece* is only a Copy of another *Piece*, an Imitation of an Image, and not of the Truth, as *Plato* ſays, his Strokes

Strokes are not *veræ lineæ*, but *lineæ ſimulatæ, adumbratæ*: He has not conſulted the true Original. 'Tis the ſame in *Poetry*; if a *Poet* would repreſent a Miſer, and paints only the Avarice of ſuch or ſuch a particular Perſon, he will take the *Shadow* for the *Subſtance*, the *Image* for the *Truth*; he muſt caſt his Eyes upon Nature, and contemplate her Idea of Avarice, which is the true Original. *Horace* therefore ſays, *veras hinc ducere voces*, *To draw from thence true Expreſſions.* If the whole Beauty of this Paſſage had been well underſtood, *veras*, *true*, would not have been chang'd into *vivas*, *living*. *Horace* explains *Ariſtotle*'s Rule in the XVth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, rather to form Characters after Nature than after *Particulars*: In the latter we may find what *Choler* has done, in Nature what Choler ought and might probably do, which embelliſhes the Character, and preſerves the Likeneſs.

319. *Interdum ſpecioſa locis morataque rectè fabula.*] A Subject where the Sentiments are fine, and the Manners well diſtinguiſh'd, tho' the Conduct be otherwiſe bad, and it has neither Grace nor Art, will always ſucceed better than a Subject where the Verſe is fine, if the Sentiments and Manners are not good. *Horace* is ſpeaking of Comedy; in Tragedy it is not the ſame; the Manners and Sentiments are not ſo neceſſary there as the Diſpoſition of the Subject, Tragedy may ſubſiſt without the Manners, but not without the Action.

Specioſa locis.] And not *ſpecioſa jocis*; for Comedy cannot be *ſpecioſa*, *fine*, for its *Jeſts*, *jocis*, which render it *jucundam*, *pleaſant*; but 'tis *ſpecioſa locis*, a Term us'd by Philoſophers and Rhetoricians, inſtead of what we call the common Places of Philoſophy; the *Places* from whence every thing is taken that may be ſaid on a Subject. *Cicero* calls them *Argumentorum ſedes*. How could *Horace* write *ſpecioſa jocis*, when he adds *nullius veneris*, *Without any Grace?*

320. *Nullius Veneris, ſine pondere & arte.*] *Nullius Veneris*, *without the Graces*, which ought to be the Companion of Comedy: *Sine pondere*, *without the Verſe*; *ſine arte*, *without Art*, without Conduct, without the Diſpoſition of the Subject. *Horace* uſes the Word *Art* for the Manners and Characters, in the Iſt Epiſtle of the IId Book.

321. *Moratur.*] Stops, amuſes, detains, hinders his going out at the firſt Act.

322. *Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugaque canoræ.*] He calls ſuch poor Verſe, *harmonious Trifles*, for having neither Manners, nor Sentiments; they amuſe the Ear, but ſpeak not to the Heart.

323. *Graiis*

323. *Graiis ingenium.*] *Horace* always refers the Poets to the *Greeks.*

Ore rotundo.] A way of ſpeaking in *Greek*, to expreſs a *Fluency* of Speech, a *round Mouth*, as *Demetrius Phalereus* has it; the *Athenians* were Maſters of the Freedom and Grace of Expreſſion, which this Phraſe denotes.

324. *Præter laudem nullius avaris.*] He means the *Greeks* were greedy of Praiſe, and to their love of Praiſe he attributes their Superiority in the Arts over the *Romans*, who lov'd Mony better.

326. *Aſſem diſcunt in partes centum diducere.*] They learn to ſubdivide a Penny, the *Roman As*, into a hundred Parts, not to loſe a Day's Intereſt of a Penny.

327. *Filius Albini.*] *Albinus* a Man of Quality, and a noted Uſurer; all the Education he gave his Son, was to caſt Accounts well: *Horace* takes him to task and examines him, as if he had been his Arithmetick Maſter.

328. *Poteras dixiſſe.*] The Phraſe of a Maſter angry, that his Scholar is ſo long anſwering his Queſtion.

Triens.] The Scholar anſwers, Take away one Ounce out of five there remains the third Part of a Pound, or as we ſay four Ounces.

331. *Speramus carmina fingi poſſe linenda cedro.*] The Book-ſellers, to preſerve their good Books, rub'd them with Cedar Juice, call'd *Cedrium*. *Vitruvius*, in the XIth Chapter of the IId Book, *From Cedar is taken an Eſſence call'd* Cedrium, *which has a preſerving Quality; and Books that are rubb'd with it are not apt to grow Mouldy or Worm-eaten.* *Pliny* tells us, that the rubbing *Numa*'s Books with it kept them undamnify'd 500 Years under Ground. *Dioſcorides* ſays, there's a Virtue in Cedar that will preſerve dead Bodies.

332. *Et levi ſervanda cupreſſo.*] They did not only rub Books with Cedar Oil, but they kept them in Cypreſs Caſes, which have the ſame Virtue as Cedar.

333. *Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ.*] *Horace* does not ſpeak here of the different Works of Poets, but of the different Qualities of the ſame Work, and the different Views of the Poets, who would either inſtruct or pleaſe, or do both. *Horace* declares very juſtly for the latter; he's talking ſtill of *Comedy.*

335. *Quidquid præcipies, eſto brevis.*] Thoſe who would inſtruct ſhould be ſhort, that their Inſtruction may be eaſily comprehended and retain'd.

327. *Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*] A Metaphor taken from a Veſſel that's full, and can receive no more, all that's pour'd there afterwards is ſpilt. 'Tis thus in Inſtructive Diſcourſes, all that's over and above runs off and makes no Impreſſion.

338. *Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris.*] A Rule for thoſe that would pleaſe never to err againſt Probability: Recourſe may ſometimes be had to the Gods, to whom all things are poſſible, in Inſtructive Things; but in thoſe that are intended to divert, nothing muſt look miraculous or incredible. 'Tis obſervable how *Horace* expreſſes himſelf, ſpeaking of the Subjects of Comedy: He ſays *ficta*, becauſe the Subjects of the *New Comedy* are always feign'd, whereas thoſe of *Tragedy* are taken from ſome known Story. *A Poet*, ſays *Plautus*, *renders that probable which is only a Dream.*

339. *Nec quodcumque volet poſcat ſibi fabula credi.*] A Poet ſhould not only avoid what's monſtrous and extravagant, but ſhould offer nothing but what's credible. I'm ſatisfy'd this Verſe ought to be render'd Word for Word, *That a Comick Subject does not require we ſhould truſt it with what it pleaſes.* A Poet muſt not hazard all ſorts of Adventures in Comedy, no more than in Tragedy. He muſt neither in the Repreſentation nor the Recital venture any thing againſt the Rules of Probability. The Example that follows will make this clear.

340. *Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*] A Poet muſt not expoſe a *Lamia*, a monſtrous Woman who had ſwallow'd a Child, which was taken alive out of her Belly. *Horace*, no doubt, alludes to ſome Poet, who had brought this fabulous Incident into his Play.

341. *Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis.*] He ſays old Men deſpis'd ſuch Fictions, as containing nothing inſtructive. *Centuriæ ſeniorum, the Centuries of old Men*, the Bands of old Men: For *Servius Tullius* divided the *Roman* People into ſix Claſſes, each Claſs compos'd of Men of the ſame Age, or the ſame Rank, or the ſame Eſtate, and this was done for the Eaſe of the People's Aſſemblies in the *Comitium*. By *Centuriæ ſeniorum* may be alſo underſtood the *Senators*, and I rather think it ſo on account of what follows.

342. *Celſi prætereunt auſtera Poëmata Rhamnes.*] As the Senators deſpiſe uſeleſs Fictions, ſo the *Equites* rejected ſuch as were not pleaſant, and to get the Applauſe of both, the pleaſant and uſeful ſhould be join'd together. *Celſi Rhamnes*, the *Equites*. Nothing is more ridiculous than to imagine *Celſi* is here for *High*, ſuch as are of great Courage, *excelſo animo*. *Rhamnes*,

that is, *Romani*, from the Name of one of the three ancient Tribes, into which the People were diſtributed: The *Rhamnenſes*, the *Tatiens*, and the *Luceres*.

Auſtera Poëmata.] Dry Poems, where the *Dulce* is not join'd with the *Utile*, the pleaſant with the profitable.

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of voting in the *Comitium*, by *Points*.

344. *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*] Both the pleaſant and profitable muſt go together, and never be aſunder, wherefore he ſays, *pariter*.

345. *Hic meret æra liber Soſiis.*] The *Soſius's*, famous Bookſellers of that Time, mention'd in the laſt Epiſtle of the Firſt Book.

347. *Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.*] Tho' a Comick Poet ought to inſtruct and divert every where, ſome Faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

348. *Nam neque chorda ſonum.*] A Compariſon that ſhews very well of what Nature Faults muſt be that are pardonable, they ought to be like thoſe falſe *Tones*, which a falſe String, or a String ill ſtruck, ſometimes gives; it makes a Diſſonance, but ſuch a one as is not perceptible, the other Strings that perfectly accord and give a right Tone drowning it.

350. *Nec ſemper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*] As the beſt *Markſman* in the World does not always hit the *White*, ſo the beſt Poet does not always ſucceed.

351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no Writings can be pretended to be perfect, ſo the beſt are thoſe where the *Good* not only ſurpaſs the *Bad*, but where the *Bad* is very trivial.

352. *Paucis offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana.*] The Faults of Poets ought to be either little Negligences, or meer Marks of human Frailty; Mankind not being able to take equal Care of every thing. *Longinus* has explain'd this Paſſage in his XXXth Chapter.

353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon *Horace*'s ſaying, we ſhould pardon ſuch little Negligences: This Objection is made to him, or he makes it himſelf. *Quid ergo?* What muſt we blame them? Since one may make any thing paſs for a Negligence.

354. *Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem Librarius.*] *Scriptor Librarius*, a Bookſeller who writes Books with his own Hand. The Faults which ought not to be pardon'd are thoſe that are too common, and always the ſame. As we do not pardon a Tranſcriber who always errs in the ſame Word.

357. *Sic*

357. *Sic mibi qui multum ceſſat.*] He who often falls into thoſe Negligences. The *Greek* Proverb ſays, *'Tis a Sign of a Fool to be twice guilty of the ſame Fault.*

Fit Chærilus.] The ſame *Chærilus* ſpoken of in the Iſt Epiſtle of the Second Book.

358. *Quem bis terque bonum cum riſu miror & idem.*] *Horace* twice or thrice admires this *Chærilus*; he admires him ſo, that he laughs at him again and again. Two or three fine Places in a Play do not hinder its being a bad one, if there's nothing elſe anſwerable.

359. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*] When I wonder how *Chærilus* could come off ſo well twice or thrice, ſays *Horace*, I am in a downright Rage with *Homer* for ſleeping ſometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in *Homer* as Beauties in middling Authors. How juſt, how polite is this Thought, and how glad am I that *Horace* could not without Indignation ſee the Faults that eſcaped *Homer*, whoſe Faults are ſo few, that there are a Thouſand good Things for every one of 'em; none of which are groſs and fundamental.

Quandoque.] For *quandocumque, quoties. Indignor quoties. Horace* ſays, I ſtill laugh at *Chærilus* in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice; whereas I always admire *Homer*, and feel a ſecret Indignation when he happens to ſleep. Which ſhews how much thoſe are miſtaken, who wou'd turn this *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*, into a Sort of Proverb.

360. *Verum Opere in longo.*] He excuſes thoſe Faults of *Homer*, by ſaying, that in a Work of Length a Man may be allow'd to ſleep ſometimes. See the Firſt Chapter of the Tenth Book of *Quintilian*.

361. *Ut pictura, poeſis erit.*] *Poetry* and *Painting*, are in ſome Meaſure like one another, being both *Imitations*, but are different in as much as they imitate differently. *Horace* wou'd only ſhew us that Poetry is in ſome Reſpects like Painting. *Ariſtotle* alſo compares Poetry to Painting. Here *Horace* touches upon one of the Things that are common to both *Imitations*; which is, that Poetry as well as Painting has its Light and Point of Sight, in which its Effect is to be judg'd of, and if diſplac'd, an ill Judgment will be made. *Horace* might as well have ſaid, Poetry is like *Sculpture*, for *Statuaries* proportion their Figures to the Places for which they are deſign'd as well as Painters.

Quæ, ſi propius ſtes.] *Horace* ſays, 'Tis in Poetry like Painting, and as there are Pictures which ſhould be ſeen at a Diſtance, and others near to them, ſo there are ſome Pieces in Poetry that ſhou'd be look'd upon by different Lights, and have

different Points of Sight, out of which they loſe their Grace and Regularity. This Matter is fully explain'd by *Boſſu*, in the VIIIth Chapter of the laſt Book of his Treatiſe on *Epick Poetry*.

362. *Et quædam, ſi longius abſtes.*] The Bits and Scraps taken out of *Homer* and *Virgil* to be ridicul'd, are moſt commonly thoſe that ſhould be ſeen at a Diſtance, and in the Places, for which they were made. They appear irregular, becauſe miſplac'd.

364. *Hæc amat obſcurum.*] A Painter muſt not place in a full Light what was made for a ſmall one; neither muſt any Part of a Poem, which was made for Obſcurity, be examin'd by a full Light.

365. *Hæc placuit ſemel.*] As there are ſome Things in Painting, deſign'd only to pleaſe for a Moment, ſo there are ſome in Poetry intended only to pleaſe, *en paſſant*. The former made for the Eye while it paſſes to the more labour'd Part, and the latter for the Mind.

371. *Diſerti Meſſalæ.*] The ſame *Meſſala Corvinus*, the famous Orator, whom he ſpeaks of in the XXIſt Ode of the Third Book.

Caſellius Aulus.] A *Roman* Knight, one of the moſt eminent Lawyers of that Time. A Man of great Learning, Eloquence and Wit. There are ſeveral Jeſts of his ſtill remember'd in the ancient Authors. But, *What*, ſays Monſieur *Dacier*, *adds more to his Honour than all his Wit and Learning, is, his having the Courage to preſerve his Liberty, when every one was running into Slavery.* The *Triumvirs*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony* and *Auguſtus*, cou'd never oblige him to draw up the Edict for their Proſcription; and 'tis remarkable, that the *French* Commentator ſhould cloſe his Reflections with this Obſervation. *It is glorious to* Auguſtus, *that a Man ſo free might be mention'd with Applauſe by a Poet of his Court.*

372. *Mediocribus eſſe poetis.*] *Mediocrity* is not to be endur'd in *Poetry*; if it is not excellent, 'tis wretched.

373. *Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere columnæ.*] Every thing is againſt this Mediocrity: *Men*, *Gods*, and the *Poſts of the Bookſellers Shops*. Men reject it. The *Gods*, *Apollo*, *Bacchus*, and the *Muſes*, diſown it. The *Poſts* of the Shops, on which they were fix'd, bare 'em with Regret. He calls that *Columnæ* here, which he terms *Pila*, in the IVth Satyr. The old Commentator ſays, they were Poſts where the Poets put u Bills of the Time and Place, where and when they would pub lickly read their Works. But theſe Poſts are more likely t

be

be thoſe of the Bookſellers Shops, where their Books were fix'd for Sale. All new Books were ſo fix'd. I believe Advertiſements of things loſt were alſo fix'd to them. For *Propertius* having loſt his Pocket-Book, ſays to his Foot-boy, *I Puer*, &c. *Go preſently and fix it on ſome Poſt, that I'd give ſo much to have my Pocket-Book again, and advertiſe that thy Maſter lives at the* Exquiliad, *whither it muſt be brought.* Book the Fourth Eleg. XX.

374. *Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors.*] Muſick, Eſſences, &c. are the Joy of a Feaſt, when they are excellent, but when they are bad they ſpoil it. 'Tis the ſame in Poetry, made for the Pleaſure and Eaſe of the Mind. When it is indifferent, it has a quite contrary Effect, being as deteſtable as Diſcord in Muſick, or bad Eſſences.

375. *Craſſum Unguentum.*] Thick Eſſences of an *ill Smell.*

Et ſardo cum melle papaver.] White Poppey-ſeed, roſted, was mingled with Honey, as *Nannius* has very well obſerv'd. *Pliny* in the VIIth Chapter of the XXXth Book, *Papaveris*, &c. *There are three Sorts of Home Poppy, the white, the Seed of which roſted the ancients us'd to ſerve at the Second Table, mix'd with Honey.* There was nothing worſe than this Seed mix'd with *Sardinian* Honey, which was very bitter, becauſe of the abundance of bitter Herbs in that Iſle. *Virgil* in the VIIIth Eclogue, *Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior Herbis, Let me appear more bitter than* Sardinian *Herbs.*

376. *Poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis.*] As a Feaſt may be good without Muſick and Eſſences, ſo a Man may be worthy and agreeable without making Verſes.

377. *Juvandis.*] To pleaſe the Mind. To inſtruct and inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek Word, ὠφελεῖν.

379. *Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis.*] *Ludere*, to do his Exerciſes well, to ride, wreſtle, ſwim, throw the Javelin, handle a Pike and Sword, play at Tennis, Quoits, &c. which he calls *Arma campeſtria*, the Arms of the Field of *Mars.*

380. *Trochive.*] In the XXIVth Ode of the IIId Book. *Seu Græco jubeat Trocho.*

383. *Liber & Ingenuus.*] As if People of Quality cou'd know every thing without Learning. A falſe Prejudice in their Favour, which has prevail'd a long Time. *Ingenuus*, a Man born of a free Father. See the VIth Satyr of the Iſt Book.

Cenſus equeſtrem ſummam nummorum.] He who is put in the Regiſter of the *Cenſus*, as rich enough to be a Knight, about 10000 Crowns.

384. *Vitioque remotus ab omni.*] As if being well-bred and honeſt, qualify'd a Man to make Verſes. *Horace* doubtleſs had his Eyes to ſome *Equites* who thought ſo.

385. *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.*] He ſoftens the Precepts he has been giving.

386. *Id tibi judicium eſt, ea Mens.*] *Judicium*, the Opinion that cauſes a Reſolution. *Mens*, What executes it. *Horace* ſpeaks to the Elder *Piſo*, as wanting no Inſtruction.

387. *Scripſeris.*] The old Commentator, ſays *Piſo* the Elder, wrote Tragedies.

In Metii deſcendat Judicis aures.] Speaking of *Spurius Metius Tarpa*, a great Critick, and one of the Judges appointed to examine Writings. He mentions him in the Tenth Satire of the Firſt Book. Theſe Judges or Academicians, founded by *Auguſtus*, laſted a long while. *Onuphrius Panvinus* mentions an Inſcription, by which it appears, that in the Reign of *Domitian*, one *L. Valdrius Pudens*, a Native of *Tarentum*, at about thirteen Years of Age, obtain'd the Prize of Poetry, and was crown'd by the Judgment of the Judges. CORONATUS EST INTER POETAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. 'Tis true, this Youth was crown'd in the *Quinquennial* Games, inſtituted by *Domitian* in Honour of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and Mr. *Maſſon* has oppos'd a Paſſage of *Suetonius* about thoſe Games in oppoſition to Mr. *Dacier*'s Remark on the Duration of theſe Judges eſtabliſh'd by *Auguſtus*. But, ſays the latter, " Do theſe *Quin-*
" *quennial* Judges, inſtituted by *Domitian*, prove, there were
" none appointed before by *Auguſtus?* Might they not continue
" till *Domitian*'s Time? And be nam'd by that Emperor to
" preſide at thoſe Games. Mr. *Maſſon*'s ill Reaſoning is a
" Conſequence of the Error he fell into about this Verſe of the
" Tenth Satire.

——Hæc ego Ludo,
Quæ nec in Æde ſonent certantia Judice Tarpa.

" Where he interprets *Æde* to be a private Houſe, whereas
" it muſt be underſtood of the Temple of *Apollo Pala-*
" *tinus.*"

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] As *Helvius Cinna* did. He was a good Poet, and an intimate Friend of *Catullus*'s. He was nine Years reviſing a Poem of his call'd *Smyrna*.

Smyrna mei Cynnæ nonam poſt denique meſſem
Scripta fuit nonamque edita poſt Hyemem.

Iſocrates

Iſocrates was Ten Years reviſing his Panegyrick. *Horace* does not however limit the Time to nine Years; he puts a Definite for an Indefinite, which depends on the Labour and Judgment of each Author, who may weaken his Work by too much correcting it. *Correction, ſays Quintilian, ought alſo to have its Bounds.*

391. *Silveſtres homines ſacer interpreſque Deorum.*] I think *Heinſius* as unhappy here as in his other Emendations of the Text. What is ſaid in the Sequel, is not indeed connected with what goes before; however 'tis well purſu'd. *Horace* fearing he might diſcourage *Piſo* by what he has been ſaying of the Difficulties in Poetry, now ſpeaks of the Rewards to thoſe that ſurmount them, and the Honours paid to the firſt Poets, as *Orpheus, Amphion,* &c.

Sacer interpreſque Deorum.] He calls *Orpheus* ſo, becauſe he was a Divine, and inſtituted the *Orgia. Virgil* ſtiles him *Threicius Sacerdos.* The Hymns that go under his Name were not made by the ancient *Orpheus,* who liv'd in *Moſes*'s Time, but by one *Onomacbus,* who liv'd in the Time of *Piſiſtratus.*

392. *Cædibus & victu fœdo dterruit*] *Horace* ſpeaks of an *Orpheus* who was more ancient than the Expedition of the *Argonauts. Palephatus,* a very ancient author aſſures us, that the Fable of *Orpheus,* who by his Harmony drew Tigers and Lions after him, was invented on his ſoftning the Minds of the *Bacchanalian* Nymphs, and making 'em quit the Mountains whither they were fled, and where they had ſpent ſeveral Days in tearing Sheep to Pieces.

394. *Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis.*] *Cadmus* built *Thebes* about 1400 Years before the Birth of our Saviour, and 25 Years after it was built *Amphion* encompaſs'd it with Walls, and built a Citadel; and for that, by his Harmony, or according to others, by his Eloquence, he perſuaded the Citizens and Peaſants to ſet their Hands to the Work, it was fabled he rais'd the Citadel and Walls with the Sound of his Lyre, and that the Stones leap'd of themſelves into their proper Places.

396. *Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam publica privatis ſecernere.*] The firſt Poets were properly Philoſophers, who made uſe of Poetry the better to inſinuate themſelves into Mens Minds, and ſhew them how to diſtinguiſh publick and private Good, to govern their Paſſions, and manage themſelves diſcreetly in their own Affairs, to mind Oeconomy, to build Cities, and obey the Laws.

398. *Maritis.*] As we ſay marry'd People, Husbands and Wives.

399. *Leges, incidere Ligno.*] The firſt Laws were written in Verſe, and in Verſe *Solon* begins his Laws.

Ligno.] On wooden Tables. The *Romans* engrav'd theirs on Copper-Plates.

400. *Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus.*] Thus Poetry and Poets acquired ſo much Honour by doing good to Mankind, and by correcting their Errors.

401. *Poſt hos inſignis Homerus.*] Poetry in the Second Age took another Courſe, to elevate Mens Courage and qualify them to ſerve their Country, it ſung the Deeds of Heroes. *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* began the Second Age.

402. *Tyrtæuſque.*] He was a Schoolmaſter, little, ugly, limping, and one-ey'd; the *Athenians* gave him, by way of Deriſion, to the *Spartans*, who, by Order of *Pythian Apollo*, demanded a General of them to lead them againſt the *Meſſenians*, which he did, and was beaten, by the *Meſſenians* in three ſeveral Battles. This ſo reduc'd the *Spartans*, that they were forc'd to liſt their Slaves, and promiſe them the Wives of the ſlain. The Kings of *Sparta*, diſcourag'd by ſo many Loſſes, wou'd have return'd Home, but *Tyrtæus* repeating ſome Verſes of his at the Head of the Army, ſo animated the Soldiers that they fell on the Enemy and routed them. Some of theſe Verſes are ſtill extant. This was about 680 Years before Chriſt.

403. *Dicta per carmina ſortes.*] *Horace* places the Oracles in the Second Age of Poetry. *Ariſtophanes*, with more Reaſon, puts them in the Firſt: Oracles being more ancient than *Homer*, perhaps he means, that the firſt Oracles were deliver'd in Proſe, and afterwards in Verſe only, which is true.

404. *Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt.*] This has Reference to *Phyſicks*, and not *Ethicks*. Poetry, in the Second Age, began to explain in Verſe the Secrets of Nature. *Vitæ* for *Naturæ*. Nature that gives Life to all Things.

Et gratia regum pieriis tentata modis.] Poetry then courted the Great.

405. *Luduſque repertus, & longorum operum finis.*] He alludes to the Tragedies and Comedies play'd on ſolemn Feſtivals.

Ne forte pudori.] Which proves *Horace* wrote this Encomium on Poetry, to hinder *Piſo*'s being ſhock'd at the Difficulty of it.

407. *Muſa lyræ ſolers.*] *Lyræ ſolers* is remarkable; for I think I have always met with *ſolers* either alone, or with a Verb.

408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte quæſitum eſt.*] He does not forget the grand Queſtion, Whether Poetry comes from Nature or Art. *Horace*, to hinder the *Piſo*'s truſting wholly to their

their Genius, determines it, that Nature and Art ſhould always go together. Nature, 'tis true, is the Baſis of all, as *Horace* owns in the IIId and VIth Odes of the IVth Book. Nature alone is preferable to Art alone, but join'd together it makes Perfection. Nature gives a Facility, Art, Method and Safety. *Ars certior quam Natura*, ſays *Cicero*; and *Longinus* obſerves, that as free as Nature appears, ſhe does nothing good at a venture, and is no Enemy to Rules. Nature without Art is blind, and raſh; Art without Nature, rude, barren and dry. *Quintilian* has it, *We believe there's nothing perfect, but what is produc'd by Nature aſſiſted by Art.* Art is never ſo perfect as when it imitates Nature. Nature never ſucceeds ſo well, as when it conceals Art.

410. *Nec rude quid proſit Ingenium.*] *Rude Ingenium.* A Genius, which tho' happy of itſelf, is always rude when not poliſh'd by Art.

412. *Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam.*] He proves by Examples, that there is nothing where Nature alone ſuffices, and where there's no Occaſion of Art. The *Prize-Fighters* not only labour'd hard to ſucceed; they liv'd in a general Abſtinence of every thing call'd Pleaſure: Are the Poets exempted from this Law of Labour? No Man will ever make a good Poet without it.

413. *Puer.*] They began theſe Exerciſes very young.

414. *Qui Pythia cantat tibicen.*] *Horace* does not mean *Pythick* Games, they were then out of Uſe, but the Players on the Flute in the ancient Chorus's of Comedies. When all the Chorus ſung, one of them play'd to accompany the Song, who was thence call'd *Choraule.* And after their Songs were done, there was another Player on the Flute, who play'd ſingly too what was ſung ſingly; and this laſt was termed *Pythaule*, a *Player for* Pythian *Songs*; which were like Poems or Hymns to *Apollo*, ſung in the City of *Pytho. Diomedes* ſays, *When the Chorus ſung, the Players on the Flute accompany'd them with the Flute call'd the Chorus Flute, and anſwer'd with the Pythick Flute to the ſingle Songs.* Theſe *Pythaules* and *Choraules*, who were of old part of the Band of Muſicians in the dramatick Repreſentations, ſeparated afterwards and play'd by themſelves. There were ſome of theſe Maſters very famous, and of theſe *Horace* ſpeaks.

415. *Didicit prius, extimuitque Magiſtrum.*] There never was an eminent Player on the Flute, who had not ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip; wherefore ſince Nature is not ſufficient for little Things how ſhould ſhe ſuffice for great?

416. *Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poemata pango.*] This Language is but too common now-a-days, and People too apt to think they have no need of reading the ancients, ſince they in their own Opinion think they write ſo well without it.

417. *Occupet extremum ſcabies.*] An Expreſſion us'd by Children, who at certain Plays cry'd out, *The Mange will take the hindmoſt.*

Mihi turpe relinqui eſt.] While I am ſtudying the ancients others will get before me, and write Comedies and Tragedies. If I write without Study, let who will learn the Rules, I will ſay I know them.

429. *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.*] Art and Nature are not always enough to make a good Poet; there muſt be alſo faithful Friends to tell an Author of his Faults, which are hard to be found by ſuch Great Men as the *Piſo's*. *Horace* compares rich Poets to publick Criers; as the latter invited People to come and buy their Ware, the former invited Flatterers. He who praiſes is the Purchaſer.

Cogit.] *Convocat*, ſummons People and Flatterers together.

421. *Dives agris.*] This Verſe is repeated in the Second Satire of the Firſt Book.

422. *Si vero eſt unctum qui recte ponere poſſit.*] If the rich Poet will treat and lend a poor Brother Poet, 'twill be a Wonder if he knows how to diſcern the Friend from the Flatterer. *Horace* makes here, *en paſſant*, a nice Encomium on the *Piſo's*.

Unctum ponere.] To treat high. *Opſonium* is underſtood. *Martial* ſaid to *Pomponius*,

> *Quod tamen grande Sophos clamat tibi turba togata,*
> *Non tu Pomponi, cœna diſerta tua eſt.*

'Tis not thee *Pomponius*, 'tis thy Supper that is ſo eloquent. *Pliny* calls ſuch Paraſites *Laudicœnas*.

423. *Levi pro paupere.*] *Levis*, inconſtant, light, perfidious.

424. *Beatus.*] Happy; he who diſtinguiſhes the Flatterer from the Friend.

426. *Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare voles cui.*] He adviſes the Elder *Piſo* never to read his Verſes to a Man to whom he has lately given or promis'd a Preſent. A Self-intereſted Friend will never make a good Critick.

427. *Plenum Lætitiæ.*] Full of Joy for what was given or preſented him.

429. *Palleſcet ſuper his.*] *Super his*, over and above.

431. *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.*] *Horace* ſays there is as much Difference between a Flatterer and a ſincere Friend, as between thoſe who are paid for weeping at a Funeral, and thoſe true Friends who weep unfeignedly. The Flatterer praiſes much more than the Friend, as the hir'd Mourners weep more than thoſe whoſe Grief is ſincere.

Deriſor.] The Banterer for the Flatterer.

433. *Vero laudatore.*] An honeſt Man who praiſes what he thinks deſerves it, and ſpeaks from his Conſcience.

434. *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis.*] A Poet ſhould do like great Lords, who drink a Man up to a Pitch, to ſee if he betrays a Secret in his Cups, before they truſt him with one; otherwiſe he will be apt to miſtake Flatterers for true Friends. *Tiberius* put his Confidents to this drunken Trial.

437. *Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.*] *Horace* alludes to the Fable of the *Fox* and the *Raven*, quoted by *Nannius* in his Commentaries. Monſieur *de la Fontaine* has taken care not to forget it, and has ſurpaſt the Ancients in its Simplicity and Gaiety.

438. *Quintilio ſi quid recitares.*] The Poet *Quintilius Varus*, a Relation and intimate Friend of *Virgil* and *Horace*'s. The latter addreſſes the VIIIth Ode of the Firſt Book to him, and mourns his Death in the XXIVth Ode. He had been dead ſome Time when this Epiſtle to the *Piſo's* was written, for which Reaſon he ſays, *recitares, jubebat, ſumebat*, Terms never us'd but of a Perſon that is dead.

440. *Delere jubebat.*] When an Author has try'd and cannot correct a Place, he thinks he may let it go; but *Quintilius* was in ſuch a Caſe for blotting it out; a Piece of Cruelty the Moderns are ſeldom guilty of.

441. *Et male tornatos incudi reddere verſus.*] *Horace* is blam'd for making uſe of two Figures in the ſame Verſe; but it happens that he uſes one only, for tho' he mentions the Anvil, the Figure is one, and that is the working of the Iron. *Propertius* in the laſt Elegy of the IId Book, ſays the ſame.

Incipe jam auguſto Verſus componere torno,
Inque tuos Ignes, dure Poeta, veni.

442. *Si defendere delictum quàm vertere malles.*] Authors very often are fond of thoſe Places which are moſt liable to Exception. They are their *Favourites*, and if you will take their Words, the beſt of their Works.

443 *Quin ſine rivali.*] And they admire them as often without Rivals.

445. *Vir*

445. *Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes.*] Theſe five Verſes are admirable, and include almoſt all that the Rhetoricians have ſaid of *Criticiſm*, which conſiſts of three Things, *adding*, *retrenching* and *altering*.

445. *Verſus reprehendet inertes.*] There are few Pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the Faults *Horace* collects in theſe five Verſes; but the Faults of the greateſt Writers are only worth taking notice of, becauſe their very Faults may be imitated as well as their Beauties: Suppoſe Monſieur *Corneille* had given his fine Tragedy of *Pompey* to *Quintilius* to examine; may we not conclude, that in the IIId Scene of the IId Act, when *Cleopatra* ſays,

Je connois ma portée, & ne prens point le change.

He would have thought this Verſe *iners*, poor, weak and mean, as well as thoſe that follow in the IIId Scene of the IIId Act.

Cæſ. *Comme a-t-elle reçû les offres de ma flamme?*
Ant. *Comme n'oſant la croire, & la croyant dans l'ame,*
Par un refus modeſte & fait pour inviter,
Elle s'en dit indigne, & la croit meriter.

As one that durſt not believe what ſhe did believe in her Soul. By a modeſt Refuſal, ſhe ſaid ſhe was unworthy of a Paſſion, which ſhe thought ſhe deſerv'd. Theſe Verſes are flat and affected; very far from the Character of *Mark Antony*, and Tragedy. The Language is mean, and only fit for a Life-Guard-Man.

446. *Culpabit duros.*] Verſes may be hard either for the Words, or the Things; the laſt is the greateſt Fault. Monſieur *Corneille* has been guilty of it in theſe:

Les Princes ont cela de leur haute naiſſance,
Leur ame dans leur ſang prend des impreſſions,
Qui deſſous leur vertu rangent leurs paſſions.

'Tis hard and ſhocking to ſay, *The Soul takes Impreſſions of Virtue in the Blood*, which is as contrary to the *Ethicks*, as the *Theology* of the Pagans: Of the ſame kind is, what *Cæſar* ſays in the IId Scene of the IIId Act.

Et qui verſe en nos cœurs, avec l'ame & le ſang,
Et la haine du nom, & le mépris du rang.

Rome did not *inſtil in a* Roman *the Soul and Blood.* *In-*

Incomtis allinet atrum.] *Quintilius* would have ſet this Mark as without Grace and Ornament, on what *Achoree* ſays in the IId Scene of the IId Act, ſpeaking of *Pompey* who was juſt expir'd.

Et tient la trahiſon, que le Roy leur preſcrit,
Trop au deſſous de luy pour y preſter l'eſprit.
Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainſi ſon luſtre,
Et ſon dernier ſoûpir eſt un ſoûpir illuſtre.

'Tis ſubtil, affected, without Grace, and is faulty in the Turn and Expreſſion.

447. *Tranſverſo calamo ſignum.*] He would draw a Line quite croſs it, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* call *obelum*, he would ſtrike it out.

Ambitioſa recidet ornamenta.] Such emphatical Ornaments are cenſur'd, and what *Achoree* ſays on *Pompey*'s Head, would, I doubt not, have been condemn'd by *Quintilius*. 'Tis in the IIId Scene of the IIId Act.

A ces mots Achillas découvre cette teſte ;
Il ſemble qu' à parler encore elle s' appreſte,
Qu' à ce nouvel affront un reſte de chaleur
En ſanglots mal formés exhale ſa douleur.
Sa bouche encore ouverte, & ſa vûë égarée
Rappellent ſa grande ame à peine ſeparée, &c.

Does not Monſieur *Corneille* amuſe himſelf a little unſeaſonably, in painting the Grimaces of this Head: The Ornament, to uſe *Horace*'s Term, is *ambitious*; the Image has nothing in it noble or natural.

448. *Parum claris lucem addere coget.*] Obſcurity is the greateſt Vice in a Diſcourſe. *Photius* talks very obſcurely, when he ſays to *Ptolomy*, in the firſt Scene of Monſieur *Corneille*'s *Pompey*:

Le choix des actions ou mauvaiſes, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu' aneantir la force des couronnes.

He means that the Virtue which inclines Kings to good Actions, rather than bad, weakens their Power; but ſays only, *That the choice of Actions, either good or bad, weakens the Power of Kings*, which is very dark.

449. *Arguet ambiguè dictum.*] *Ambiguity*, ſays *Quintilian*, *muſt above all things be avoided.*

Mutanda

Mutanda notabit.] *He will at last mark exactly whatever is to be alter'd.* *Quintilian* declares. That *adding and retrenching* are easiest in Correction, *altering* very difficult. *Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium quæ replenda vel dejicienda sunt, &c. 'Tis easiest and soonest done, when we have only to add or to retrench; but when we must bring down what is too lofty, reduce what is too abounding, place aright what is out of its Order, gather together what is dispers't, and abridge what is too long; this is a double Trouble, for we must condemn what has pleas'd, and find out that which escap'd us.* *Mutanda* does not here signify to change the Place only, but also the Alterations *Quintilian* speaks of: Perhaps what *Cæsar* says in the IIId Scene of the IVth Act, would have been alter'd by *Quintilius*:

M'ont rendu le premier & le Maistre du Monde.
C'est ce glorieux titre à present effectif
Que je viens ennoblir par celuy de captif;
Heureux si mon esprit gagne tant sur le vostre,
Qu'il en estime l'un, & me permette l'autre.

Cæsar would hardly have said, *He had made the glorious Title he had acquir'd of Master of the World, more noble by that of Slave.* His Courtship would certainly have been more worthy of so glorious a Title; and I can scarce think *Quintilius* would have suffer'd what he adds afterwards:

Mais las! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite.
Si je veux estre à vous, if faut que je vous quitte.

Or what *Cleopatra* says in the first Scene of the second Act,

Et si jamais le ciel favorisoit ma couche
De quelque rejeton de cette illustre souche,
Cette heureuse union de mon sang & du sien
Uniroit à jamais son destin & le mien.

which offends Modesty, and is very far from the Discretion of *Virgil*, who does not make *Dido* speak so freely 'till after Consummation, and when there was no need of Ceremony.

450. *Fiet Aristarchus.*] *Aristarchus* was a very great Critick, who liv'd in the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, and was Contemporary with *Callimachus*; he wrote above fourscore Volumes of Commentaries on *Homer*, *Aristophanes*, and all the other *Greek* Poets: He revis'd and corrected *Homer*, which Work is lost, with the rest of his

his Criticiſms, which were ſo nice and penetrating, that he was commonly call'd the *Diviner*, on account of his great Sagacity.

Cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.] The uſual Language of Flatterers: Why ſhall I offend my Friend for Trifles, by telling him his Verſes are not good?

451. *Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent in mala.*] *Horace* replies very well, What you call Trifles will be fatal to the Poet, whom you abuſe by concealing your true Sentiments from him.

452. *Deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtre.*] This Verſe will bear a double Signification. As *when the World*, or as *when you ſhall once make a Fool of him*: The firſt Conſtruction ſeems to me to be wrong. *Horace* is not here talking of the Evils which will happen to this ill Poet, after the Publick has made a Fool of him; but of thoſe that ſhall happen to him, after his flattering Friend has made a Fool of him, by deceiving him with falſe Praiſe; he would prove that it is the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes, becauſe if he talk'd ſincerely to him at firſt, he might have cur'd him of his Itch of Poetry.

453. *Ut mala quam ſcabies.*] He terms that Poetical Itch, *mala ſcabies*, which *Celſus* calls *fera ſcabies*, the moſt dangerous Leproſy.

Morbus regius.] *Morbus arquatus*, the *Jaundice*. *Lucretius*:

Lurida præterea fiunt quæcumque tuentur
Arquati.———

Every thing looks yellow to thoſe that have the Jaundice: 'Twas call'd the *Royal Diſeaſe*, becauſe 'twas ſaid there was no Remedy for it, but to live the Life of a King.

454. *Aut fanaticus error.*] *The Fanaticks*, that is, the *Demoniacks*. *Aut iracunda Diana*, *Thoſe ſtriken by* Diana, that is, *Lunaticks*. The Ancients believ'd all Diſeaſes infectious.

456. *Incautique ſequuntur.*] *Incauti*, the imprudent, who don't ſee to what Danger they expoſe themſelves, in following a Madman.

457. *Hic dum ſublimes verſus ructatur.*] *Sublimes*, thoſe he thinks the moſt *ſublime*; or *ſublimes*, which he makes looking up to Heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his Enthuſiaſm: Wherefore it has alſo been read *ſublimis*, with Reference to the Poet. *Sublimis*, μετέωρος, *Who goes looking up to Heaven*; but *ſublimes verſus* ſeems to me to be better. *Horace* diverts himſelf with deſcribing the Frenzy of a Poet, whom Flatterers have made mad.

458. *Ructatur.*] He *vomits* them; the Sophiſt *Ariſtides* ſaid to an Emperor, *We are not ſome of thoſe who vomit up their Writings, but thoſe who make them.*

459. *Suc-*

459. *Succurrite longum clamat.*] By this *longum clamat, Horace* ſhews he Cuſtom of thoſe Cripples that begg'd on the High-way, pronouncing the Word *ſuccurrite*, but drawling it out ſo, that they made it laſt half an Hour: Our Beggars underſtand this way perfectly well. *Longum* has been interpreted *from afar*, very *loud*; but I take it to be a *long while.*

462. *Quî ſcis an prudens huc ſe dejecerit.*] There's no Folly of which an ill Poet is not capable.

463. *Siculique Poëta narrabo interitum.*] The Death of *Empedocles* at *Agrigentum, Gergenti*, a Town in *Sicily.*

465. *Dum cupit Empedocles ardentem, frigidus Ætnam inſiluit.*] *Empedocles*, a great Philoſophical Poet, who wrote three Books of the Nature of Things quoted by *Ariſtotle:* He alſo wrote on *Xerxes*'s Expedition; but his Daughter or Siſter burnt that Piece: He flouriſh'd about 450 Years before Chriſt. *Lucretius* has a fine Encomium on him in his Firſt Book.

Nil tamen hoc habuiſſe viro præclarius in ſe
Nec ſanctum magis, &c.

The Story of his flinging himſelf into Mount *Ætna* is only grounded on one of *Empedocles*'s Shoes found near a Gap of that Mountain; and 'twas ſaid the fiery *Vortex's* whirl'd him into it. *Timaus* aſſures us *Empedocles* dy'd in *Peloponneſus*; and *Neanthes* of *Cyzicum* reports, that falling out of a Coach he broke his Leg and dy'd.

465. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam.*] The Word *frigidus* has been variouſly expounded: ſome pretend *Horace* means *mad* by it, and others *cold.* The firſt Expoſition is the worſt, the ſecond bad enough; there being little *cold Blood* in ſo deſperate an Action. By *frigidus, Horace* would deſcribe all the Extravagance of a Madman, who to get the Name of a God, ſeeks a Death which he's afraid to find: He would be a God, and he dies with Fear.

467. *Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.*] There's no likelihood *Horace* ſhould ſay this in general: The Maxim would be too extravagant; he doubtleſs ſpeaks only of Poets, *invitum Poëtam.* Others that fall into Melancholy may be cur'd; 'tis to be hop'd they will grow wiſer, as it happen'd to *Damaſippus*, whom *Stertinius* hinder'd from flinging himſelf into the *Tiber*, as *Horace* himſelf writes in the IIId Satire of the IId Book.

Solatus juſſit ſapientem, &c.

But

But as for Poets there's no hope of them, their Madneſs is deſperate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

469. *Et ponet famoſæ mortis amorem.*] Tho' the Poet may be hinder'd from deſtroying himſelf once, it would ſtill run in his Head, and he would attempt it again. *Famoſa Mors*, a Death, that will make the World talk of him.

470. *Nec ſatis apparet cur verſus factitet.*] What Crime muſt that Man be guilty of, who has ſo drawn down the Vengeance of the Gods, as to be poſſeſt with the Fury of making Verſes. *Horace* talks of bad Poets as People generally do of the wretched, *He muſt have done ſome horrid Thing*, &c.

471. *Minxerit in patrios cineres.*] 'Twas very profane among the Ancients to piſs in a Holy Place. *Perſeus* in his firſt Satire:

> *Pinge duos angues; pueri, ſacer eſt locus, extra*
> *Meiite.*——

Paint two Snakes on the Wall, the Place, Children, is ſacred, go piſs without; but was a double Profanation to piſs on a Lamb, and a horrible Sacrilege to piſs on the Tomb of one's Father or Anceſtors.

An triſte bidental moverit inceſtus.] When a Place was ſtricken with Thunder or Lightning, 'twas thought to be devoted to Conſecration, and the Diviners went immediately and ſacrific'd a young Sheep there; then they incloſ'd it with Stakes, a Line, or a Wall, and from that Moment 'twas ſacred: 'Twas call'd *Bidental*, from *Bidente*, the Name of the Sheep there ſacrific'd. 'Twas Sacrilege to remove its Bounds, *movere Bidental*. If a dead Man was ſtricken with Thunder or Lightning, he was not to be burnt by *Numa*'s Law, he was to be bury'd in the ſame Place. *Perſeus* calls even the Man that's Thunder-ſtruck *Bidental*.

> *An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque fidens*
> *Triſte jacet lucis evitandumque bidental.*

472. *Inceſtus.*] As the Ancients were wont to ſay *Chaſte* for *Pious*, ſo they alſo ſaid *Inceſtus* for *Impious*.

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THE

POEMS

BY THE

EARL *of* DORSET.

TO

Mr. *EDWARD HOWARD*,

On his incomparable incomprrehenſible

P O E M,

CALLED THE

BRITISH PRINCESS.

OME on, you Critics, find one Fault who dares;
For, read it backward, like a Witch's Prayers,
Twill do as well; throw not away your Jeſts
On ſolid Nonſenſe that abides all Teſts.
Wit, like Tierce-Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no uſe at all,
But, in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.
Thou haſt a Brain, ſuch as it is indeed;
On what elſe ſhould thy Worm of Fancy feed?
Yet in a Filbert I have often known
Maggots ſurvive, when all the Kernel's gone.
This Simile ſhall ſtand in thy Defence,
'Gainſt thoſe dull Rogues as now and then write Senſe.

Thy

Thy Stile's the ſame, whatever be thy Theme,
As ſome Digeſtions turn all Meat to Phlegm.
They lye, dear *Ned*, who ſay thy Brain is barren,
Where deep Conceits, like Maggots breed in Carrion.
Thy ſtumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
As any other *Pegaſus* can fly.
So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
Than all the ſwift-finn'd Racers of the Flood.
As skilful Divers to the bottom fall,
Sooner than thoſe who cannot ſwim at all;
So in this way of Writing, without thinking,
Thou haſt a ſtrange * Alacrity in ſinking.
Thou writ'ſt below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
And with acquir'd Dulneſs, and new Arts
Of ſtudy'd Nonſenſe, tak'ſt kind Readers Hearts.
Therefore, dear *Ned*, at my Advice, forbear
Such loud Complaints 'gainſt Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller:
Thou ſett'ſt thy Name to what thyſelf doſt write;
Did ever Libel yet ſo ſharply bite?

To the Same, on his Plays.

THOU damn'd *Antipodes* to Common-ſenſe,
Thou Foil to *Flecknoe*, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty Stock of Dulneſs ſpring?
Is it thy own, or haſt it from *Snow-hill*,
Aſſiſted by ſome Ballad-making Quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy Plays are ſuch,
I'd ſwear they were tranſlated out of *Dutch*.
Fain wou'd I know what Diet thou doſt keep,
If thou doſt always, or doſt never ſleep?
Sure haſty-pudding is thy chiefeſt Diſh,
With Bullock's Liver, or ſome ſtinking Fiſh:

* *Alluding to an Expreſſion of Sir* John Falſtaff's *in* Shakeſpear's Henry IV.

Garbage,

Garbage, Ox-cheeks, and Tripes do feaſt thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this Tribute back again.
With Daiſy-roots thy dwarfiſh Muſe is fed,
A Giant's Body with a Pygmy's Head.
Can'ſt thou not find among thy num'rous Race
Of Kindred, one to tell thee, that thy Plays
Are laught at by the Pit, Box, Galleries, nay, Stage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind.
No other uſe of Paper thou ſhould'ſt make,
Than carrying Loads and Reams upon thy Back.
Carry vaſt Burdens till thy Shoulders ſhrink,
But curſt be he that gives thee Pen and Ink:
Such dangerous Weapons ſhou'd be kept from Fools,
As Nurſes from their Children keep Edg'd-tools:
For thy dull Fancy a Muckinder is fit
To wipe the Slabberings of thy ſnotty Wit:
And though 'tis late, if Juſtice could be found,
Thy Plays like blind-born Puppies ſhould be drown'd.
For were it not that we Reſpect afford
Unto the Son of an heroic Lord,
Thine in the Ducking-ſtool ſhou'd take her Seat,
Dreſt like herſelf in a great Chair of State;
Where, like a Muſe of Quality ſhe'd die,
And thou thyſelf ſhalt make her Elegy,
In the ſame ſtrain thou writ'ſt thy comedy.

To Sir THOMAS St. SERF, *on the printing his Play called* TARUGO'S WILES. *Acted* 1668.

TARUGO gave us Wonder and Delight,
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light:
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
T' oblige and ſerve his Friends a nobler way:

Make

Make all our old Men Wits, Stateſmen, the young;
And teach ev'n *Engliſhmen* the *Engliſh* Tongue.
James, on whoſe Reign all peaceful Stars did ſmile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our Iſle.
What Kings, and Nature, only could deſign,
Shall be accompliſh'd by this Work of thine.
For, who is ſuch a Cockney in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the ſouthern Part,
To ſcorn that Union, by which we may
Boaſt 'twas his Countryman that writ this Play?
Phœbus himſelf, indulgent to thy Muſe,
Has to the Country ſent this kind Excuſe;
Fair northern Laſs, it is not thro' Neglect
I court thee at a diſtance, but Reſpect;
I cannot act my Paſſion is ſo great,
But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat;
On thee I will beſtow my longeſt Days,
And crown thy Sons with everlaſting Bays:
My beams that reach thee ſhall employ their Pow'rs
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.
Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boaſt,
Poets and Stars ſhine brighteſt in the Froſt.

EPILOGUE *to* Moliere's TARTUFFE, *tranſlated by Mr.* Medburne, *ſpoken by* TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
Againſt the ſtill-prevailing Hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a Poet got the day,
And vanquiſh'd *Buſy* in a Puppet-play;
And *Buſy* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Poſſeſs'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.

To laugh at *Engliſh* Knaves, is dang'rous then,
While *Engliſh* Fools will think 'em honeſt Men:
But ſure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur *Ananias:*
A Man may ſay, without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and *Papiſt*,
That fix Salvation to ſhort Band and Hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
That uſe, *enjoy the Creature*, to expreſs
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you;
Whoſe fleſhly Failings are but Fornication,
We godly phraſe it Goſpel-propagation,
Juſt as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Zeal ſtands but Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilſt all that have the Word paſs freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
We march, and take Damnation by ſurpriſe.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town,
Can go ſo far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,
As I for Six-pence, for I know the way;
For want of Guides, Men are too apt to ſtray:
Therefore give Ear to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let ev'ry marry'd Man that's grave and wiſe,
Take a *Tartuffe* of known Ability,
To teach and to increaſe his Family;
Who ſhall ſo ſettle laſting Reformation,
Firſt get his Son, then give him Education.

EPILOGUE *on the Revival of* BEN JOHNSON's *Play, called,* Every Man in his Humour.

INTREATY ſhall not ſerve, nor Violence,
To make me ſpeak in ſuch a Play's Defence;
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd Laws of Comedy.
The Scene (what more abſurd!) in *England* lies,
No Gods deſcend, nor dancing Devils riſe;
No captive Prince from unknown Country brought,
No Battle, nay, there's ſcarce a Duel fought:
And ſomething yet more ſharply might be ſaid,
But I conſider the poor Author's dead:
Let that be his Excuſe —— now for our own,
Why, — Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
The Parts were fitted well; but ſome will ſay,
Pox on 'em, Rogues, what made 'em chooſe this Play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not Choice, but mere Neceſſity:
To all our writing Friends, in Town, we ſent,
But not a Wit durſt venture out in Lent:
Have Patience but till Eaſter-term, and then,
You ſhall have Jigg and Hobby-horſe again.
Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our domeſtic Wit *,
Does promiſe one o'th' ten Plays he has writ:
But ſince great Bribes weigh nothing with the Juſt,
Know, we have Merits, and to them we truſt.
When any Faſts, or Holidays, defer
The publick Labours of the Theatre,

* *Mr.* Matthew Medbourn, *an eminent Actor, belonging to the Duke of* York's *Theatre.*

We

We ride not forth, altho' the Day be fair,
On ambling Tit, to take the Suburb Air;
But with our Authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up Quarrels between Senſe and Rhime.
Wedneſdays and Fridays conſtantly we ſate,
Till after many a long and free Debate,
For diverſe weighty Reaſons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly Senſe ſhould ſtill to Rhime ſubmit:
This, the moſt wholſom Law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in this Epilogue obey'd,
Sure no Man here will ever dare to break——

[*Enter* Johnſon's *Ghoſt.*]

Hold, and give way, for I myſelf will ſpeak;
Can you encourage ſo much Inſolence,
And add new Faults ſtill to the great Offence,
Your Anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit,
Againſt the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?
When they condemn'd thoſe noble Works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt love *Catiline*.
Repent, or on your guilty Heads ſhall fall
The Curſe of many a rhiming Paſtoral.
The three bold *Beauchamps* ſhall revive again,
And with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.
All the dull Follies of the former Age,
Shall find Applauſe on this corrupted Stage.
But if you pay the great Arrears of Praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injur'd Plays,
From all paſt Crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

SONG.

Written at Sea, in the first Dutch *War*, 1665, *the Night before an Engagement.*

I.

TO all you Ladies now at Land,
We Men, at Sea, indite;
But first wou'd have you understand,
How hard it is to write;
The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouze the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
Roll up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa, *&c*,

III.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost,
By *Dutchmen*, or by Wind:
Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
The Tide shall bring 'em twice a-day,
With a Fa, *&c*.

IV. The

IV.

The King with Wonder, and Surpriſe,
Will ſwear the Seas grow bold;
Becauſe the Tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs,
With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal Story;
The *Dutch* would ſcorn ſo weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at *Goree:*
For what Reſiſtance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind!
With a Fa, &c.

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curſe,
No Sorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how Things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe,
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To paſs our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main;
Or elſe at ſerious Ombre play;
But, why ſhould we in vain
Each others Ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a Fa, &c,

VIII.

But now our Fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our Hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our Woe,
Sit careleſs at a Play:
Perhaps, permit ſome happier Man
To kiſs your Hand, or flirt your Fan.
With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note;
As if it ſigh'd with each Man's Care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then how often Love we've made
To you, when all thoſe Tunes were play'd.
With a Fa, &c.

X.

In Juſtice you cannot refuſe,
To think of our Diſtreſs;
When we for Hopes of Honour loſe
Our certain Happineſs;
All thoſe Deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your Love.
With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our Loves
And likewiſe all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity from your Tears:
Let's hear of no Inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

On the Counteſs of DORCHESTER, *Miſtreſs to King* JAMES *the Second. Written in* 1680.

I.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?
Can any Dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the Box,
Still ogle in the Ring?
Canſt thou forget thy Age and Pox?
Can all that ſhines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young Thing?

III.

So have I ſeen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin;
Replete with many a brilliant Spark,
As wiſe Philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

On the Same.

I.

PROUD with the Spoils of royal Cully,
With falſe Pretence to Wit and Parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

II.

Tho' ſhe appear as glitt'ring fine,
As Gems, and Jeſts, and Paint can make her;
She ne'er can win a Breaſt like mine;
The Devil and Sir *David** take her.

* *Sir* David Colyear, *late Earl of* Portmore.

KNOTTING.

AT Noon, in a ſunſhiny Day,
The brighter Lady of the *May*,
Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a Shade:

Each ſlender Finger play'd its part,
With ſuch Activity and Art,
As would inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain, by chance, came by,
He ſaw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball;
But ſtraight gave *Strephon* ſuch a Call,
As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much Truth and Modeſty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;
While thy ſmooth Cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a nap;
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er.
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such Virtue ſhall rewarded be:
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll truſt you with my Flocks, not me,
Purſue thy grazing Trade;

Go, milk thy Goats, and ſhear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me miſtaken Maid.

SONG

To CHLORIS, *from the Blind* ARCHER.

I.

AH! *Chloris*, 'tis time to diſarm your bright Eyes,
And lay by thoſe terrible Glances;
We live in an Age that's more civil and wiſe,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

SONG.

I.

METHINKS the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By Fools, who at once can both love and deſpair,
And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair;
Which juſtly provokes me in Rhime to expreſs
The Truth that I know of bonny black *Beſs*.

II.

This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan her round Waſte,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I think, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the arranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon Gown;
But now ſhe adorns both the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town-gallants are forc'd to ſubmit;
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever ſhe comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord *Craven*'s Drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehall*,
For ſhe'd out ſhine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all:
If a Lord ſhou'd but whiſper his Love in the Crowd,
She'd ſell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did ſay,
Would ſend Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

But

V.

But to those that have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To kill us by looking as if she would die.

SONG.

I.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Success in Crowds and Noise,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With silent real Joys.

II.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And the World think 'em wise;
While I lie dying at her Feet,
And all the World despise.

III.

Let conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,
And melt in Court Delights:
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much softer Nights.

LA jeune Iris *aux cheveux gris*
Disoit à Theodate,
Retournons, mon cher, à Paris,
Avant que l'on combatte;

Vous me donnés trop de souci,
Car Guillaume *ne raille.*
Helas! que feriez-vous ici
Le jour d'une bataille?

Il est vray que vous partirés
Sans Lauriers & sans Gloire,
Et que vous embarrasserés
Ceux qui font vôtre histoire.

Mais vous devés laisser ces soins,
A D'Espreaux *&* Corneille;
Vous ne les payeries pas moins,
Quand vous feriés merveille.

Vous punirez une autre fois
Ces gens qui m'ont pillée.
Qu'elle honte qu'à Charleroy
Ils m'eussent amenée!

Quoy que je sois aimé de vous,
Et que je sois bien sage,
J'aurois passé parmi ces fous
Pour un rebut de page.

A PARAPHRASE *of the foregoing.*

IN gray-hair'd *Cælia*'s wither'd Arms
As mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd, If I have any Charms,
My Deareſt, let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear;
Hark! how the Drums do rattle!
Alas, Sir! what ſhou'd you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle?

Let little *Orange* ſtay and fight,
For Danger's his diverſion;
The Wiſe will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your Perſon:

Nor vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory;
You ought to leave ſo mean a Care
To thoſe who pen your Story.

Are not *Boileau* and *Corneille* paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how Heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When Foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly:
Put ſix good Horſes to your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.

Let *Bouflers*, to ſecure your Fame,
Go take ſome Town or buy it;
Whilſt you, great Sir, at *Nôtredame*,
Te Deum ſing in quiet.

SONG.

SONG.

PHILLIS, the faireſt of Love's Foes,
Though fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis, that ſcorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
What has ſhe now to brag on?
So long ſhe kept her Legs ſo cloſe,
'Till they had ſcarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid
Did ſad Complaints begin;
Which ſurly *Strephon* hearing, ſaid,
It was both Shame and Sin,
To pity ſuch a lazy Jade,
As will neither play nor ſpin.

SONG.

DORINDA's ſparkling Wit, and Eyes,
United, caſt too fierce a Light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and ſoft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

SONG.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great Lord's embrace;
For tho' we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handſom Face.

Then where's the Pleaſure, where's the Good,
Of ſpending Time and Coſt?
For if your Wit ben't underſtood,
Your Keeper's Bliſs is loſt.

SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, for ſhame let us improve
A thouſand diff'rent Ways,
Thoſe few ſhort Moments ſnatch'd by Love,
From many tedious Days.

II.

If you want Courage to deſpiſe
The Cenſure of the Grave,
Though Love's a Tyrant in your Eyes,
Your Heart is but a Slave.

III.

My Love is full of noble Pride,
Nor can it e'er ſubmit,
To let that Fop, Diſcretion, ride
In Triumph over it.

Falſe

IV.

False Friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel Me
Fame and Ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving Thee.

V.

But when the least Regard I shew
To Fools, who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

THE

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POEMS

THE

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OF THE

First of DODSLEY's WORKS.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL *of* HALLIFAX.

ON THE

DEATH of His Moſt Sacred Majeſty

King *CHARLES* II.

FArewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of bleſt Renown,
The beſt good Man that ever fill'd a Throne;
Whom Nature, as her higheſt Pattern wrought,
And mix'd both Sexes Virtues in one Draught;
Wiſdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.
The Woman's Sweetneſs, temper'd manly Wit,
And loving Pow'r, did crown'd with Meekneſs ſit;
His awful Perſon Reverence engag'd,
With mild Addreſs and Tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear, and win our Love.
With Wonders born, by Miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the Infant's Cradle ſerv'd:
And Men his healing Empire's Omen read,
When Sun with Stars, and Day with Night agreed.
His Youth for val'rous Patience was renown'd;
Like *David*, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame:

They

They bleſt the Iſle where ſuch great Spirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the Men, that could ſuch Worth expel.
To ſpare our Lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe *Sauls*, whom wand'ring Aſſes made ſo Great;
Waiting 'till Heav'n's Election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his Unction own.
And own he did—— his powerful Arm diſplay'd;
And *Iſrael*, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his People's Tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd,
Did greater Bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy *Albion*, by ſtrange Ills oppreſs'd,
In various Fevers toſt, cou'd find no Reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his Arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his Shoulders her fair bending Head.
In Conqueſts mild, he came from Exile kind;
No Climes, no Provocations, chang'd his Mind;
No Malice ſhew'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his Father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs Wars, made Diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace.
A mighty Series of new Time began,
And rolling Years in joyful Circles ran.
Then Wealth the City, Bus'neſs fill'd the Port,
To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to Sport:
Then Learning flouriſh'd, blooming Arts did ſpring,
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping Wing:
Then did our flying Tow'rs Improvement know,
Who now command as far as Winds can blow;
With Canvaſs Wings round all the Globe they fly,
And, built by *Charles*'s Art, all Storms defy;
To ev'ry Coaſt with ready Sails are hurl'd,
Fill us with Wealth, and with our Fame the World;
From whoſe Diſtractions Seas do us divide;
Their Riches here in floating Caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy *Indian*'s Sweat and Toil;
Their Fruit, without the Miſchiefs of their Soil.

Here

Here in cool Shades their Gold and Pearls receive,
Free from the Heat, which does their Luſtre give.
In *Perſian* Silks, eat eaſtern Spice; ſecure
From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture:
Under our Vines, upon the peaceful Shore,
We ſee all *Europe* toſt, hear Tempeſts roar:
Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
While *Charles* their Hoſt, like *Jove* from *Ida*, aw'd;
Us from our Foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our Towns from Tumults, and from Arms the Field;
For when bold Factions Goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter Rein:
In the ſtill gentle Voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
Yet tho' they wak'd the Laws, his tender Mind
Was undiſturb'd, in Wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his Power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus *Jove* in Love did *Semele* conſume.
As the ſtout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
Does in ſoft Wreaths and amorous Foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the Winds from far
Summon their noiſy Forces to the War;
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength out-braves the loudeſt Storm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the Field,
Showing ſtout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good Man made the Crowd preſume,
He ſhow'd himſelf, and did the King aſſume:
For Goodneſs in exceſs may be a Sin,
Juſtice muſt tame, whom Mercy cannot win.
Thus Winter fixes the unſtable Sea,
And teaches reſtleſs Water Conſtancy,
Which under the warm Influence of bright Days,
The fickle Motion of each Blaſt obeys.
To bridle Factions, ſtop Rebellion's Courſe,
By eaſy Methods, vanquiſh without Force,

Relieve

Relieve the Good, bold ſtubborn Foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in Wrath, Meekneſs in Anger ſhew,
Were Arts great *Charles*'s Prudence only knew.
To fright the Bad, thus awful Thunder rolls,
While the bright Bow ſecures the faithful Souls.
Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy laſting Name,
Brighter than our proud Neighbour's guilty Fame;
More noble than the Spoils that Battles yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make War ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the World to Peace:
For proudeſt Triumphs from Contempt ariſe;
The Vanquiſh'd firſt the Conqueror's Arms deſpiſe:
Won Enſigns are the gaudy marks of Scorn,
They brave the Victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful Monarchs reign like Gods: while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their Throne.
Tigers and Bears, with all the ſavage Hoſt,
May Boldneſs, Strength, and daring Conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet Paſſions of a generous Mind,
Are the Prerogative of human kind;
The god-like Image, on our Clay impreſt,
The darling Attribute which Heaven loves beſt:
In *Charles* ſo good a Man and King, we ſee
A double Image of the Deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy his Name,
And faint Ideas of our Bleſſing frame!
In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England*'s Pride,
The pleaſing Emblem of his Reign does glide:
Thames the Support, and Glory of our Iſle,
Richer than *Tagus*, or *Ægyptian Nile:*
Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are found,
Yet Fields rejoice, his Meadows laugh around;
Leſs Wealth his Boſom holds, leſs guilty Stores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t'enrich the Shores.

Mild

Mild and ſerene the peaceful Current flows,
No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows;
No dreadful wreck upon his Banks appears,
His cryſtal Stream unſtain'd by Widows Tears,
His Channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary Inundations ſweep
The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the Deep;
The even Waters the old Limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling Waves decay,
For ever, lovely Stream, for ever ſtay!
To the Black Sea his ſilent Courſe does bend,
Where the beſt Streams, the longeſt Rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs Waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, tho' late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce *Rhine*, and the impetuous *Sein*.
But lo! the joyful Tide our Hopes reſtores,
And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.
James is our *Charles* in all things, but in Name:
Thus *Thames* is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

In Nuptias Principum GEORGII & ANNÆ.

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti Numine Gaudium
Afflavit, exultanſque Pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Taleſque cantus fundere geſtio,
Iſmene, quales auribus hauſeras
Utriſque, quando Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit ſolutis.

Dum neſcit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, & arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorſum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adſis, triumphos dum canimus Tuos,
Adſis, Cupido, illabere pectori.
Dum perſonamus Te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adſis.
Cypron beatam ſperne volatilis,
Huc, huc, Amorum ſepta cohortibus,
Molire greſſus, ad *Britannos*
Cærulcos age, Diva, currus.

II.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte ſereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit Pulcherrima, Martem
Qualis adire ſolet.
Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Laſcivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliuſque Puer.
Adventu diſperſa Deæ ſunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuere minis.
Dum Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque Cura Deæ.
Sic Pæana canit, cœlum & modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ.

III.

Egregiam laudem, *Veneris*, & ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque Puerque tuus: ſi Virgo *Britanniça* victa
Agnoſcat Numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
Si votis, ſi ſæva ullis inſueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.

Fervidus

Fervidus & *Daniæ* Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Deteſtata tibi) pictis & ſplendor in armis,
Qui nec Militiam veſtram, nec Caſtra, Cupido,
Novit, ſed flammas, & inania ſpicula riſit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad Numina læſa rebelles.

IV.

Jam non Bella placent, & Lituo lyram
Præfert, atque Caput Itali caſſide ferreâ
Urgeri ſolitum, divitis *Itali*
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ
Reclinat gremio Conjugis: immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
Perluſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit.
Deponitque gravi militia latus
Defeſſum, in thalamo lætus amabili;
Hac Mercede juvant Vulnera, ſic Caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

V.

Plaudit Dione læta *Britannia*,
Olim cruentum nec meminit Mare,
Fuſoſve Cives indecorè, aut
Regna *Dano* populata forti.
Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia,
Pulchris ocellis *Anna*: *Georgium*
Ducenſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur Triumphans.
Tuiſque ſurgit laudibus *Haſſnia*,
Volvenda retrò ſecula præcinens,
Cum Cimber *Anglo* junctus omni
Det trepido ſua Jura Mundo.
Io Dione Suecia jam canit,

Pulſos Colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.
Vos, par Beatum, ter, ter & amplius,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes Hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate Plauſu.

Carolus Montagu, Generoſus
& A. M. *Trin. Coll.*

ODE *on the Marriage of the Princeſs* ANNE *and Prince* GEORGE *of* Denmark.

I.

WHILST black Deſigns (that direful Work of Fate)
Diſtract the lab'ring State;
Whilſt (like the Sea) around loud Diſcords roar,
Breaking their Fury on the frighted Shore;
And *England* does like brave *Vienna* ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful Train, this pompous Sight?
What means this royal beauteous Pair?
This troop of Youths, and Virgins heav'nly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great *Charles*, and his illuſtrious Brother here,
No bold Aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful Weapon found,
Nothing but *Cupid*'s Darts, and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this Scene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but Armour on the Plain?

Ne'er

Ne'er in their chearful Garb t'have ſeen the Fair,
While all with melting Eyes, and wild diſhevel'd Hair,
Had mourn'd their Brothers, Sons, and Husbands ſlain.
Theſe dusky Shadows make this Scene more bright,
The Horror adds to the Delight.
This glorious Pomp our Spirits chears; from hence
We lucky Omens take, new Happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering Clouds a Storm prepare,
And their black Force aſſociate in the Air;
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous Light,
Who with kind Warmth, and pow'rful Rays,
Them to that envy'd Height,
From their mean native Earth did raiſe.)
A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full charg'd Clouds will fall:
But if the heav'nly Bow
Deck'd like a gaudy Bride appears,
And all her various Robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conq'ring Sun's triumphant Rays.
It Mortals drooping Spirits chears;
Freſh Joy, new Light, each Viſage wears:
Again the Seaman truſts the Main,
The jocund Swains their Coverts leave again:
Again, in pleaſant warbl'ing Notes,
The chearful Poets of the Wood extend their tuneful Throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muſe, raiſe with the Lyre thy Voice,
And with thy Lays make Fields and Woods rejoice:
For lo! the heav'nly Pledge appears,
And in bright Characters the Promiſe bears:
The factious Deluge ſhall prevail no more,
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd Shore,
Her Charms, and *Charles*'s Power, their Fury ſhall aſſwage.

See! ſee! how decently the baſhful Bride
Does bear her Conqueſts, with how little Pride
She views that Prince, the Captive of her Charms,
Who made the North with Fear to quake,
And did that powerful Empire ſhake;
Before whoſe Arms, when great *Guſtavus* led,
The frighted *Roman* Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his Deſire,
His Cannons did command in Fire:
Now he himſelf for Pity prays,
His Love in tim'rous Sighs he breaths,
While all his Spoils, and glorious Wreaths
Of Laurel, at her Feet the vanquiſh'd Warrior lays.
Great Prince! by that Submiſſion you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty Courage won before;
Here on your Knees a greater Trophy gain,
Than that you brought from *Lunſden*'s famous Plain;
Where, when your Brother, fired with Succeſs,
Too daringly upon the Foe did preſs,
And was a Captive made; then you alone
Did with your ſingle Arm ſupport the Throne.
Your gen'rous Breaſt, with Fury boiling o'er,
Like Lightning thro' their ſcatter'd Troops you flew,
And from th' amazed Foe the royal Prize in Triumph bore.

VI.

You have your Anceſtors in this one Act out-done,
Tho' their ſucceſsful Arms did this whole Iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd Lady, came;
You, to enjoy one Spotleſs as your Fame.
Before them, as they march'd, the Country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their Curſes as they flew:
On the bleak Shore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad Shouts conduct to Land:

Thro

Thro' gaping Crowds you're forc'd to preſs your way,
While Virgins ſigh, the young Men ſhout, and old Ones pray.
And with this beauteous Lady you may gain
(This Lady, that alone
Of greater Value is than any Throne)
Without that Rapine, Guilt, and Hate,
By a calm and even Fate,
That Empire, which they did ſo ſhort awhile maintain.

THE

MAN of HONOUR;

Occaſioned by a Poſtſcript of PENN's *Letter.*

NOT all the Threats or Favour of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Though all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Shou'd fondly court him to be Baſe and Great;
With even Paſſions, and with ſettled Face,
He would remove the Harlot's falſe Embrace.
Tho' all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That Church-Magicians in their Cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis Nations tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in Honours, fall.
For this, brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumly*'s Name
Shall ſtand the formoſt in the Liſt of Fame;
Who firſt with ſteady Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant Monarch boldly ſpoke;

' Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
' Have we obey'd the Crown, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
' Eſpous'd your Cauſe and Intereſt in diſtreſs,
' Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our Foes confeſs!
' Permit us then ill Fortune to accuſe,
' That you at laſt unhappy Councils uſe,
' And ask the only thing we muſt refuſe.
' Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
' Honour alone, we cannot, muſt not loſe;
' Honour, that Spark of the celeſtial Fire,
' That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire;
' Enobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
' With thirſt of Glory, and deſire of Fame;
' The richeſt Treaſure of a generous Breaſt,
' That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
' Wit, Strength, and Courage, are wild dangerous force,
' Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
' And would you rob us of the nobleſt Part?
' Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?
' 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a Throne,
' To take the Caſket when the Jewel's gone;
' Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
' And teach the Nobles to be falſe and baſe;
' What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
' Who ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
' Who once enſlave their Conſcience to their Luſt,
' Have loſt their Reins, and can no more be Juſt.
' Of Honour, Men at firſt like Women nice,
' Raiſe maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;
' Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtruggling Flame,
' And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with Shame:
' But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
' That they may taſte forbidden Fruit and live;
' They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
' Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
' True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
' And only bound by Appetite their Will:

' Now

'Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
'But ſhift with every veering Blaſt their Sails.
'Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Pow'r,
'They once deſerted, and chang'd Sides before,
'And would to-morrow *Mahomet* adore.
'On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
'Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
'When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
'With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
'When the rebellious Foe came rolling on,
'And ſhook with gath'ring Multitudes the Throne,
'Where were the Minions then? What Arm, what Force,
'Cou'd they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrent's Courſe?
'Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
'Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
'But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
'With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.'

Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the *Phoſph'rus* to the dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boaſt:
So great their Fame, ſo numerous their Train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more;
Bold is their Flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their Virtue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and ſurpaſſing Fame:
Riſe, glorious Church, erect thy radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' impending Tempeſt fled;
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Diſgrace,
It had not giv'n ſuch Sons ſo brave a Race;
When for Deſtruction Heav'n a Realm deſigns,
Thy Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds.
Theſe Men would prop a ſinking Nation's Weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe ev'n Fate.
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;

In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel; their Maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no Dangers can control;
Exalt the Thought, a ſpeedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot ſhake, or Pleaſure bend;
Theſe are the *Engliſh* Arts, theſe we profeſs,
To be the ſame in Mis'ry and Succeſs;
To teach Oppreſſors Law, aſſiſt the Good,
Relieve the wretched, and ſubdue the Proud.
Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Prieſts the Scale?
All Merit's light when they diſpoſe the Weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State;
Defame thoſe Heroes who their Yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that Honeſty they cannot uſe;
The Strength and Safety of the Crown deſtroy,
And the King's Pow'r againſt himſelf employ;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their Slave.
Men, like our Money, come the moſt in Play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe Allay.
The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar Uſe too precious, and too fine;
Whilſt Tin and Copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Bus'neſs of the Nation's Turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn,
So ſhining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly the ſearching Light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh misjudging Senſe
Increaſes the weak Meaſures of their Prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the others ſhun:

Who

Who ſlow to act, each Bus'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;
With Wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt, ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd and Nation thrive.
Such have no place where Prieſts and Women reign,
Who love fierce Drivers, and a looſer Rein.

An Epiſtle to CHARLES *Earl of* Dorſet, *occaſioned by his Majeſty's Victory in* Ireland.

WHAT! ſhall the King the Nation's Genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great *Edward*'s Day's;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a Conq'ror's Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and record his Fame?
Oh, *Dorſet!* you alone this Fault can mend,
The Muſes Darling, Confident, and Friend;
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler Wit;
Oblig'd to quit your Eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt Hero, the beſt Pen.
A Hero, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient Honours of his glorious Line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their pious Triumphs drown;
Whoſe Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types and Figures of his greater Name.
When Fate ſome mighty Genius has deſign'd,
For the Relief, and Wonder of Mankind,
Nature takes Time to anſwer the Intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep Aſcent:
She toils, and labours with the growing Weight,
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate;
'Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
To ſet the Hero in a happy Light;

Then,

Then, in a lucky and propitious Hour,
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.
In *Naſſau*'s Race ſhe made this long Eſſay;
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
And promis'd, in their Dawn, this brighter Day;
A publick Sp'rit diſtinguiſh'd all the Line,
Succeſſive Virtues in each Branch did ſhine,
'Till this laſt Glory roſe, and crown'd the great Deſign.
Bleſt be his Name! and peaceful lie his Grave,
Who durſt his native Soil, loſt *Holland*, ſave!
But *Willam*'s Genius takes a wider Scope,
And gives the Injur'd, in all Kingdoms, hope;
Born to ſubdue inſulting Tyrant's Rage,
The Ornament, and Terror, of the Age;
The Refuge where afflicted Nations find
Relief from thoſe Oppreſſors of Mankind,
Whom Laws reſtrain not, and no Oaths can bind.
Him, their Deliv'rer *Europe* does confeſs,
All Tongues extol, and all Religions bleſs;
The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Bætis*, and the *Rhine*,
United in his Praiſe, their Wonder join;
While, in the publick Cauſe, he takes the Field,
And ſhelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield.
His Foes themſelves dare not Applauſe refuſe:
And ſhall ſuch Actions want a faithful Muſe?
Poets have this to boaſt; without their Aid,
The freſheſt Laurels nipp'd by Malice, fade,
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt Honours have a narrow Date,
Unleſs they vindicate their Names from Fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the Part!
Dryden has Numbers, but he wants a Heart;
Injoin'd a Penance, which is too ſevere
For playing once the Fool, to perſevere.
Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any *Engliſh* Muſe,
Our Country's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuſe?

'Tis

'Tis not my want of Gratitude, but Skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot ſing of Conqueſts, as I ought,
And my Breath fails to ſwell a lofty Note.
I know my compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In eaſy Numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual Friendſhip wou'd at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another Tone and Voice,
When Victory's their Theme, and Arms their Choice.
To follow Heroes in the chace of Fame,
Asks force and heat, and Fancy wing'd with flame.
What Words can paint the royal Warrior's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raiſe,
When cover'd o'er with comely Duſt and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickeſt Squadrons broke?
His bleeding Arm, ſtill painful with the Sore,
Which, in his Peoples Cauſe, the pious Father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the Troops a glorious way,
Not the united Force of *France*, and Hell cou'd ſtay.
Oh, *Darſet!* I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my Strength could anſwer my Deſire,
In ſpeaking paint this Figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
And Gods deſcending ſhould adorn the Scene.
See, ſee! upon the Banks of *Boyne* he ſtands,
By his own View adjuſting his Commands:
Calm and ſerene the armed Coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Reſolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their Ranks to meet their King's Command;
The Drums and Trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly Noiſe
Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suſpended in Attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile Sounds, and huſh the din of War:

The ſilent Troops ſtretch forth an eager Look,
Liſt'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral ſpoke.
'Come, Fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
'And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;
'Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
'But *England*'s Happineſs commands my Sword:
'In her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,
'The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,
'And envy any Arm an equal Share.
'Set all that's dear to Men before your ſight;
'For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fight;
'To ſave your Wives from Rape, your Towns from Flame,
'Redeem your Country ſold, and vindicate her Name:
'At whoſe Requeſt and timely Call I roſe,
'To tempt my fate, and all my Hopes expoſe;
'Struggled with adverſe Storms, and winter Seas,
'That in my Labours you might find your Eaſe.
'Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
'And write the empty Triumphs of the War;
'In lazy Palaces ſupinely ruſt;
'My Sword ſhall juſtify my People's Truſt,
'For which———But I your Victory delay;
'Come on; I and my Genius lead the way.'
He ſaid, new Life and Joy ran through the Hoſt,
And ſenſe of Danger in their Wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men withſtood:
The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
The King——and carries Millions in the Name.
As when the ſwelling Ocean burſts his Bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighbouring Grounds,
The roaring Deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Courſe, and bears whole Foreſts down;
So on the Foe the firm Batallions preſt,
And he, like the tenth Wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through ev'ry Place,
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace;
He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face.

Stop!

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that gen'rous Flame,
Enough is giv'n to *England*, and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the Center ſtand,
Europe's divided Int'reſts you command,
All their Deſigns uniting in your Hand:
Down from your Throne deſcends the golden Chain,
Which does the Fabric of our World ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal Stroke,
The Scheme of all our Happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair again,
And routed Arms rally on the Plain;
But Ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a Man!
Hear, how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,
Diſdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive Pow'r,
That Strength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay *Europe* waſte, nor Law, nor Limits know.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince!---What, does your Muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his Conqueſts----faith, I can't:
My Spirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and Fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd———
That Rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your Flights, your Energies, and tragic Strain,
But fall back to my nat'ral Pace again;
In humble Verſe provoking you to Rhime;
I wiſh there were more *Dorſets* at this time.
Oh! if in *France* this Hero had been born,
What glittering Tinſel wou'd his Acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal Fame, and high Renown,
To ſteal a Country, and to buy a Town:
Their Triumphs are o'er Kings and Kingdoms ſold,
And Captive Virtue led in Chains of Gold.
If Courage cou'd, like Courts, be kept in Pay,
What Sums wou'd *Lewis* give, that *France* might ſay
That Vict'ry follow'd where he led the Way?
He all his Conqueſts wou'd for this refund,
And take th' Equivalent, a glorious Wound.

Then,

Then, what Advice, to ſpread his real Fame,
Wou'd paſs between *Verſailles* and *Nôtredame*?
Their Plays, their Songs, wou'd dwell upon his Wound,
And Operas repeat no other Sound;
Boyne wou'd, for Ages, be the Painter's Theme,
The *Gobelins* labour, and the Poets dream;
The wounded Arm wou'd furniſh all their Rooms,
And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau with this wou'd plume his artful Pen:
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think again.
Spare your Advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own Deſign; the Work is done.
Done! nothing's done! nor the dead Colours laid,
And the moſt glorious Scenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand gen'rous Actions cloſe the Rear;
A thouſand Virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The Queen herſelf, the charming Queen ſhou'd grace
The noble Piece, and in an artful Place,
Soften War's Horror with her lovely Face.
Who can omit the Queen's auſpicious Smile,
The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddeſs of our Iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her Fears for him, her Prudence for the State?
Diſguiſing Cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her Looks with Grace,
Doubts in her Heart, and Pleaſure in her Face.
As danger did approach, her Spirits roſe,
And, putting on the King, diſmay'd his Foes.
Now, all in Joy, ſhe gilds the chearful Court;
In ev'ry Glance deſcending Angels ſport.
As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads
The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining Maids, and form the Dance:
The ſtately Goddeſs with a graceful Pride,
Sweet and Majeſtic, does the Figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy Meaſures round;
The ſilver Arrows on her Shoulder ſound;

She walks above them all. Such is the Scene
Of the bright Circle, and the brighter Queen.
These Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill command,
These none may touch with an unhallow'd Hand:
Tender the Strokes must be, and nicely writ,
Disguis'd Encomiums must be hid in Wit,
Which Modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other Steps to such a Throne,
But to deserve, and to receive, the Crown.

Written at Althrop, *in a blank Leaf of* WALLER's *Poems, upon seeing* Vandyke's *Picture of the old Lady* Sunderland.

VANDYKE had Colours, Softness, Fire, and Art,
When the fair *Sunderland* inflam'd his Heart.
Waller had Numbers, Fancy, Wit, and Fire,
And *Sachariſſa* was his fond Desire.
Why then at *Althrop* seems her Charms to faint,
In these sweet Numbers, and that glowing Paint?
This happy Seat a fairer Mistress warms;
This shining Offspring has eclips'd her Charms:
The different Beauties in one Face we find;
Soft *Amoret* with brightest *Sachariſſa* join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their Art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd Piece before.

VERSES *written for the* TOASTING-GLASSES *of the* Kit-cat Club, 1703.

Dutcheſs of St. Albans.

THE Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
Concludes with Luſtre in *St. Albans'* Charms.
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Dutcheſs of Beaufort.

Offspring of a tuneful Sire,
Bleſt with more than mortal Fire:
Likeneſs of a Mother's Face,
Bleſt with more than mortal Grace:
You with double Charms ſurpriſe,
With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Lady Mary Churchill.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous Race,
Bleſt with your Parents Wit, and her firſt blooming Face;
Born with our Liberties in *William*'s Reign,
Your Eyes alone that Liberty reſtrain.

Dutcheſs of Richmond.

Of two fair *Richmonds* different Ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt Toaſt;
Th' Adorers Offerings prove who's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in Water, we in Wine.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their Force to Men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiſelle Spanheime.

Admir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,
Your Charms to brighter Glory here advance;
The ſtubborn *Britons* own your Beauty's Claim,
And with their native Toaſts enrol your Name.

On the Counteſs Dowager of * * *

COURAGE, dear *Moll*, and drive away Deſpair,
Mopſa, who in her Youth, was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of Age, Experience, and Decays,
Sets up for Charming, in her fading Days:
Snuffs her dim Eyes to give one parting Blow,
Have at the Heart of ev'ry ogling Beau!
This goodly Gooſe, all feather'd like a Jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt Night, t'adorn the Court, did overload
Her bald buff Forehead with a high Commode:
Her Steps were manag'd with ſuch tender Art,
As if each Board had been a Lover's Heart.
In all her Air, in ev'ry Glance was ſeen
A Mixture ſtrange, 'twixt Fifty and Fifteen.
Admiring Fops about her crowding preſs;
H--bd--n himſelf delivers their Addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice Diſdain,
Owns 'em her Subjects, and begins to reign:
Fair Queen of *Fopland* is her royal Stile;
Fopland! the greateſt Part of this great Iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A Female Heart, 'twixt Piety and Pride:
Her Waiting-maids prevent the Peep of Day,
And, all in Order, on her Toilet lay
Pray'r-books, Patch-boxes, Sermon-notes and Paint,
At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.

Farewel,

Farewel, Friend *Moll*, expect no more from me,
But if you would a full Deſcription ſee,
You'll find her ſomewhere in the *Litany*,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſy.

On ORPHEUS *and* SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITTA.

HAIL, tuneful Pair! ſay, by what wond'rous Charms,
One 'ſcap'd from Hell, and one from *Greber*'s Arms?
When the ſoft *Thracian* touch'd the trembling Strings,
The Winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy Wings:
And when the tawny *Tuſcan* rais'd her Strain,
Rook furls his Sails, and dares it on the Main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the Office ſleep,
And *Shovel* yawns for Orders on the Deep.
Thus equal Charms and equal Conqueſts claim;
To him high Woods and bending Timber came,
To her, *Shrub-hedges*, and tall *Nottingham*.

THE

THE

HIND *and the* PANTHER

Tranſvers'd to the Story of the

Country-Mouſe and the *City-Mouſe.*

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. Hind. Pan.

— Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

Written in Conjunction with Mr. *Prior.*

THE

HIND and the PANTHER

Transform'd to the Story of the

Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

PREFACE.

THE *Favourers of the* Hind *and* Panther *will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that* Homer *has been Burlesqu'd, and* Virgil *Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the* Hind *and the* Panther *may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Rallery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First, as to the general Design, Is it not as easy to imagine two* Mice *bilking Coachmen, and supping at the* Devil; *as to suppose a* Hind *entertaining a* Panther *at a* Hermit's Cell, *discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son* Rodriguez *writ very good* Spanish? *What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the* Eastern *Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which, for their Aptness, were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the Vulgar into Understanding by surprising them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double Meaning; the Story is one and entire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a*

Piece

Piece of Fleſh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not ſay that the Daw who was ſo proud of her borrow'd Plumes look'd very ridiculous when Rodriguez *came and took away all the Book but the* 17*th*, 24*th*, *and* 25*th* Chapters, *which ſhe ſtole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the* Moral *and the* Fable *together.*

Before the Word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd the Faith to all Mankind.

What Relation has the Hind *to our Saviour? or what Notion have we of a* Panther's *Bible? If you ſay he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Foreſt? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beaſt, for we cannot bear his ſhifting the Scene every Line. If it is abſurd in Comedies to make a Peaſant talk in the Strain of a* Hero, *or a Country-wench uſe the Language of the Court; how monſtrous is it to make a Prieſt of a Hind, and a Parſon of a Panther? To bring 'em in diſputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themſelves, thoſe, we confeſs, are ſuited to the Capacity of the Beaſts, and if we would ſuppoſe a* Hind *expreſſing herſelf about theſe Matters, ſhe would talk at that Rate.*

As to the Abſurdity of his Expreſſions, there is nothing wreſted to make 'em ridiculous, the Terms are ſometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more viſible; Knowledge miſunderſtood *is not at all better Senſe than* Underſtanding miſunderſtood; *though 'tis confeſt the Author can play with Words ſo well, that this and twenty ſuch will paſs off at a ſlight Reading.*

There are other Miſtakes which could not be brought in, for they were too groſs for Bayes *himſelf to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could cenſure the* Turks *for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a Meſs of Rice, and keep the ſtricteſt* Lent, *without the*

the Pleaſures of a Carnival *to encourage them. But 'tis almoſt impoſſible to think that any Man who had not renounced his Senſes, ſhould read* Duncomb *for* Allen: *He had been told that Mr.* Allen *had written a Diſcourſe of Humility; to which he wiſely anſwers, That that magnified Piece of* Duncomb's *was tranſlated from the* Spaniſh *of* Rodriguez, *and to ſet it beyond Diſpute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the ſame thing. There are few Miſtakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at leaſt what he aim'd at; but what Likeneſs is there between* Duncomb *and* Allen? *do they ſo much as Rhime?*

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Satire, to ſee his Abilities equally leſſen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Companion againſt the Panther *till he had laid aſide all his Judgment. But we muſt applaud his Obedience to his new Mother* Hind; *ſhe* diſciplin'd *him ſeverely, ſhe commanded him, it ſeems, to* ſacrifice *his* darling Muſe, *and, to do it effectually, he publiſh'd this learned Piece. This is the favourable Conſtruction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Impoſition, but out of a natural Propenſity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Miſchief. What elſe could provoke him to* Libel the Court, *blaſpheme* Kings, *abuſe the whole* Scotch Nation, *rail at the greateſt Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only eſtabliſh'd Religion? And we muſt now congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Chriſtians, whom he has not abuſed.*

Thus far his Arms have with Succeſs been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews *and* Infidels, *look to themſelves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Intereſt of all his Neighbours to oppoſe him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and deſtroy his Friends, and, like a ſecond* Almanzor, *change ſides meerly to keep his Hand in ure.*

This heroic Temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Persuasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE

HIND *and the* PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of *The Country and the City Mouse.*

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky Chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your Peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's Point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal Party, I expect neither fair War, nor fair Quarter from you.*

Johns. How, draw upon your Friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *Conscience* my Intentions were honourable.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that Word well enough, let me have the *Marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it, for if it be not of the same Stamp with mine, gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair Promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany haſt thou been about, that thou'rt under theſe Apprehenſions? upon my Honour I'm thy Friend; yet thou lookeſt as ſneaking and frighted, as a Dog that has been worrying Sheep.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, *The Nation is in too high a Ferment for me to expect any Mercy*, or I'gad, to truſt any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old Friend, who you know never trouble our Heads with national Concerns, till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneneſs, I am alter'd ſince you ſaw me, and cannot bear this looſe talk now; Mr. *Johnſon*, you are a Man of Parts, let me deſire you to read *the Guide of Controverſy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Conſiderations on the Council of* Trent, and ſo Gentlemen your humble Servant—— *Good Life be now my Task.*

Johnſ. Nay faith, we won't part ſo; believe us we are both your Friends; let us ſtep to the *Roſe* for one quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour, and for your ſakes I will tranſgreſs as far as one Pint.

Johnſ. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this Houſe, and ſhall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you pleaſe, for my part he ſhall bring me a ſingle Pint of any thing.

Smith. How ſo, Mr. *Bayes*, have you loſt your Pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have ſo, but *Senſes* muſt be *ſtarv'd* that the *Soul* may be *gratified*. Men of your Kidney make the *Senſes* the *ſupreme Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the uſe and pleaſure of 'em aſide.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both Sides? You make the Separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you ſee a fat roſy-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Proteſtant or a *Turk.*

Johnſ. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might ſuſpect your Converſion; methinks thou haſt as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am. But I hope ere long I ſhall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *ſtrait Gate.*

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill Hands, your Confeſſor gives you more ſevere Rules than he practiſes; for not long ago a *fat Frier* was thought a *true Character.*

Bayes. Things were miſrepreſented to me: I confeſs I have been unfortunate in ſome of my Writings: but ſince you have put me upon that Subject, I'll ſhow you a thing I have in my Pocket ſhall wipe off all that, or I am miſtaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thyſelf again. Here's the *King*'s Health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to ſay, the exacteſt Piece the World ever ſaw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I muſt beſpeak your Pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perſuaſion.

Johnſ. Uſe your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots.*

Bayes. Why then you ſhall ſee me lay the *Reformation* on its Back, I'gad, and juſtify our Religion by way of *Fable.*

Johnſ. An apt Contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion?*

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to ſhow you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace*'s Deſign, but I'gad, have ſo out-done him, you ſhall be aſham'd for your *old Friend.* You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouſe*, and the *City-Mouſe*; what a plain ſimple thing it is, it has

no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horſe; and his *Mice* talk ſo meanly, ſuch common ſtuff, ſo like *mere Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World ſo long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten* and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very ſame *Mice* diſputing the depth of *Philoſophy*, ſearching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you ſhall ſee either of 'em could eaſily make an Aſs of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked Story, I have more Copiouſneſs than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and deſcribe all the *Beaſts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digreſſions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the fineſt *Soliloquies*, as would raviſh you. Won't this do, think you?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice?*

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not Great and Heroical? but come, you'll underſtand it better when you hear it; and pray be as ſevere as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins:

A milk-white Mouſe *immortal and unchang'd,*
Fed on ſoft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy *rang'd;*
Without, unſpotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for ſhe knew no Ginn.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, ſoft Cheeſe is a little too coarſe Diet for an *immortal Mouſe*; were there any Neceſſity for her eating, you ſhould have conſulted *Homer* for ſome *Celeſtial Proviſion*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did ſo; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet

Yet had She oft been ſcar'd by bloody Claws
Of *winged* Owls, and ſtern *Grimalkins* Paws
Aim'd at her deſtin'd Head, which made her *fly*,
Tho' She was *doom'd to Death*, and *fated not to die.*

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no Danger* in the Line before, to be ſcar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johnſ. But pray give me leave; How was ſhe *doom'd to Death*, if ſhe was *fated not to die*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the ſame thing?

Bayes. Nay, *Gentlemen*, if you queſtion my Skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing elſe, give me that; ſure I that made the Word, know beſt what I meant by it: I aſſure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but ſmall comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your Head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the Buſineſs in hand.

Not ſo her young; *their* Linſy-woolſy *Line*,
Was Hero's make, *half Human*, *half Divine.*

Smith. Certainly theſe *Heroes*, *half Human*, *half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouſe* their *Mother.*

Bayes. Gadſokers! Mr. *Johnſon*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouſe*, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and theſe young Gentlemen her Sons, ſignify *Prieſts*, *Martyrs*, and *Confeſſors*, that were hang'd in *Oats*'s *Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum ſemen Eccleſiæ*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Tranſlation.

Of theſe a ſlaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whoſe ſanguine Seed increas'd the ſacred Brood;
She multiply'd by theſe, *now rang'd alone,*
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.

Smith. Was ſhe *alone* when *the ſacred Brood was increaſed?*

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouſe* again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone*, tho' the *Members* be *increaſed*, mayn't it?

Johnſ. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffuſive Body of Men*, can much leſs be ſaid to be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnſon*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in ſome *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Iſrael*, and it ſhall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more, Mr. *Bayes?* What could the *Mouſe* (for I ſuppoſe you mean her now) do more than *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why ſhe *reign'd*; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter*, and *Ball*, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are ſo *increas'd*, ſhe may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and ſo ſhe may before I have done with her; it has coſt me ſome Pains to clear her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

The common Hunt, ſhe timorouſly paſt by,
For they made tame, *diſdain'd her Company*;
They grin'd, ſhe in a fright *tript* o'er the Green,
For ſhe was *lov'd*, wherever ſhe was *ſeen*.

Johnſ. Well ſaid, little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick muſt have a great deal of Leiſure, that attacks thoſe Verſes.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him, who e'er he is, *offendet ſolido*; but I go on.

The

The Independent Beaſt——

Smith. Who is that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why, a *Bear:* Pox, is not that obvious enough?

——*in Groans her Hate expreſt.*

Which I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal.* Well! there's for the *Independent:* Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, a *Bull,* for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull!* O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a *Hare,* a *quaking Hare.*—*Armarillis,* becauſe ſhe wears *Armour,* 'tis the ſame Figure; and I am proud to ſay it, Mr. *Johnſon,* no Man knows how to *pun* in *Heroicks* but myſelf. Well, you ſhall hear.

She thought, and Reaſon good, the *quaking Hare*
Her cruel Foe, becauſe *ſhe would not ſwear,*
And had *profeſs'd neutrality.*

Johnſ. A ſhrewd Reaſon that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three ſuch fine things as theſe, I don't tell you the Lion's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty Pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finiſh'd my Poem.

Next her, the buffoon Ape his Body *bent,*
And paid at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

That galls ſomewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

The briſt'd Baptiſt *Boar, impure as he.*

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier,* let 'em e'en take it as they will, I'gad, I ſeldom come amongſt 'em.

Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.
The Wolf with Belly gaunt his rough Creſt rears,
And pricks up.—Now in one Word will I abuſe the whole Party moſt damnably—*and pricks up.*—I'gad, I am ſure you'll laugh—*his predeſtinating Ears.* Prithee Mr. *Johnſon*, remember little *Bayes*, when next you ſee a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has not *Predeſtination* in the ſhape of his *Ear*: I have ſtudied Men ſo long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the ſetting of his Wig.

His predeſtinating Ears. I'gad there's ne'er a *Preſbyterian* ſhall dare to ſhow his Head without a Border: I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em ſhould come over to the *Royal Party*, would their Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would ſhed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have juſt ſuch well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within theſe two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party ſhould chance to fail, you might loſe 'em, *for what may change, may fall.*

Bayes. Mind, mind——

Theſe fiery Zuinglius, *meagre* Calvin *bred.*

Smith. Thoſe I ſuppoſe are ſome out-landiſh Beaſts, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Beaſts; a good Miſtake! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in ſo bad Company, becauſe they were Enemies to my *Mouſe*, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you ſhall hear me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horſes* and *Horſemen* in the very ſame Breath. You ſhall hear how I go on now,

Or elſe reforming *Korah* ſpawn'd *this Claſs,*
When opening Earth made way for all to paſs.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. For *all*, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Yes, They were *all* loſt there, but ſome of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake:* as a Catholick *Queen* ſunk at *Charing-Croſs*, and roſe again at *Queenhith.*

The Fox and he came ſtuffled in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's *Ark.*

Here I put a Query, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well ſatisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that *Hereſy*; which among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, theſe Monſters breed
In fenny Holland, *and in fruitful* Tweed.

Now to write ſomething new and out of the way, to elevate and ſurpriſe, and all that, I fetch, you ſee this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Bogs* and *Rivers.*

Johnſ. Why, faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoſo*'s making a Burning-Glaſs of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any ſuch thing? Let me periſh if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was ſheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd thoſe Elements but myſelf. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has number'd his Ships, ſo I have rang'd my Beaſts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox* and my *Wolf*, and the reſt of 'em all againſt my poor *Mouſe.* Now what do you think I do with all theſe?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I ſuppoſe you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as ſoon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts ſufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, ſhow'd 'em to the Company,

Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilſt you hope to ſee 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battles, they ſculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at ſuch Expence in ſetting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad ſo it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the firſt Part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad ſink by degrees, 'till at laſt I write but little better than other People. And whereas moſt Authors *creep ſervilely* after the old Fellows, and ſtrive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Courſe, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em ſee I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I won't.

Johnſ. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes!* there's no Body doubts that; you have a moſt particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! dear Sir, you are mighty obliging: But I muſt needs ſay, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have ſtudied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnſon*, of a little Thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot?*

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I ſaw it at the Coffee-Houſe.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will*'s throwing out ſomething of that Nature; and I'gad, the Hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was ſo civil to preſent me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you pleaſe to accept it, Mr. *Johnſon?*

Johnſ. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! nothing at all, I could deſign twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about

about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Penſion to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would ſpoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Buſineſs, and here I'll give you a delicate deſcription of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that ſuppoſes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood:* Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Perſecution*, and I'gad from all theſe Thoughts I took occaſion to rail at the *French King*, and ſhow that he was not of the ſame Make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blackſmith *in th' Abyſs of Light,*
Yawning and lolling *with a careleſs beat,*
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and ſtir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a ſudden
Knead up with unskim'd *Milk* this Reas'ning Pudding:
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay,
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.
'Till *Pride of Empire, Luſt*, and hot Deſire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And underſtanding grown, *miſunderſtood,*
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and four'd his curdled Blood.

Johnſ. But ſure this is a little profane, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil?*

Johnſ. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hands the fitteſt to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why, do you imagin Him an earthly dirty *Blackſmith?* 'Gad you make it profane indeed. I'll tell

tell you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milton*'s. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouſe, the City Mouſe.

A *ſpotted* Mouſe, the prettieſt next the White,
Ah! were her Spots waſh'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead ſpread,
Croſier in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head.
Three Steeples Argent on her Sable Shield.
Liv'd in the *City*, and diſdain'd the *Field.*

Johnſ. This is a glorious *Mouſe* indeed! but, as you have dreſs'd her, we don't know whether ſhe be *Jew*, *Papiſt* or *Proteſtant.*

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnſon*, for that; you take it right. She is a mere *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore ſhe's a *ſpotted Mouſe* here, and will be a *Mule* preſently. But to go on.

This Princeſs ——

Smith. What *Princeſs*, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Why this *Mouſe*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lion* made a *left-hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot *on her Body Elizabeth Schiſm*, who was married to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and had Iſſue *Graceleſs Hereſy*. Who all give the ſame Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This Princeſs, tho' *eſtrang'd* from what was *beſt*,
Was leaſt Deform'd, becauſe Reform'd the leaſt.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Maſquerade of Mirth and Love,
Miſtook the Bliſs of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grub'd the Thorns *beneath our tender Feet,*
To make the Paths of Paradiſe more ſweet.

There's a jolly Mouſe for you, let me ſee any body elſe that can ſhew you ſuch another. Here now have I one damnable

damnable ſevere, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it; can you help me, Mr. *Johnſon*?

She——
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at Home,
Johnſ. Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.

Johnſ. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring myſelf off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer Point and Satire all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happen'd before I could finiſh this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and thoſe People were no longer Beaſts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I loſe my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do me I, but write a ſmooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to them*, and this did the Buſineſs.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them againſt whom it was writ, certainly it had no Meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were ſatisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface* to *Dear Joys Jeſts.*

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd ſteal from ſuch an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you ſometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as ſound Precepts, in

in the *delectable Hiſtory of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found ſo pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Iſgrim?* But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouſe*.

One Evening, when ſhe went away from Court,
Levee's and Couchee's paſt without reſort.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verſe ſo fine a Turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouſe* are too great, eſpecially when ſhe is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that ſhe was a *Princeſs*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouſe, whoſe *fearful Face*
Beheld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durſt approach——

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouſe is ſtrangely alter'd, ſince ſhe *fear'd no Danger*.

Bayes. Godſokers! Why no more ſhe does not yet, fear either Man or Beaſt: But, poor Creature, ſhe's afraid of the Water, for ſhe could not ſwim, as you ſee by this.

Nor durſt approach, 'till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lion bad her fear no more.

But beſides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you ſhe *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you muſt have the ſame thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to ſtrike you ſtill with ſomething new. Well, but to proceed.

But when ſhe had this ſweeteſt Mouſe *in view*,
Good *Lord, how ſhe admir'd her heavenly Hew!*

Here now to ſhow you I am Maſter of all Stiles, I let myſelf down from the *Majeſty* of *Virgil*, to the *Sweetneſs* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord, how ſhe admir'd her heavenly Hew!*

What more eaſy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be ſo fond of me to find I can yet be ſo tender. I hate ſuch a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man muſt ſweat to read him; I'gad you may run over this and be almoſt aſleep.

Th' immortal Mouſe, who ſaw the *Viceroy* come
So far to ſee her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouſe*, the *Viceroy!*

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her ſo?

Bayes. Why! Becauſe it ſounds prettily: I'll call her the *Crown-General* preſently, if I've a mind to it. Well.

——did invite her Home
To ſmoke a Pipe, and o'er a ſober Pot
Diſcourſe of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
She made a Curt'ſy, like a civil Dame,
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my firſt Part finiſh'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *majeſtick Turn of Heroick Poeſy*. The reſt *being matter of Diſpute, I had not ſuch frequent occaſion for the magnificence of Verſe*, tho' I'gad they ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *conſiderable Men* too, talk the very ſame Things, a great deal worſe,

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall Advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things myſelf, but 'tis the Advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their Talk one may write a very good *polemical* Diſcourſe, without ever troubling ones Head with the Books of *Controverſy*. For I can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your knotty Reaſonings, with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my Stile; but 'i gad I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm miſtaken: and pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain Simplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the ſpotted Muff,
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* mere Stuff.

There did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?

Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoke;
And the Weed worſe than e'er *Tom I----s took.*

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *ſpotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *ſpotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (* *ſhe's earneſt you ſee*) this hoary *Shed* and lonely Hills,
And eat with me at *Groleau*'s, ſmoke at *Will*'s.

* *Poeta loquitur.*

What

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-ſhelf,
When at *Pontack*'s he may *regale* himſelf?
Or to the Houſe of cleanly *Rheniſh* go;
Or that at *Charing-Croſs*, or that in *Channel-Row?*

Do you mark me now? I would by this repreſent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all thoſe good Houſes, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! ſhe goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head ourſelves we'll treat,
Champaign our Liquor, and *Ragoûs* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,
To viſit *Biſhop Martin* and *King Buz.*
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,
Finiſh at *Locket*'s, and reel home i' th' dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demoliſh Doors
Of Engliſh Manufactures----Pimps, and Whores.

Johnſ. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd ſort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. I call 'em ſo, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to ſuffer ſo many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With theſe Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proſelyte.*
Oh! with what eaſe we follow ſuch a Guide,
Where Souls are ſtarv'd, and Senſes gratify'd.

Now would not you think ſhe's going? but I 'gad, you're miſtaken; you ſhall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before ſhe ſtirs yet.

But here the *White*, by *Obſervation, wiſe,*
Who long on Heav'n had fix'd her prying *Eyes*,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.

Leſt

Leſt therefore we ſhould ſtray, and not go right,
Through the *brown Horror* of the ſtarleſs Night.
Haſt thou *Infallibility, that Wight?*
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.
That I deny, ſaid the immortal Dame,
There is a Guide——Gad I've forgot his Name,
Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But hark you, Siſter, this is but a Whim;
For ſtill we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you ſee I don't trouble myſelf to keep on the Narration, but write *White ſpeaks*, or *Dapple ſpeaks* by the ſide. But when I get any noble Thought which I envy a *Mouſe* ſhould ſay, I clap it down in my own Perſon with a *Poeta loquitur*; which, take notice, is a ſurer ſign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where elſe. Well now ſays *White*,

What need we find him? we have certain Proof
That he is ſomewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
Although we know not him, we cannot ſtray.

That's true, I 'gad: Well ſaid, *White*. You ſee her Adverſary has nothing to ſay for herſelf, and therefore to confirm the Victory, ſhe ſhall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surpriſe.

Bayes. Every Jot, I 'gad, or rather better. Well, ſhe can do it two ways either about *Emiſſion* or *Reception* of Light, or elſe about *Epſom-Waters*, but I think the laſt is moſt familiar; therefore ſpeak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* paſs by *Urine* or by *Stool*.

Shall

Shall we who are *Philoſophers*, thence gather
From this Diſſenſion that they work by neither.

And I 'gad, ſhe's in the right on't; but mind now, ſhe comes upon her ſwop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I 'gad, if they had been never ſo good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*

There's a Surpriſe for you now! How ſneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* firſt, and then tell her ſhe was one? Who could have thought that this little *Mouſe* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to ſay to this; and therefore you'll ſee ſhe grows peeviſh.

Come leave your cracking Tricks, and as they ſay,
Uſe not, that Barber that trims Time, Delay,
Which, I 'gad, is new, and my own,
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and ſince an Hour of Talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious Walk;*
As I remember ſaid the ſober Mouſe,
I've heard much Talk of the *Wits Coffee-Houſe.*
Thither, ſaid *Brindle*, thou ſhalt go, and ſee
Prieſts ſipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea;*
Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well dreſt,
Theſe baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; thoſe the *Teſt.*
And hear ſhrewd Gueſſes made, and Reaſons giv'n,
That humane Laws were never made in Heav'n.
But above all, what ſhall oblige thy Sight,
And fill thy Eye-balls with a vaſt Delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of ſacred *Wit*,
Who does i' th' *Darkneſs of his Glory ſit.*

And

And as the Moon who first receives the Light,
With which she makes these nether Regions bright;
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star:
For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the scribling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does dispense,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd Offence,
To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson?* Gad forgive me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd Stupidity of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir, since you're so drousy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. *Bayes,* Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouse.*

Bayes. The white Mouse! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

Johns. Nay, dear *Bayes,* Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late last Night, pr'ythee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here; mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Picadilly* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
But at St. *Clement's Church,* eat out the Back;
And slipping through the *Palsgrave,* bilkt poor *Hack.*

There's the *Utile,* which ought to be in all Poetry: Many a *young Templar* will save his Shilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templar* eat out the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I 'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil,* and ask'd if *Chanticleer,*
Of Clergy kind, or Counsellor *Chough* was there;

Or

Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,
Or Siſter Partlet, *with the hooded Head;*
No, Sir. She's *hooted hence*, ſaid *Will*, and fled.
Why ſo? *Becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.*

Johnſ. Aſide. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at ſuch Stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnſon*, How d'ye like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *Perſon* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verſes; and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, juſt going up Stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White takes occaſion to talk very well of *Tradition.*

Thus to the Place where *Johnſon* ſat we climb,
Leaning on the ſame Rail that guided him;
And whilſt we thus on equal Helps rely,
Our Wit muſt be as true, our Thoughts as high.
For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fix'd Pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sanctа* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every Step I take my Spirits ſoar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the livelieſt Image in the World of a Mouſe's going up a Pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I muſt be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this Time, and I ſee you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godſ..kers! Sure you won't ſerve me ſo; All my fineſt Deſcriptions and beſt Diſcourſe is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary Concern I could not leave you.

Bayes.

Bayes. Well; but you ſhall take a little more; and here I'll paſs over two dainty *Epiſodes* of *Swallows, Swifts, Chickens,* and *Buzzards.*

Johnſ. I know not why they ſhould come in, except to make your's the longeſt *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the Length of it. *Æſop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, ſhort, ſimple Stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble Deſign. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are ſatisfied with Beaſts in the firſt Courſe, ſerve you up a delicate Diſh of Fowl for the ſecond; now I was at all this Pains to abuſe one particular Perſon; for I'gad I'll tell you what a Trick he ſerv'd me. I was once tranſlating a very good *French Author*, but being ſomething long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Anſwer to my Friend before I had half finiſhed the Tranſlation: So there was three whole Months loſt upon his Account. But I think I have my Revenge on him ſufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, luſty Fellow,* of *a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour,* a *fluent Tongue,* and *taking* amongſt the *Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments.* Don't you think this Fellow will hang himſelf? But beſides, I have ſo nickt his Character in a Name as will make you ſplit. I call him —I'gad I won't tell you unleſs you remember what I ſaid of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*——

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha!

Johnſ. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me ſlily contrive him this, to begin with

with the ſame Letter: There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnſon*; I learn'd it, I muſt needs confeſs, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, becauſe ſhe's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you ſhould ſee how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I muſt leave you, I am half an Hour paſt my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verſes upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Neſt; and here's three Hundred more, tranſlated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouſe* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Muſcovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Anſwer. I am reſolv'd you ſhall hear it, for in it I have occaſion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you muſt know, 'tis ſincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had any *Bible* at all.

Ere that *Gazette* was printed ſaid the *White*,
Our Robin told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more ſafely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching*'s beſt, if underſtood, or no.
Words I confeſs *bound by, and trip ſo light,*
We have not time to take a ſteady Sight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long Examination they ſubmit.

Hard things — Mr. *Smith*, if theſe two Lines don't recompenſe your Stay, ne'er truſt *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the firſt Bluſh are clear and full,
God mends on ſecond Thoughts, but Man grows dull.

I'gad I judge of all Men by myſelf, 'tis ſo with me, I never ſtrove to be very exact in any thing but I ſpoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a little too ſevere?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, theſe general Reflections are daring, and ſavour moſt of a *noble Genius*, that ſpares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

Johnſ. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *noble Genius?*

Bayes. Afraid! Why, *Lord*, you make ſo much of a Beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er balk my Fancy to ſave my Carcaſe. Well, but we muſt diſpatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouſe all Day,
And, like the gaudy Fly, their Wings diſplay;
And ſip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's *Ray.*

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. *Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the beſt *Bill of Fare* that ever was ſerv'd up in *Heroicks:* But here follows a Diſpute ſhall recommend itſelf, I'll ſay nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you muſt know was a *Proteſtant*, all this while, truſts her own Judgment, and fooliſhly diſlikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does ſo run her down, that ſhe has not one Word to ſay for herſelf, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for ſhe has diſoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, ſays *Brindle*, Thou haſt brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taſte, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! ſays *White*,
What is approv'd by them, muſt needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the Houſe
Commend it, I ſubmit, a private Mouſe.

Mind

Mind that, mind the *Docorum*, and Deference, which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* Consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the Hilts, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple* resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
And *palms* upon us *Catholic* Consent,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must argue thus and not obey?
Drawers must be trusted, through whose Hands convey'd,
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
For sure those *honest Fellows* have no knack,
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest*
Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*?
Thus she: Nor could the Panther well inlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted, which is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her Pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lied*.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
And said her Prayers, and drew her *Delphic* Sword.
T'other cry'd *Murder*, and her *Rage restrain'd:*
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
But now alas——

Mr. *Johnſon*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to ſtay no longer, for this that follows is ſo engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What ſad miſchance theſe pretty things *befel*
Theſe Birds of Beaſts——

There's a tender Expreſſion, *Birds of Beaſts:* 'tis the greateſt Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beaſt of a Bird:* and a *Beaſt* is ſo fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine.

Theſe Birds of Beaſts, theſe learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were ſeparated, baniſh'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their ſakes, who wiſe?

Ah, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can aſſure you: But here's the ſad thing I was afraid of.

The *Conſtable* alarm'd by this Noiſe,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And ſpeaking to the *Watch*, *with Head aſide*,
Said, deſperate Cures muſt be to deſperate Ills apply'd.
Theſe *Gentlemen*, for ſo their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the Butt and Peace.*
When each have ſeparate Intereſts of their own,
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.
By *Schiſm* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'll ſecure the t'other.
Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know.*
But the *immortal Matron*, *ſpotleſs White*,
Forgetting *Dapple*'s Rudeneſs, Malice, Spite,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and ſaid, *Good Night.*

Ten

Ten thouſand Watchmen waited on this Mouſe,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-Houſe.

This laſt Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thouſand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and ſhe aſleep too, I'gad.——

Johnſ. Come, let's ſee what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in ſuch haſte? You han't told me how you like it.

Johnſ. Oh, extremely well. Here, Drawer.

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THE

THE

WORKS

OF

Sir *SAMUEL GARTH.*

THE

DISPENSARY.

A

POEM

IN

SIX CANTO'S.

—Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

ПЬЯНИЦЫ

ДОМ

БЛАЖЕНСТВА

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, *Esq*;

A MAN of your Character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, shou'd be but Justice, and to tell you so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate your Modesty, I must be wanting to your other Virtues; and to gratify one good Quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The World generally measures our esteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will scarce believe that so much Zeal in the Heart, can be consistent with so much Faintness in the Expression; but when they reflect on your Readiness to do good, and your Industry to hide it; on your Passion to oblige, and your Pain to hear it own'd; they will conclude that

that Acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a Perſon, who even ſeems to receive the Obligations he conſers.

But tho' I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all Occaſions; thoſe more polite Arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent Advantages, and own you for one of their generous Reſtorers; Inſomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting ſpeaks, Muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our Taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of your Judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: But you are reſolved to forget to be a Critic, by remembring you are a Friend. To ſay more, wou'd be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

THE

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the World, I cou'd not be ſurpris'd to find it uncorrect: tho' I can no more ſay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the Publiſher's Precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the Execution, generally produces a leiſure in Reflexion; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Juſtification againſt the Cavils of ſome furious Critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more Faults.

Their grand Objection is, that the fury *Diſeaſe* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of preſent Writers: but tho' I had the authority of ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Inſtances, to juſtify the Deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this Objection myſelf, to a Gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of Criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the Conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her Receſs; and to be revenged on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral Perſons eminent in an Accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor

Nor is the Compliment leſs to any great Genius mentioned there; ſince a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they've all ſucceeded.

Their next Objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monſieur *Boileau*. I muſt own I am proud of the Imputation; unleſs their Quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the complaint of *Moleſſe*, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which Line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material Objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, that for every Fault they pretend to find in this Poem, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious Perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the Concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the Concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an Amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its Purſuit is painful, and its Poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the Animoſities among the Members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent Exhortations of our worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally ſome of our diſaffected Members into a ſenſe of their Duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of Union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the obſervance of the Statutes by a Bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refuſed the Ceremony of the cuſtomary Oath; like ſome

that

that will truſt their Wives with any body, but their Money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any Conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without Poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful Method than Reaſon and Perſuaſion.

The original of this Difference has been of ſome ſtanding, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Exceſs, 'till the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an Apartment in the College, ſet up for the Relief of the ſick Poor, and managed ever ſince with an Integrity and Diſintereſt, ſuitable to ſo charitable a Deſign.

If any Perſon would be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of ſo pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the Year 97. 'Tis called, *A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *in relation to the ſick Poor*. The Reader may there not only be informed of the Riſe and Progreſs of this ſo public an Undertaking, but alſo of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous Oppoſition of a few Men, who thought it their Intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a Deſign.

The intention of this Preface is not to perſuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being cenſured of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the honour to be a Member of. If the Satire may appear directed at any particular Perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, againſt the Dignity of their own Profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe Characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no body offence.

The deſcription of the Battle is grounded upon a Feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt a Member of the College with his Retinue, and ſome of the Servants that attended there to diſpenſe the Medicines; and is ſo far real, tho' the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope

no

no body will think the Author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the Miſcarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Performance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Perſon: 'tis a Reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any Phyſician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Patients is ſo trite a piece of Rallery, that it ought not to make the leaſt Impreſſion, either upon the Reader, or the Perſon 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conſcience a very able Phyſician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: but ſome worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their extraordinary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary Panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall Performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the World how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

The Copy of an Inſtrument ſubſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHEREAS *the ſeveral Orders of the College of Phyſicians,* London, *for preſcribing Medicines* gratis *to the Poor Sick of the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter, *and Parts adjacent, as alſo Propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of* London *in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with Medicines for their Cure at low and reaſonable Rates; we therefore whoſe Names are here underwritten, Fellows and Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a Charity, by the Counſel and good Liking of the Preſident and College declared in their* Comitia, *hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourſelves to pay to Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *Fellow and Elect of the ſaid College, the Sum of Ten Pounds apiece of lawful Money of* England, *by ſuch Proportions, and at ſuch Times, as to the Major Part of the Subſcribers here ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: Which Money, when received by the ſaid Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicines to the Poor at their intrinſic Value, in ſuch Manner, and at ſuch Times, and by ſuch Orders and Directions, as by the Major Part of the Subſcribers hereto ſhall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that Purpoſe. In Witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals this Twenty-ſecond Day of* December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Preſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect. and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*

Rich,

Rich. Torleſs, *Elect. and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
------- Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The Deſign of printing the Subſcribers Names, is to ſhew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by five or ſix Members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

To

To Dr. G--TH, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

OH that ſome Genius, whoſe Poetick Vein
Like M----gue's *cou'd a juſt Piece ſuſtain,*
Wou'd ſearch the Grecian *and the* Latin *Store,*
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt Ore:
In laſting Numbers praiſe thy whole Deſign,
And manly Beauty of each nervous Line:
Show how your pointed Satire's Sterling Wit,
Does only Knaves or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, inſipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wiſdom in their Mien,
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
None will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe.
Show in what noble Verſe Naſſau *you ſing,*
How ſuch a Poet's worthy ſuch a King.
When S----r's *charming Eloquence you praiſe,*
How loftily your tuneful Voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To praiſe, as imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhou'd venture to commend
What D----s *can't condemn, nor* D----n *mend:*
What muſt, writ with that Fire and with that Eaſe,
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks pleaſe.

C. BOYLE.

To my Friend the AUTHOR, desiring my Opinion of his POEM.

ASK me not, Friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a Lover's Eye;
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.
Critics and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,
Must judge by Rules what they want Force to taste.
I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;
But by some nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.
The Nymph has G----n's, C-----l's, C-----'s *Charms,*
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms,
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Such is thy Genius, *and such Art is thine,*
Some secret Magic works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.
Lost in our Pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S----d, M---gue.
And yet 'tis thought, some Critics *in this Town,*
By Rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy Verse, and justify their own.
Why let them damn: Were it not wondrous hard
Facetious M------ *and the City* B----
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to judge, as well as kill?

Nay,

Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their Malice, and their Toil,
Which vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy gen'rous Pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe Judgment, and whoſe Friendſhip is a Teſt.
With learned H---- *thy healing Cares be join'd.*
Search thoughtful R-----e *to his inmoſt Mind:*
Unite, reſtore your Arts, and ſave Mankind.
Whilſt all the buſy M———ls *of the Town*
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'ſt a Tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious W——h *can beſt direct her Rage.*
To S——s, *and to* D——t *too ſubmit,*
And let their Stamp immortalize thy Wit.
Conſenting Phœbus *bows, if they approve,*
And ranks thee with the foremoſt Bards above:
Whilſt theſe of Right the deathleſs Laurel ſend,
Be it my humble Buſineſs to Commend
The faithful, honeſt Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend Dr. G--TH, the Author of the *Dispensary*.

TO praise your healing Art would be in vain;
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling Rays of your poetic Fire:
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,
Which Poetasters every where rehearse;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste,
And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste.
The Play-House shan't encourage false Sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhyme.

The Satire of vile Scriblers shall appear
On none, except upon themselves, severe:
While yours contemns the Gall of vulgar Spite;
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

THO. CHEEK.

To my FRIEND, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

AS when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They ſee the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night.

Thus we, who lately, as of Summer's Heat,
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo *wou'd return no more*
From warmer Climes to an ungrateful Shore.
But you, the Fav'rite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Luſtre ſhine;
Our Night have chang'd into a glorious Day;
And reach'd Perfection in your firſt Eſſay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others proceed to Art by ſlow Degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe.
And ſtill whate'er their firſt Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muſe.
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, *from the Head of* Jove,
Steps out full grown, with nobleſt Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great,
They could Deſcribe, but you alone Create.

Now

Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded Wings,
To ſing the Fate of Empires and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's *Victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,*
And raiſe a Trophy of immortal Verſe:
Thus to your Art proportion the Deſign,
And mighty Things with mighty Numbers join,
A ſecond Namure, *or a future* Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others Lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a Journey to the *Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry [1] Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;
Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;
There ſtands a [2] Dome, majeſtick to the Sight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;
A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the diſtant Sight, a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Uſe as noble as its Frame;

1 *Old Baily.* 2 *College of Phyſicians.*

Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Deſign;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, [3] their Search purſu'd.
Wrapt in the Shade of Night the Goddeſs lies,
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning Striſe
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting Fibres makes;
And how the Viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamps ariſe,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To ſlake a fev'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs;
Whence, their mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim;
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain.
Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
And floods of Chyle in ſilver Currents run;
How the dim Speck of Entity began
T'extend its recent Form, and ſtretch to Man;
To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Cæſar*, and the great *Naſſau*;
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes;
All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,
Why *Southwell* rages to ſurvive Deſire.

3 ——— *they ſtill purſu'd.*
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here's ſhe's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

Whence

Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at th' Olympick's ſhown,
Whence Tropes to *Finch*, or Impudence to *Sloane* [4];
How Matter, by the vary'd ſhape of Pores,
Or Idiots Frames, or ſolemn Senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cauſe to find,
How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind:
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Paſt Hopes revive, and preſent Joys inſpire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Paſſions in the Features are:
How Touch and Harmony ariſe between
Corporeal Figure, and a Form unſeen:
How quick their Faculties the Limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.
With mighty Truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the Womb of diſtant Cauſes lie.
But now no grand Enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean Faction reigns, where Knowledge ſhou'd preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and Learning laid aſide.
Thus Synods oft, Concern for Faith conceal,
And for important Nothings ſhow a Zeal:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan*'s Beams with fading Luſtre ſhine.
No Readers here with hectic Looks are found,
Nor Eyes in Rheum, thro' midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen Silence reigns.
This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his Aſylum choſe;
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft Rills, and whiſp'ring Trees;
The Poppy and each numbing Plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence;

4 *Why* Atticus *polite*, Brutus *ſevere*,
Why Methwin *muddy*, Montagu *why clear*.

No Paſſions interrupt his eaſy Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargic Brain,
But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs hang ling'ring o'er his Head.
As at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Eaſe, and ſlumb'ring Life away:
A ſpiteful Noiſe his downy Chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes at it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn [5] Flint engage,
'Till urg'd by Blows, it ſparkles into Rage:
Some temper Lute, ſome ſpacious Veſſels move;
Theſe Furnaces erect, and thoſe approve.
Here Phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There Gallipots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this Place, magazines of Pills you ſpy;
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lie;
While lifted Peſtles, brandiſh'd in the Air
Deſcend in Peals, and civil Wars declare.
Loud Strokes, with pounding Spice, the Fabric rend,
And aromatic Clouds in Spires aſcend.
So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling Sinews echoing Blows repeat;
From the *Volcano*'s groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies.
The ſlumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.
How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful Negligence, and eaſe from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I withheld
The northern Monarchs from the duſty Field?
How have I kept the *Britiſh* Fleet at Eaſe,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas?

5 *The Building of the Diſpenſary.*

Hibernia

Hibernia owns the Mildneſs of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to ſylvan Solitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on moſſy Beds, they waſte away
In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.
What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've ſhown,
Some rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a cheerful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face.
How ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big thy ſtrut behind a double Chin!
Each Faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance;
But undiſturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and bloſſom in decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd [6] Crape the drudgery of Pray'r.
[7] *Urim* was civil, and not void of Senſe,
Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence;
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd Roſe declares him Orthodox;
He paſs'd his eaſy Hours, inſtead of Pray'r,
In Madrigals, and phillifing the Fair;
Conſtant at Feaſts, and each Decorum knew,
And ſoon as the Deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken Parts ſucceed;
He threw off my Dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in Controverſy, wrangled well;
In Convocation-language cou'd excel;
In Volumes prov'd the Church without defence,
By nothing guarded, but by Providence:

6 *See* Boil. *lut.*
7 *Dr.* Atterbury *afterwards Biſhop of* Rocheſter.

How Grace and Moderation disagree;
And Violence advances Charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are Shades and silent Bow'rs,
To pass in soft Forgetfulness my Hours.
Oft have my Fears some distant Villa chose,
O'er their Quietus where fat Judges dose,
And lull their Cough and Conscience to repose:
Or if some Cloister's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore:
The Peals of [8] *Nassau*'s Arms these Eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the World Repose.
That Ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Climes nor Seasons his Resolves control,
Th' Æquator has no Heat, no Ice the Pole.
With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o' the Skies.
But as the slothful God to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on [9].

8 *See* Boil. *lut.*

9 *Sometimes among the* Caspian *Cliffs I creep,*
Where solitary Bats and Swallows sleep:
Or if some Cloister's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore,
Still Nassau's *Arms a soft Repose deny,*
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bless'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid Bellona *cease;*
I sought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;
That Rest might past Tranquillity restore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I ſought Repoſe,
Theſe Walls were that Aſylum I had choſe [1].
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with Broils,
And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils.
My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
With eaſy Inſignificance of Thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterpriſing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy Reign.
With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Meſſage falls:
Since Mortals will diſpute my Power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, ſome Prince's Court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd Fiend [2];
Or where dull Critics Authors Fate foretel;
Or where ſtale Maids, or meagre Eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick-Lane*;
And what th' Event, unleſs ſhe ſtraight inclines
To blaſt their Hopes, and baffle their Deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden Vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes.

CANTO II.

SOON as the Evening veil'd the Mountains Heads,
And Winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean Beds;
Whilſt ſick'ning Flow'rs drink up the ſilver Dew,
And Beaus, for ſome Aſſembly, dreſs anew;

1 *Nought underneath this Roof but Damps are found,*
Nought heard but drowſy Beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the Walls, and Duſt the Floors,
And midnight Silence guards the noiſeleſs Doors.
2 *Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,*
Or where ill Poets Pennyleſs confer,
Or in the Senate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-houſe haſte;
The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Reſt:
Officious *Phantom* then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the hollow of ſome blaſted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hiſſing of her Snakes proclaim'd the Way.
Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Graſs with ſickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful Woes,
When *Accius* has Applauſe, *Dorſennus* ſhows.
The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forſook,
And Baſilisks ſat brooding in her Look;
A bald and bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:
From her chapp'd Noſtrils ſcalding Torrents fall,
And her ſunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's Labour thus with inward Pains,
Whilſt Seas of melted Ore lay waſte the Plains.
Around the Fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Diſcontent, thro' Ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous Faction at her Party's head:
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling Fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious Leer [3].
Glouting with ſullen Spite the Fury ſhook
Her clotted Locks, and blaſted with each Look,
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-gods enrolls,
And as the rent Records in Pieces fell,
Each Scrap did ſome immortal Action tell.

3 *See* Dryd. *Fab.*

This

This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
That, the fam'd Paſſage of the *Granic* Flood;
The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting Stars, the *Decii* lay;
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol.
How *Cocles* did the *Tiber*'s Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Perſians* join,
And, there, th' immortal Battle of the *Boyne*.
As the light Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling Blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue;
At length, aſſuming Courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he ſhrunk into a Shade.
The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form;
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm [4].

Thus

4 *Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I*
Aim'd at thoſe noble Ills the Fates deny?
Within this Iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs Mind?
Good Tenniſon's *celeſtial Piety*
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred See.
Somers *does ſick'ning Equity reſtore,*
And helpleſs Orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke *to* Britain *endleſs Bleſſings brings;*
He ſpoke; and Peace clapp'd her triumphant Wings:
Great Ormond *ſhines illuſtriouſly bright*
With blazes of hereditary Right.
The noble Ardour of a royal Fire
Inſpires the gen'rous Breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield *is active to defend*
His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
Like Leda's *radiant Sons divinely clear,*
Portland *and* Jerſey *deck'd in Rays appear,*
To gild by turns the Gallic *Hemiſphere,*

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of Ill.
By Devaſtation the rough Warrior gains,
And Farmers fatten moſt when Famine reigns;
For ſickly Seaſons the Phyſicians wait,
And Politicians thrieve in Broils of State;
The Lover's eaſy when the Fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by Sacrifice.
Each other Being ſome Indulgence knows;
Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.
My preſent Pain *Britannia*'s Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future Ills.
A Heroine ſhall *Albion*'s Scepter bear,
With Arms ſhall vanquiſh Earth, and Heav'n with Pray'r.
She on the World her Clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
And only to preſerve, exert her Pow'r.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious Aims forbear,
And *Blenheim*'s Thunder more than *Ætna*'s fear [5].
Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterpriſes of the Great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill [6] *Colon*'s Perſon took,
In Morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in Look.
Black-friers Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of Apothecaries-Hall.
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Colics eaſe, and makes the Ladies fair.
In trifling Show his tinſel Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects ſupplies.

Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus *liſtens if* Mæcenas *ſue*;
And Vernon's *Vigilance no Slumber takes,*
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

5 *In* Ætna *were forged the Thunderbolts which* Jove *employed againſt the Ambition of the Giants.*

6 Birch *an Apothecary.*

In

In Aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.
Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of Words [7],
The Patient's Ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming *Colon*'s grace,
So ſlung her Arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her Pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where [8] *Horoſcope* invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Manſion where the Vulgar run,
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This Viſionary various Projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful Obſervations he can tell
The ſacred Charms that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Therſites* brave.
It cancels all Defects, and in their place
Finds Senſe in *Brownlow*, Charms in Lady [9] *Grace*;
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair-one kind.
So truly *Horoſcope* its Virtues knows,
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright Heraldry can prove,
The vile Plebeian but the third from *Jove*.
Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With foreign Trinkets, and domeſtic Toys.
Here Mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the Tortoiſe hung her Coat of Mail;
Not far from ſome huge Shark's devouring Head
The flying Fiſh their finny Pinions ſpread.

7 *In haſte he ſtrides along to recompenſe*
The want of Buſineſs with its vain Pretence.
8 Houghton *an Apothecary.*
9 *Lady* Grace Pierpoint.

Aloft

Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly Alligator hung.
In this Place, Drugs in muſty Heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth were laid.
An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes ſtand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie;
And planetary Schemes amuſe the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future Health for preſent Fees.
Then, as from Tripod, ſolemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how ſoon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage Fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.
Some by what Means they may redreſs their Wrong,
When Fathers the Poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the Iſſue of their Cauſe,
And whether Gold can ſolder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To loſe by Art what fruitful Nature gave;
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curſe, and begs a Son.
Whilſt *Iris* his coſmetic Waſh would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chooſe,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loſe.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Deſire, and ſurfeited with Charms,
A Hot-houſe he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* would th' Arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.
Bleak Envy theſe dull Frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs Myſteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On *Horoſcope* environ'd by the Croud.

Forbear,

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amuſements ceaſe,
Thy Woodcocks from their Gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire Misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great *Alcides* of our Company.
When we with noble Scorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial Offices;
And to our wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggled Dignity of Scavenger;
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great Succeſs.
Now call to mind thy gen'rous Proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their Gates each Day Ten thouſand Night-caps croud,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmask our Myſtery,
Each Nurſe, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaiſance to us, wou'd die.
What if we claim their Right t' aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn Apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To croud with new Inhabitants your Sky.
'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the College inſolently aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Then let Crabs-Eyes with Pearl for Virtue try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie;
So Glow-worms may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
And *Hare-court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.
Our Manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true Value treacherouſly tell;

Nay,

Nay, they diſcover too, their Spite is ſuch,
That Health, than Crowns more valu'd, coſt not much [1];
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our Conduct by theſe Rules,
To cheat as Tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as Fools.
At this fam'd *Horoſcope* turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbl'd from his Chair of State,
The Croud in great Confuſion ſought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilſt in his Breaſt the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then ſought her Cell, and re-aſſum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Inſect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious *Squirt* in haſte forſook his Shop,
To ſuccour the expiring *Horoſcope*.
Oft he eſſay'd the *Magus* to reſtore,
By Salt of Succinum's prevailing Pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid Lumber lay
An Image of ſcarce animated Clay;
'Till Fates, indulgent when Diſaſters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no ſooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale Reſtorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenſil.
So when the great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the ſea-weed Scent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of Day;

[1] *Whilſt we, at our Expence, muſt perſevere,*
And for another World, be ruin'd here.

Oft

Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill *Colon* ſaid the Day before.
Cowſlips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he ſpread,
And *Salmon*'s Works he laid beneath his Head.
But thoſe bleſs'd Opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies:
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breaſt,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſt.
Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to conſult the Skies, I firſt begun:
Such my Applauſe, ſo mighty my Succeſs,
Some granted my Predictions more than Gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, there can be no Miſtake in Gain.
For the dull World moſt honour pay to thoſe
Who on their Underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loaths the Subſtance, and he loves the Show;
You'll ne'er convince a Fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
And ſtill the only Pleaſure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Exiſtence has, but in the Eye.
As diſtant Proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one Day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New Paſſions, new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health, for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to ſuperſtitious Fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.

So

So falſe their Cenſure, fickle their Eſteem,
This Hour they worſhip; and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight,
Inſpect the Springs that guide each Appetite:
Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Receſſes of the Univerſe,
Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppreſs;
Or fear their Fury, or their Name careſs?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkneſs reign,
Be not the Fictions of a ſickly Brain,
That Project, the [2] *Diſpenſary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes
Shoots thro' the cryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauſeous Loads reel home.
Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys wake the ſlumbring Pair;
Whilſt Bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the Bride leſs fair.
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th' azure Waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid,
The Sage tranſported at th' approaching Hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the Floor;
Officious *Squirt* that Moment had Acceſs,
His Truſt was great, his Vigilance no leſs.
To him thus *Horoſcope:*
My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a Share;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When Clyſter was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To ſummon all the Company to th' Hall.
Away the friendly Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phial Steams of Harts-horn riſe.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to ſome infernal Pow'r,
And draws myſterious Circles on the Floor.

2 *Medicines made up there, for the Uſe of the Poor.*

But

But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender Bloom of Light.
No myſtic Sounds from Hell's deteſted Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar he decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe:*
Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring.
With cold Solanum from the *Pontic* Shore,
The Roots of Mandrake and black Hellebore,
The Griper Senna, and the Puker Rue,
The Sweetner Saſſafras are added too;
And on the Structure next he heaps a Load
Of Sulphur, Turpentine and maſtic Wood:
Gums, Foſſils too the Pyramid increas'd;
A Mummy next, once Monarch of the Eaſt.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.
Feebly the Flames on clumſy Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
Then to the Hag theſe Oriſons he ſent.
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe kind Indulgence we diſcern each Hour [3]:
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous Pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
To you ſuch Might and Energy belong,
You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
The purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
And are to us your Vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all Diligence we pay
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,

3 *Thou that would'ſt lay whole States and Regions waſte,*
Sooner than we thy Cormorants ſhould faſt.

Far as the Weekly-bills can reach around,
From *Kent-ſtreet* end to fam'd St. *Giles*'s-*Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break through the Pile.
He ſpoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As theſe conſume in this myſterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Diſpenſary* [4] expire.
And as thoſe crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Veſſels burſt, and Glaſſes fly.
But a ſiniſter Cricket ſtraight was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the Company was met.
Nigh where *Fleet-ditch* deſcends in ſable Streams,
To waſh his ſooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There ſtands a [5] Structure on a riſing Hill,
Where *Tyros* take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in theſe dreadful Shambles tell,
How, by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the Philter brew,
That cou'd in *Æſon*'s Veins young Force renew;
How mournful [6] *Myrrha* for her Crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric Matrons ſtill with Tears;
How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred Plants, and Health reſtore;
How ſanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleaſure's paſt, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To loſe a Subſtance, to preſerve a Name.
Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th' Aſſembly [7] *Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd.
My kind Confed'rates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,

4 *See the Alluſion.* Theoc. Farm. 5 *Apothecary's Hall.*
6 *See* Ov. Met. 7 Gilſtorp *an Apothecary.*

We

We here had met on ſome more ſafe Deſign,
And on no other Bus'neſs but to dine;
The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their Sway,
And Int'reſt then had bid us but obey;
This only Emulation we had known,
Who beſt cou'd fill his Purſe, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad Rage our Halcyon Hours:
Miſts from black Jealouſies the Tempeſt form,
Whilſt late Diviſions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when theſe Feuds, like thoſe at Law, were paſt,
The Winners will be Loſers at the laſt.
Like Heroes in Sea-fights we ſeek Renown,
To fire ſome hoſtile Ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws Duſt againſt the Wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will ſhow,
But teaches how the World his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden Days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, Ptiſans were ſold;
When Patients choſe to die with better Will,
Than breathe, and pay the Apothecary's Bill:
And cheaper than for our Aſſiſtance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, ſpring and fall [8].
Then Prieſts increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd,
Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheiſts made.
The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Senſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal Evidence.
Fools were promoted to the Council-board,
Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.

8 *But now late Jars or Practices detect,*
For Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' Effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run.
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.

Penſions

Penſions in private were the Senate's Aim;
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.
But now no influencing Art remains,
For *Somers* has the Seal, and *Naſſau* reigns.
And we, in ſpite of our Reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe Effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend;
Send Swarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.
So awful Beadles, if the Vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their Faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r
Thoſe Vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the Miſchief to recite,
Keen [9] *Colocynthus* paus'd and foam'd with Spite.
Sour Ferments on his ſhining Surface ſwim,
Work up to Froth, and bubble o'er the Brim:
Not Beauties fret ſo much if Freckles come,
Or Noſe ſhou'd redden in the Drawing-room;
Or Lovers that miſtake th' appointed Hour,
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.
Thus he —— thou Scandal of great *Pæan*'s Art,
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature ſtart,
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leproſy.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, that we, the Friends of Fates,
Who fill Churchyards, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of Lives,
Whilſt [1] *Ruſſel*, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,

9 Dare *an Apothecary.*

1 *A celebrated Undertaker of Funerals.*

Shou'd

Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their deſpotick Will,
Who out o' Conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring *Alps* ſhall ſooner ſink to Vales,
And Leeches, in our Glaſſes, ſwell to Whales;
Or *Norwich* trade in Inſtruments of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal!
Allys at *Wapping* furniſh us new Modes,
And *Monmouth-ſtreet*, *Verſailles* with Riding-hoods;
The Sick to th' Hundreds in pale Throngs repair,
And change the *Gravel-pits* for *Kentiſh* Air.
Our Properties muſt on our Arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harſh appears;
The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.
To die, is Landing on ſome ſilent Shore,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
The Wiſe thro' Thought th' Inſults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' bleſt Inſenſibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the Brave.
It eaſes Lovers, ſets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.
Sound but to Arms, the Foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our Force increaſes, as our Funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch Induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no leſs wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous Cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble Forces of our pygmy Foes;
Legions of Quacks ſhall join us on the Place,
From great *Kirleus* down to Doctor *Caſe*.
Tho' ſuch vile Rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt Prize.
Such poor Supports ſerve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its Reſt is torn away.

So Patriots, in time of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
On Dangers paſt, ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall.
To this the Seſſion ſeem'd to give Conſent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length the growing Diff'rence to compoſe,
Two Brothers, nam'd [2] *Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like Pretence;
The Elder gain'd his juſt Preeminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the Baſe, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noiſy Camp, it lives on Air,
And both exiſts by Hope and by Deſpair.
Angry whene'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Hero lies:
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for nothing but a Name.
Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterpriſe approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
What, we, thro' wiſer Conduct, would conceal:
Is't Reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the Glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous Features of our Face?
Or grant ſome grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;

2 *The* Pearces *Apothecaries.*

Soon

Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Tho' Projects pleaſe, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties muſt this Succeſs expect,
When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect; [3]
If Reaſon cou'd direct, ere now each Gate
Had borne ſome Trophy of triumphal State.
Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe
Troy and *Namur* to *Jove* and to *Naſſau*.
Then ſince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'reſt prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendſhip with feign'd Airs they poorly court,
And boaſt, their Politics are our Support.
Them we'll conſult about this Enterpriſe,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch Reſolves they took,
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the [4] Fabric ſhook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.
So when at *Bathos* Earth's big Offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the Aſs of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in Confuſion fled.

3 *If things of Uſe were valu'd, there had been*
Some Workhouſe where the Monument *is ſeen.*

4 *The Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the* Laboratory.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theatre,
Where wand'ring Punks each Night at five repair;
Where purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bentley*, by old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briſcoe* lately was undone by new:
There triumphs a Phyſician of Renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in Health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known Experience, and his healing Art.
When *Burgeſs* deafens all the liſt'ning Preſs
With Peals of moſt ſeraphic Emptineſs;
Or when myſterious *Freeman* mounts on high,
To preach his Pariſh to a Lethargy;
This *Æſculapius* waits hard by, to eaſe
The Martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian Cruelties.
Long has this darling Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdneſs, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er Degree,
To blend and juſtle into Harmony.
The Critics each advent'rous Author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the Man.
The Weeds of Writings for the Flow'rs they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The Politicians of *Parnaſſus* prate,
And Poets canvaſs the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
The Country-dames drive to *Hippolito*'s,
Firſt find a Spark, and after loſe a Noſe.
The Lawyer for lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Madman, and then turns a Wit.

And

And in the Cloiſter penſive *Strephon* waits,
Till *Chloe*'s Hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungen'rous Nymph a Shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

The trading Tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of Elbow-room ſupply in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their heroic Enterpriſe to treat.
Each Hero a tremendous Air put on,
And ſtern *Mirmillo* in theſe Words begun:

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my Int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And, in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe Statutes, which on Oath I ſhould defend;
Such Arts are Trifles to a gen'rous Mind:
Great Services, as great Returns ſhou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandiſh Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing Bells can tell,
By this right Arm what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly ask'd whole Months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some fell by Laudanum, and ſome by Steel,
And Death in Ambuſh lay in ev'ry Pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame.

What tho' the Art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To Overſights we often owe Succeſs.

5 *Dr.* Guibbons.

Thus *Beſſus* got the Battle in the Play;
His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Deſert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Strokes of Art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any Arms but ſuch as Pen and Ink:
But th' Enemy, at their Expence, ſhall find
When Honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.
He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' Engagement with a Kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger *Aſcaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundleſs Friendſhip owe,
Our Files can ſpeak, and your Preſcriptions ſhow.
Your Ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilſt poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Caſe,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near [6] *Xanthus'* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* firſt *Achaian* Fury felt,
The horned River then had curs'd in vain
Young *Peleus'* Arm, that chok'd his Stream with ſlain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raiſe;
Their ten Years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten Days.
Fate ſmiles on your Attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear Succeſs;
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the Way.
To this Deſign ſhrill [7] *Querpo* did agree,
A zealous Member of the Faculty;
His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age the righteous Rancour ſhares.

6 *See* Hom. Il. 7 *Dr.* Howe.

Thus

Thus Boys hatch Game-eggs under Birds of Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.
Slow [8] *Carus* next diſcover'd his Intent,
With painful Pauſes mutt'ring what he meant.
His Sparks of Life, in ſpite of Drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only Calentures can heat.
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows.
Legions of Lunaticks about him preſs,
His Province is, loſt Reaſon to redreſs.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With Lumber of vile Books beſieg'd around.
The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surpriſe,
And, deaf to Reaſon, ſtill conſult their Eyes.
Well he perceives the World will often find,
To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind.
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt inclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Duſt and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuſe of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-lane*.
And up theſe Walls much *Gothic* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiſs* Philoſophy, and *Runic* Rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from Cooks and Grocers, come
Mede's Works entire, and endleſs Reams of *Brome*.
Where would the long-neglected *Collins* fly,
If bounteous *Carus* ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this Score,
He'll find ſome *Carus* ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious [9] *Umbra* ſpare,
Who ſoft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.

8 *Dr.* Tyſon. 9 *Dr.* Gould.

But when ſome rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies ſet on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Elſe courteous *Umbra* to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
[1] With him, the Preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave;
The Slothful, negligent: the Foppiſh, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, diſcreet.
A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
[2] *Colt* a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, [3] *Rowe*.
Heroic Ardor now th' Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breathes nothing but Alarms.
For future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoſcope* thus offers to diſſuade;
Since of each Enterpriſe th' Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword and hearken to the Gown.
Nigh lives [4] *Vagellius*, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cauſe,
The Worſt has Merits, and the beſt has Flaws.
Five Guineas make a Criminal to day,
And ten to morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th' Homicide.
Cato pernicious, *Catiline* a Saint,
Orford ſuſpected, *Duncomb* innocent.
To Law then, Friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd *Diſeaſe* by Charms
To prove propitious to our future Arms,
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sibyl* from her Grott aſcend.
As *Horoſcope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a [5] *Bard*.

1 *See the Imitation*, Hor. Sat. 3.
2 *Sir* H. Dutton Colt. 3 *Mr.* Anthony Rowe.
4 *Sir* T. Powis. 5 *Sir* Richard Blackmore.

In

In vain your magic Myſteries you uſe,
Such Sounds the *Sibyl*'s ſacred Ears abuſe.
Theſe Lines the pale Divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.
[6] *Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions cloſh,*
And Sparks of Fire ſtruck out from Armour flaſh.
Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriors raiſe,
[7] *And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.*
Some raging ran with huge Herculean Clubs,
Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubs
Of Cinders bore.———
[8] *Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck*
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.
As he went rumbling on, the Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight.
A rueful Rag her meagre Forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?
In *Eſſex* marſhy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs and drizzling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring Quartans ſhake the ſickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent Hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my Place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The Diſſonance of ſuch untuneful Verſe.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe, and ſink in Sound.
Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the Fancy, who offend the Ear.
In Senſe and Numbers if you would excel,
Read *Wycherley*, conſider *Dryden* well.
In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Sirens warble in each Line.

6 *King* Arthur, *p.* 307. 7 *King* Arthur, *p.* 327.
8 *Prince* Arthur, *p.* 130.

If *Dorſet*'s ſprightly Muſe but touch the Lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft Deſire,
And little Loves confeſs their am'rous Fire [9].
The gentle *Iſis* claims the ivy Crown,
To bind th' immortal Brows of *Addiſon*.
As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the liſt'ning Fawns the Plains;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
And *Britain*, ſince [1] *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *Stepney* paints the godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *Prior* ſings,
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And ſilver *Sequana* forgets to flow.
Such juſt Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without Straining, ſoar.
Oft tho' your Strokes ſurpriſe, you ſhould not chooſe
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did [2] *Apelles* his fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *Montague*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhould attempt a *Jove* [3].
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful Sound
A riſing Whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd Ground.
Then ſhe——The Deity we Fortune call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her Favour to her Court repair;
Important Embaſſies ask Wings of Air.
Each wond'ring ſtood, but *Horoſcope*'s great Soul,
That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts control,

9 *The* Tiber *now no gentle* Gallus *ſees,*
But ſmiling Thames *enjoys her* Normanbys.

1 Pauſanias *written by Mr.* Norton.

2 *See* Hor. *B.* 2. *Ep.* 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. *Ep.* Val. Max.

3 *The Fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from Sight,*
Cry'd out, To Arms; ſo left the Realms of Light,
The Combatants to th' Enterpriſe conſent,
And the next Day ſmil'd on the great Event.

Rais'd

Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
Out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.
The Ev'ning now with Bluſhes warms the Air,
The Steer reſigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.
The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refreſh the Earth below.
The Bat with ſooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the Aſpines move.
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love.
Thro' the tranſparent Region of the Skies,
Swift as a Wiſh the Miſſionary flies.
With Wonder he ſurveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors ſporting there.
How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
Shoot thro' the Æther in a Trail of Light;
How riſing Steams in th' azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or ſoft in Show'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Honey-dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luſcious Sweats adorn.
How Heat and Moiſture mingle in a Maſs,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruſcations ſtrike the Eye,
And bold Tornado's bluſter in the Sky.
Why a prolific *Aura* upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r deſcends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling Rills:
Whence infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River-gods their thirſty Urns ſupply.
The wond'ring Sage purſues his airy Flight,
And braves the chill unwholſom Damps of Night;
He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
To ſettle Seaſons here, and Fates above.
The bleak *Arcturus* ſtill forbid the Seas,
The ſtormy *Kids*, the weeping *Hyades*;

The ſhining [4] *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring Manſions now than [5] Hell's before;
Glad *Caſſiopeia* circling in the Sky,
And each fair *Churchil* of the Galaxy.
Aurora on *Eteſian* Breezes borne,
With bluſhing Lips breathes out the ſprightly Morn:
Each Flow'r in Dew their ſhort-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps.
As through the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his way,
Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic *Atlas* riſe,
And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies.
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempeſts know,
Whilſt Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a Waſte of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff* his giant Brother reigns;
With breathing Fire his pitchy Noſtrils glow,
As from his Sides he ſhakes the fleecy Snow.
Around this hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His ſubject Iſlands raiſe their verdant Heads;
The Waves ſo gently waſh each riſing Hill,
The Land ſeems floating, and the Ocean ſtill.
Eternal Spring with ſmiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From cryſtal Rocks tranſparent Riv'lets flow;
The Tub'roſe ever breathes, and Violets blow.
The Vine undreſs'd her ſwelling Cluſters bears,
The lab'ring Hind the mellow Olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once the [6] Citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The Orange to her Sun her Pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays.
No Blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful Sky,
The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but ſigh.
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
And, warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.

4 Orpheus's *Harp made a Conſtellation.*
5 *See* Manil. 6 *Wall.*

re

Where *Flora* treads, her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
And ſcatters Odours from his purple Wings;
Whilſt Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jeſmine Groves
Chant their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
Mild Seaſons, riſing Hills, and ſilent Dales,
Cool Grottos, ſilver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in Pomp appear,
And ſcent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.
Theſe happy Iſles, where endleſs Pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful Bards——The *Fortunate*.
On high, where no hoarſe Winds nor Clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of [7] Amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by Fits.
In this ſtill Labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmiſtry:
A Sigil in this Hand the Gypſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic Sieve and Sheers.
The Dame, by Divination, knew that ſoon
The *Magus* wou'd appear——and then begun:
Hail ſacred Seer! thy Embaſſy I know,
Wars muſt enſue, the Fates will have it ſo.
Dread Feats ſhall follow, and Diſaſters great,
[8] Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:
Both Sides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.
To thee alone my Influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my Pow'r,
Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
I am the Wretch's Wiſh, the Rook's Pretence,
The Sluggard's Eaſe, the Coxcomb's Providence.
Sir *Scrape-quill*, once a ſupple ſmiling Slave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each Hour
Caps from the Rich, and Curſes from the Poor.

7 *This Stone reckoned fortunate; ſee the Hiſt. of Nat. Magic.*
8 *See the Alluſion,* Lucan.

Spadillio, that at Table ſerv'd o' late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in Plate;
Has Levees, Villas, Miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heav'nly born, my faithleſs Boons defy;
The Brave is to himſelf a Deity.
Tho' bleſt *Aſtrea*'s gone, ſome Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.
The *Tiber* boaſts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Naſſau*, the *Nile* his *Ptolomy*.
Iberia, yet for future Sway deſign'd,
Shall, for a *Heſſe*, a greater *Mordaunt* find.
Thus [9] *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode;
She loſt a [1] Hero, and ſhe found a [2] God.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme;
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shore,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies:
He finds no Reſpite from his anxious Grief;
Then ſeeks from this Soliloquy, Relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Oppreſs'd with Fees and deafen'd with Renown.
None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
Unleſs his Paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
I give Reverſions, and for Heirs provide.

9 *See* Steph. 1 Theſeus. 2 Bacchus.

None

None cou'd the tedious nuptial State ſupport,
But I to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented Matrons free,
And ranſom Husbands from Captivity.
Shall one of ſuch Importance then engage
In noiſy Riot, and in civil Rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a Peace, and ſo
Preſerve my Character, and Perſon too.
But *Diſcord*, that ſtill haunts with hideous Mien
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once hath been,
O'er-heard *Mirmillo*'s Anguiſh, then begun
In peeviſh Accents to expreſs her own.
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made *South* and *Sherlock* diſagree
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
And does the faithful *Ferguſon* profeſs
His Ardour ſtill for Animoſities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made Parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spite,
To curſe their Country, whilſt the common Cry
Is Freedom, but their Aim, the Miniſtry?
And ſhall a Daſtard's Cowardiſe prevent
The War, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.
With that, the Hag approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, ſhe ſaid;
At noon of Night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe Tumults in your penſive Boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,
Nay, ſaw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find
Low'r in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your Soul, and troubles your Repoſe.

Miſtakes

Miſtakes in Practice ſcarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.
What Looks diſcover, ſaid the Homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitleſs Induſtry to hide.
My Safety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring Party with my Pen.
All ſhou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let *Peterborough* ſpeak, and *Vanbrugh* write,
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cæcinna* fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but when th' Enervate aim
Beyond their Force, they ſtill contend for Shame.
Had *Colbatch* printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the *Saffold* o' the Town.
Aſſes and Owls, unſeen, their Kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had *Weſtley* never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Cenſures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* ſhou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the Good.
So Diamonds take a Luſtre from their Foyle;
And to a *Bentley* 'tis, we owe a *Boyle*.
Conſider well the Talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more would make it leſs;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence,
But to your Stars your Magazine of Senſe.
Haſpt in a Tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat Slave before, and none behind. [3]

3 *But ſoon what they've exalted they'll diſcard,*
And ſet up Carus *or the City Bard.*
Alarm'd at this the Hero Courage took,
And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Look.
My dread Reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtraight purſue;
The Fury ſatisfy'd, in Smiles withdrew.

Then

Then haſte and join your true intrepid Friends,
Succeſs on Vigour and Diſpatch depends.
Lab'ring in Doubts *Mirmillo* ſtood, then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain diſſuade;
What Fool for noiſy Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?
Ten Harveſts more, wou'd all I wiſh for give.
True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving Pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent Good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe,
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe Proſpects all their true Delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs Hurries thoughtleſly they live,
At Subſtance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.
Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This *Philip*'s Son prov'd in revolving Years;
And firſt for Rattles, then for Worlds ſhed Tears.
The Fury ſpoke, then in a Moment fir'd
The Hero's Breaſt with Tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* ſpent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,
'Till the pale *Pleiads* clos'd their Eyes of Light.
At length gay Morn glows in the eaſtern Skies,
The Larks in Raptures thro' the Æther riſe,
The azure Miſts ſcud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The Chaunter at his early Matins yawns,
The Am'ranth opes its Leaves, the Lys its Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.
As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn deſcries,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies,
And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where mighty *Querpo* fill'd the Eye the moſt.
His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By [4] *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.

[4] *See the Alluſion* Hom. *Iliad. B.* 18. Virg. *Æn. B.* 8.

Of

Of temper'd Stibium the bright Shield was caſt,
5 And yet the Work the Metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A Foliage of the vulnerary Leaves,
Grav'd round the Brim, the won'dring Sight deceives.
Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,
Probes, Saws, Inciſion Knives, and Tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the Field, a Battle ſtood
Of Leeches ſpouting hemorrhoidal Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn State
Of grave Phyſicians at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
Whilſt each Aſſaſſin his learn'd Collegue tires
With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.
Beneath this blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone,
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool Pan.
His Creſt an [6] Ibis, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.
This, when the young [7] *Querpoïdes* beheld,
His Face in Nurſe's Breaſt the Boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
And as the Monſter gap'd wou'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes Joy prevail'd, and ſometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Paſſions were.
As *Querpo* tow'ring ſtood in martial Might,
Pacific *Carus* ſparkled on the Right.
An [8] *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
His Plume confeſs'd the Capon whence it ſprung.
His motly Mail ſcarce cou'd the Hero bear,
Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

5 *See* Ovid Met. *B.* 2.

6 *This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives itſelf a Clyſter with its Beak.*

7 *Alluding to* Aſtyanax. *See* Hom. II.

8 *The Skin of a diſſected Baboon called ſo.*

Fam'd

Fam'd Chiefs,
For preſent Triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your Virtue I admire, your Value more.
If Battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this Hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.
Our Foes in Throngs ſhall hide the crimſon Plain,
And their *Apollo* interpoſe in vain.
Tho' Gods themſelves engage, a [9] *Diomed*
With Eaſe cou'd ſhow a Deity can bleed.
But War's rough Trade ſhou'd be by Fools profeſt,
The trueſt Rubbiſh fills a Trench the beſt.
Let Quinſies throttle, and the Quartan ſhake,
Or Dropſies drown, and Gout and Colics rack;
Let Sword and Peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs Wars, and fight in Theory.
Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
The Dead I raiſe, my Chivalry proclaim,
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt Health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright Liſt my Victories record.
More Lives from me their Preſervation own,
Than Lovers loſe if fair *Cornelia* frown.
Your Cures, ſhrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your Miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a Prieſt, in *Samothrace* of old,
Thus reaſon'd with *Philopidas* the bold;
Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
To what concerns the State of human Kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,
That argues want of Pow'r, and this of Care.
Allow that Wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Pow'r infinite muſt act. *I grant it ſo.*
Haſte ſtraight to *Neptune*'s Fane, ſurvey with Zeal
The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.
Obſerve thoſe num'rous Throngs in Effigy,
The Gods have ſav'd from the devouring Sea.
'Tis true, their Pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
But where are theirs that periſh'd in the Deep?

9 *See* Hom. Il. *B.* 5

Vaunt

Vaunt now no more the Triumph of your Skill,
But, tho' unfee'd, exert your Arm, and kill.
Our Scouts have learn'd the Poſture of the Foe;
In War, Surpriſes ſureſt Conduct ſhow.
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That *Pembroke*'s Worth, and *Ormond*'s Valour tells;
How Truth in *Burnet*, how in *Cav'ndiſh* reigns,
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro*'s Strains;
But how at Church and Bar all gape and ſtretch
If *Winnington* plead, or *South* or *Only* preach;
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each Countenance appear'd,
A Council's call'd, and [1] *Stentor* firſt was heard [2];
His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd Prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive Preſident.
[3] *Machaon*, whoſe Experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs Merit, is your Pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled Tyrant Death
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his claſhing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
What you command, your Vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread Enterpriſe you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the Deſign.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious Foes, or die [4].

Our

1 *Dr.* Goodall.

2 *True to Extremes, yet to dull Forms a Slave,*
He's always dully Gay, or vainly Grave.
With Indignation, and a daring Air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus addreſs'd the Chair.

3 *Sir* Thomas Millington.

4 *What* Stentor *offer'd was by moſt approv'd:*
But ſev'ral Voices ſev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous Heroes all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act defenſively.
Into the Shop their bold Battalions move,
And what their chief Commands, the reſt approve.

Down

Our Spite, they'll find, to their Advantage leans;
The End is good, no matter for the Means.
So modern Caſuiſts their Talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of Truth to lye.
He had not finiſh'd, 'till th' Out-guards deſcry'd
Bright Columns move in formidable Pride;
The paſſing Pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
Tho' wide the Front, tho' groſs the Phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer drew.
The adverſe Hoſt for Action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the Face of War.
Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
And to their truſty Squire reſign the Shield:
To paint each Knight, their Ardor and Alarms,
Wou'd ask the Muſe that ſung the Frogs in Arms.
And now the Signal ſummons to the Fray;
Mock Falchions flaſh, and paltry Enſigns play.
Their Patron God his ſilver Bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough Harneſs ruſtles, and bold Armour clangs,
The piercing Cauſtics ply their ſpiteful Pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics ſcour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doſes fly;
And Peſtles peal a martial Symphony.
Now from their levell'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a miſſive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltic* drive,
Puſh'd on by northern Guſts, ſuch Horror give.
Like Spouts in ſouthern Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke.

Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haſte,
Which on their Flank for Paliſades are plac'd;
And then, behind the Compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey Command.
And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their Way,
And find the Foe embattled in Array.

So

So when *Leviathans* diſpute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
And Iſles of Sea-weed on the Waves are borne:
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.
And now the ſtagg'ring Braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his Shield a ſpacious Scale,
And the braſs Weights fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty Jars the dire Defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome Storm its cryſtal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of Ice deſcends;
Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,
Whilſt down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-ſpread the Vale below.
But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battle grows.
From [5] *Stentor*'s Arm a maſſy Opiat flies,
And ſtraight a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus*' Eyes.
At [6] *Colon* great *Sertorius* Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
[7] *Chiron* attack'd *Talthibius* with ſuch Might,
One Paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic Knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of Apozem was drown'd.
This [8] *Pſylas* ſaw, and to the Victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy Dead,

5 *Dr.* Goodall *againſt Dr.* Tyſon.
6 *Dr.* Birch.
7 *Dr.* Gill *againſt Dr.* Ridley.
8 *Dr.* Chamberlain.

Thy

Thy Fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore
By th' Image of *Priapus*, which he bore:
And rais'd an [9] Eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On *Cynthia*, leaning o'er a ſilver Cloud.
Great Queen of Night, and Empreſs of the Seas,
If faithful to thy midnight Myſteries,
If ſtill obſervant of my early Vows,
Theſe Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws,
Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright;
So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
At *Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.
Tho' the haranguing God ſurvey'd the War,
That Day the Muſes Sons were not his Care.
Two Friends, Adepts, the *Triſmegiſts* by Name,
Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.
As Simpling near fair *Tweed* each ſung by Turn,
The liſt'ning River would neglect his Urn.
Thoſe Lives they fail'd to reſcue by their Skill,
Their [1] Muſe could make immortal with her Quill;
But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
Diſſolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate.
The one for lofty Labours fruitful known,
Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
That from its Birth had ſlept unſeen 'till now;
Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a Simile expir'd.
And now the Cohorts ſhake, the Legions ply,
The yielding Flanks confeſs the Victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble Rage
Sprung thro' the Battle, *Querpo* to engage.
Fierce was the Onſet, the Diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each Combatant his Adverſary mauls,
With batter'd Bed-pans, and ſtav'd Urinals.

9 *See* Plin. 1 *See* Taſſ.

On *Stentor*'s Creſt the uſeful Cryſtal breaks,
And Tears of Amber gutter'd down his Cheeks:
But whilſt the Champion, as late Rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive Stroke, he fell:
And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With Arms extended, thus the Suppliant ſu'd.
When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a ſure Retreat from Infamy.
But to the loſt, if Pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young *Querpöides* thy Son;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an Infant-grace
Smiles in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was near, Compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To thee the lov'd [2] *Diſpens'ry* I reſign.
At this the Victors own ſuch Ecſtaſies,
As *Memphian* Prieſts if their *Oſiris* ſneeze:
Or Champions with *Olympic* Clangor fir'd;
Or ſimp'ring Prudes with ſprightly *Nantz* inſpir'd:
Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown;
Or faſting Zealots when the Sermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly Stroke declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind.
But whilſt he view'd with Pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd [3] *Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toſs'd his threatning Head,
And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, ſaid,
Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His *Holineſs* ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*,
Janſenius and the *Jeſuits* agree,
The Inquiſition wink at Hereſy [4],

2 *See the Alluſion,* Virg. Æn.

3 *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are ſtyled by the Apothecaries* Signetur *Men.*

ca 4 *Faith ſtand unmov'd thro'* Stillingfleet's *Defence,*
And Locke *for Myſtery abandon Senſe.*

Warm

Warm Convocations own the Church ſecure,
And more conſult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.
With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating Sage.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The Chief great *Pæan*'s golden Treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.
Thus often at the *Temple-ſtairs* we've ſeen
Two Tritons of a rough athletic Mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd in Blood;
But at the firſt Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.
The Hero ſo his Enterpriſe recalls,
His Fiſt unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill Clangor of the Battle rings,
Auſpicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr*'s Wings;
She ſeem'd a Cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
A Charm ſhe takes from each excelling Fair,
And borrows *Carliſle*'s Shape, and *Grafton*'s Air.
Her Eyes like *Ranelagh*'s their Beams diſpenſe,
With *Churchil*'s Bloom, and *Berkley*'s Innocence;
On *Iris* thus the differing [5] Beams beſtow
The Dye, that paints the Wonders of her Bow;
From the fair Nymph a vocal Muſic falls,
As to *Machaon* thus the Goddeſs calls.
Enough th' Achievement of your Arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.

5 *See* Newt. *of Col.*

Haſte

Haſte to th' *Elyſian-fields*, thoſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Where *Harvey* ſits among the Demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The Method that muſt mollify theſe Woes.
Let [6] *Celſus* for that Enterpriſe prepare,
His Conduct to the Shades ſhall be my Care.
Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in Fear,
A Form ſo heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale Confuſion left the Field.
So when the Pygmies, marſhall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th' invading Cranes;
The Poppets to their bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;
But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes the fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds.
And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddeſs with her ſacred Wand
The Pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her Command
The willing Surface opens, and deſcries
A deep Deſcent that leads to nether Skies.
[7] *Hygeia* to the ſilent Region tends;
And with his heavn'ly Guide the Charge deſcends.
Thus *Numa*, when to hallow'd Caves retir'd,
Was by [8] *Ægeria* guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds where ſleeping Vegetables lie,
'Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Panſies* trick themſelves in various Hew,
And hence *Jonquils* derive their fragrant Dew;

6 *Dr.* Bateman.
7 Health, *celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddeſs.*
8 *See* Ov. Met.

Hence

Hence the *Carnation* and the baſhful *Roſe*
Their Virgin Bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte *Lilly* riſes to the Light,
Unveils her ſnowy Breaſts, and charms the Sight;
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade;
And hence on *Daphne*'s laurel'd Forehead grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phœbus* and *Naſſau*.
The Inſects here their lingring Trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder Skies and ſofter Air.
Down to theſe Cells obſcener Reptiles creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizards* ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring Snakes the Summer Solſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and ſlide in State.
Here their new Form the numb'd [9] *Erucæ* hide,
Their num'rous Feet in ſlender Bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling Ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart Race their native Clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies.
Now thoſe profounder Regions they explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The [1] Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,
To th' Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymiſt's Fire.

9 *See* Godart *of Caterpillars and Butterflies.*
1 *See* Yald, *on Mines.*

Near

Near theſe the Delegate with Wonder ſpies
Where Floods of living Silver ſerpentiſe:
Where richeſt Metals their bright Looks put on,
And golden Streams through Amber Channels run.
Where Light's gay God deſcends to ripen Gems,
And lend a Luſtre brighter than his Beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle Shells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, Miters emulate, thoſe Turbans are.
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic State:
Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend
Their Subſtance petrify, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd, their fiery Surges glow,
Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.
He views with Horror next the noiſy Cave,
Where with hoarſe Dins impriſon'd Tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard,
Brav'd their loud Jars, but much for *Celſus* fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her Hero fought,
Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.
And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undiſturb'd by Form, in Silence ſleeps.
A griſly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
An aukward Lump of ſhapeleſs Anarchy.
With ſordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waſte.
To theſe dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,
There copious *Morton* ſafe in Silence ſleeps.
Where Muſhroom Libels in Oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other Monſters die.

Upon

Upon a Couch of Jet in theſe Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Conſort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waſte in barren Joy.
Nigh this Receſs, with Terror they ſurvey
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannic Sway;
In the cloſe Covert of a Cypreſs Grove,
Where Goblins friſk, and airy Spectres rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lie.
Dim Lamps with ſickly Rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'erflow.
Reſtleſs *Anxiety*, forlorn *Deſpair*,
And all the faded Family of *Care*.
Old mouldring Urns, Racks, Daggers and Diſtreſs
Make up the frightful Horror of the Place.
Within its dreadful Jaws thoſe Furies wait,
Which execute the harſh Decrees of Fate.
[2] *Febris* is firſt: The Hag relentleſs hears
The Virgin's Sighs, and ſees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.
Then [3] *Hydrops* next appears amongſt the Throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her watry Store.
Now loathſome [4] *Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd, offends the Sight;
Still deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſuading Pow'r;
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meager [5] *Pthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow,
Her Strokes are ſure, but her Advances ſlow.
No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the Fortreſs firſt, then takes the Town.

2 *Fever.* 3 *Dropſy.* 4 *Leproſy.* 5 *Conſumption.*

Behind ſtood Crowds of much inferior Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.
Now *Celſus*, with his glorious Guide, invades
The ſilent Region of the fleeting Shades;
Where Rocks and rueful Deſarts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide;
Then ſhews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Paſſage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian* Pilot ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no Paſſport to demand our Aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon*'s preſent ſtill at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Conſort owe
To them the Peopling of their Realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy Hand he graſp'd the Oar,
Receiv'd his Gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from Shore.
Now, as the Goddeſs and her Charge prepare
To breathe the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air,
Upon the Left they ſpy a penſive [6] Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſat heavy on his mournful Look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celſus* ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaſt, and Torrents from your Eyes:
And who thoſe mangled *Manes* are, which ſhow
A ſullen Satisfaction at your Woe?
Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend.
Know, I'm [7] *Guâicum*, once your firmeſt Friend,
And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry Pow'rs relent.
Thoſe Spectres, ſeam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endleſs Clamours my Repoſe:
This wants his Palate; that demands his Noſe:

6 *See the Alluſion*, Virg. Æn. 6.
7 *Dr.* Morton.

And

And here they execute ſtern *Pluto*'s Will,
And ply me ev'ry Moment with a Pill.
Then *Celſus* thus; O much-lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late Ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than Mercury.
At the ſad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable Souls aſleep;
The unctuous Larix, and the healing Pine
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine;
But ſtill the Offspring of your Brain ſhall prove
The Grocer's Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works ſhall riſe
In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.
If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs could bend,
Intreaties to their awful Seats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human Arts the Fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd *Harvey*'s Shade.
In vain th' unhappy Ghoſt ſtill urg'd his Stay;
Then riſing from the Ground, he ſhew'd the Way.
Nigh the dull Shore a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.
Th' Aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
And taſte th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Looſe Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
Soft infant Bloſſoms their chaſte Odours pay,
And Roſes bluſh their fragrant Lives away.
Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as they paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
Ere Noon in painted Pride ſhe decks her Head:
Rob'd in rich Dye ſhe triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
So when bright *Venus* riſes from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace unſung, the Waves conceal.
The *Delegate* obſerves, with wond'ring Eyes,
Ambroſial Dews deſcend, and Incenſe riſe:
Then haſtens onward to the penſive Grove,
The ſilent [8] Manſion of diſaſtrous Love.
Here *Jealouſy* with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantaſtic Fears.
The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs ſings.
No Winds but Sighs there are, no Floods but Tears;
Each conſcious Tree a tragic Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records ſome broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.
Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-caſt Eyes fix'd on the ſilent Ground:
Her Dreſs neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She ſeem'd the dying Image of Deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring!
'Till the Green-ſickneſs and Love's Force betray'd
To Death's remorſeleſs Arms th' unhappy Maid.
All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood,
The Light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An icy Horror ſhiver'd in his Look,
As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear Shade, from whence ſuch anxious Care,
Your Looks diſorder'd, and your Boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs Show'r?

8 *See* Virg. Æn. 6.

Your

Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
Oh that inſtead of Traſh you'd taken Steel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind Reproach, the conſcious Maid
Thus to her late inſulting Lover ſaid;
When Ladies liſten not to looſe Deſire,
You ſtile our Modeſty, our want of Fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find Reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh Things we ſay.
Few are the Fair ones of *Rufilla*'s Make,
Unask'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſev'ral *Cælia's*, ſev'ral Ages boaſt,
That like, where Reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte Paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.
Your Sex, he cry'd, as Cuſtom bids, behaves;
In Forms the Tyrant ties ſuch haughty Slaves.
To do nice Conduct right, you Nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where Reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the Courage, but how few the Flame;
They like the Thing, that ſtartle at the Name.
The lonely *Phœnix*, tho' profeſs'd a Nun,
Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.
Thoſe Tales of ſpicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
Are but the Emblems of her ſcorch'd Deſires.
Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting Fair,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive Air.
From his Embrace th' unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her Eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bleſs'd remain:
Where *Harvey* gathers Simples, to beſtow
Immortal Youth on Heroes Shades below.
Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in View,
The venerable Sage her Preſence knew;
Thus he——

Hail, blooming Goddeſs! thou propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe Bleſſings Mortals more than Life implore!
With ſo much Luſtre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to Smile or Frown,
Finds Eaſe in Chains, or Anguiſh in a Crown.
With juſt Reſentments and Contempt you ſee
The foul Diſſenſions of the Faculty;
How your ſad ſick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er rifle her myſterious Store,
But ſtudy Nature leſs, and Lucre more.
Not ſo when *Rome* to th' *Epidaurian* rais'd
A [9] Temple, where devoted Incenſe blaz'd.
Oft Father *Tiber* views the lofty Fire,
As the learn'd Son is worſhip'd like the Sire;
The Sage with *Romulus* like Honours claim;
The Gift of Life and Laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the Meanders of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why ſpontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits by mechanic Laws,
In wild Careers tumultuous Riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Gliſſon* lie
In the Abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Pæan*'s Art is by Diviſions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt Health your Science may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs [1] *Atticus* addreſs,
From Heav'n and great *Naſſau* he has the Mace.
Th' Oppreſs'd to his Aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and Learning is his Care.

9 *A Temple built at* Rome, *in the Iſland of* Tiber, *to* Æſculapius, *Son of* Apollo.

1 *Lord* Somers.

He

He ſoftens the harſh Rigor of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and grinds their harpy Claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying Eye
On the ſad State of virtuous Poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſt'ning Throng
Dwells on the melting Muſic of his Tongue.
His Arguments are Emblems of his Mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
Here, Light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft Breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly State refer,
Your Charter claims him as your Viſiter.
Your Wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your Science to the Height it had before.
Then *Naſſau*'s Health ſhall be your glorious Aim;
His Life ſhould be as laſting as his Fame.
Some Princes Claims from Devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in Pity to be King:
And when, amidſt his Olives plac'd, he ſtands,
And governs more by Candor than Commands:
Ev'n then not leſs a Hero he appears,
Than when his Laurel Diadem he wears.
Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his *Granville*, but inſpire
Their ſacred Veh'mence of poetic Fire;
To celebrate in Song that god-like Pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring Univerſe reſtore:
Fair *Albion*'s Cliffs wou'd echo to the Strain,
And praiſe the Arm that conquer'd, to regain
The Earth's Repoſe, and Empire o'er the Main.
Still may th' immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt Malice and Ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for Ruin long without Succeſs.
When late, *Jove*'s [2] Eagle from the Pile ſhall riſe
To bear the Victor to the boundleſs Skies,
Awhile the God puts off paternal Care,
Neglects the Earth, to give the Heav'ns a Star.

2 *Read the Ceremony of the* Apotheoſis.

Near thee, [3] *Alcides*, ſhall the Hero ſhine;
His Rays reſembling, as his Labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd Patriot, of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* great, and like *Octavius* good,
But thus preſerv'd the *Latin* Liberties,
Aſpiring Columns ſoon had reach'd the Skies:
Loud *Io's* the proud Capitol had ſhook,
And all the Statues of the Gods had ſpoke.
No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and *Celſus* with his Guide withdrew.

3 Hercules, *a Conſtellation near* Ariadne's *Crown.*

CLARE-

CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL *of* CLARE,

NOW

DUKE *of* NEWCASTLE.

— Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa. Virg.

PREFACE.

THEY *that have ſeen thoſe two excellent Poems of* Cooper's *Hill and* Windſor-Foreſt; *the one by Sir* J. Denham, *the other by Mr.* Pope; *will ſhow a great deal of Candor if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of* Claremont *to a* Villa, *now belonging to the Earl of* Clare. *The Situation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it inclines one to think, ſome Place of this Nature put* Ovid *at firſt upon the Story of* Narciſſus *and* Echo. *'Tis probable he had obſerv'd ſome Spring ariſing amongſt Woods and Rocks, where Echos were heard; and ſome Flower bending over the Stream, and by Conſequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the* Metamorphoſis, *'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which* Ovid *had diſpoſeſs'd her,*

— vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,

is too great a Violation of poetical Authority. I dare ſay the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can ſay the ſame of: Experience ſhows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the ancient Britons, *and the* Druids *their Prieſts, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.*

CLARE-

CLAREMONT.

WHAT Frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the Brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our Soil, our Bards riſe in ſuch Store,
Their rich retaining Patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the Fault, the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the Offal of their Wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnaſſus*, and lay Snares for Praiſe.
None ever can without Admirers live,
Who have a Penſion or a Place to give.
Great Miniſters ne'er fail of great Deſerts;
The Herald gives them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muſe is Proof againſt a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor Lampoon,
He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.
Or, if to rant in tragic Rage he yields,
Falſe Fame cries ---- *Athens*; honeſt Truth ----*Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;
Flags with full Sail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal Pens ſo proſtitute the Bays,
Their Panegyrics laſh; their Satires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N-----'s an *Adonis*; *M*-----*r* a Saint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd Heroes is compar'd,
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.
To form great Works puts Fate itſelf to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.

And

And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
Churchils and *Drydens* riſe but once an Age.
With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar*'s Birth begun;
And an Eclipſe produc'd [1] *Alcmena*'s Son:
The Sire of Gods o'er *Phœbus* caſt a Shade;
But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.
No Bard for Bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his Vein;
Nor dare to Flatter where he ſhould Arraign.
To grant big *Thraſo* Valour, *Phormio*, Senſe,
Shou'd Indignation give, at leaſt Offence.
I hate ſuch Mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this Reproach to reſcue Poetry.
Apollo's Sons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile Art,
And to Court-Preachers leave the fulſom Part.
What then-----You'll ſay, Muſt no true Sterling paſs,
Becauſe impure Allays ſome Coin debaſe?
Yes, Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with Merit, ſcribble too.
The Man who's honeſt, open, and a Friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend:
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great Good-nature errs;
Deteſting Fraud as much as Flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's Homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
A Name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When *Pelham* you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A Loſs ſo great, unleſs *Newcaſtle*'s Heir?
Hydaſpes that the *Aſian* Plains divides,
From his bright Urn in pureſt Cryſtal glides.
But when new-gath'ring Streams enlarge his Courſe;
He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.

[1] Hercules.

In

In fabled Floods of Gold his Current flows,
And Wealth on Nations as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, *Clare*, to name ſome nobler Muſe,
That for her Theme thy late *Receſs* may chooſe,
Such bright Deſcriptions ſhall the Subject dreſs;
Such vary'd Scenes, ſuch pleaſing Images;
That Swains ſhall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their Bow'rs,
And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous Part
Where Nature borrows Dreſs from *Vanbrook*'s Art.
If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aſpire,
And Rocks are animated with his Fire.
'Tis he can paint in Verſe thoſe riſing Hills,
Their gentle Vallies, and their ſilver Rills:
Cloſe Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balſam bleed.
With gay Variety the Proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright *Horizon* ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how ancient Fame
Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.
In Times of old, when *Britiſh* Nymphs were known
To love no foreign Faſhions like their own;
When Dreſs was monſtrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode,
And Quality put on no Paint but [2] Woade.
Of *Spaniſh* Red unheard was then the Name;
For Cheeks were only taught to bluſh by Shame.
No Beauty, to increaſe her Crowd of Slaves,
Roſe out of Waſh, as *Venus* out of Waves.
Not yet Lead-Comb was on the Toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paſte:
No Shape-ſmith ſet up Shop, and drove a Trade
To mend the Work wiſe Providence had made.
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,
And thrifty Silkworms ſpun for Times to come.

2 Glaſtum. *See* Pliny, Ἰσάτις. *See* Dioſcorides.

Bare

Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modeſty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.
The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfaſhion'd in Addreſs.
3 Upright in Actions, and in Thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly where the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely Mad;
But ſtill what Fancy wanted, Reaſon had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feaſts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art increas'd Phyſicians' Fees;
Nor ſerv'd up Death in Soups and Fricaſeys.
Their Taſte was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.
Ere Right and Wrong, by turns, ſet Prices bore;
And Conſcience had its Rate like common Whore:
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd aſſuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Miniſters.
In thoſe good Days of Innocence, here ſtood
Of Oaks, with Heads unſhorn, a ſolemn Wood,
Frequented by the 4 *Druids*, to beſtow
Religious Honours on the 5 Miſſelto.
The Naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How Trees did firſt this Stranger entertain:
Whether the buſy Birds ingraft it there:
Or elſe ſome Deity's myſterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blaſted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant eſcapes the Stroke.

3 *Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti.* *See* Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. Lib. 4. Verſ. Lat.

4 *Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. Lib. 16.

5 *Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius.* Plin. ibid. *Et Viſcum Druida.* Ovid.

So

So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,
And Flames drove forward with outrageous Waſte;
Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the Manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* choſe,
Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars roſe.
To [6] *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wiſe.
Good Rules in mild Perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures ſaid.
None violated Truth, invaded Right;
Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
The People's Peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No [7] Politicks but Public Intereſt.
Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
For all their Luxury was doing Good.
No miter'd *Prieſt* did then with *Princes* vie,
Nor, o'er his Maſter, claim Supremacy;
Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral Centuries obſcure.
None loſt their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor Simony, nor *Sine Cure* were known;
Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.
Nor was the Way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail *Abigails* with fat *Pluralities*.
But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:
Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
And how the [8] Seaſons travell'd with the Sun:
When his dim Orb ſeem'd wading through the Air:
They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;

6 *Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem,* &c. Cæſ.

7 *De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur.* Cæſ. Lib. 6.

8 *Multa præterea de ſideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum natura,* &c. Cæſ.

And

And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-shot Eye.
All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin*'s Readers tire.
This Sect in sacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from these Tenements to those.
For when the *Plastic* Particles are gone,
They rally in some Species like their own.
The self-same Atoms, if new jumbled, will
In Seas be restless, and in Earth be still;
Can, in the Truffle, furnish out a Feast;
And nauseate, in the scaly Squill, the Taste.
Those falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forsakes the bursting Bud,
In some new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to-day that from the Jasmin blows,
Will, when the Season offers, scent the Rose;
And those bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the Lily with a Snow.
They hold that Matter must be still the same;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the [9] Soul not dies, but shifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or past, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous cease to Live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they [1] revive.
Again shall *Romulus* in *Nassau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunswick* Prince, ordain
Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years shall hush the World again.
The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods descending in a Morning Dream.

9 *Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios.* Cæs.

1 *Et vos Barbaricos ritus----Sacrorum Druidæ----redituræ parcere vitæ,----regit idem spiritus artus,* Lucan Lib. 1.

Pass'd

Paſs'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd Events not ripe for Fate, unfold.
Beneath the ſhady Covert of an Oak,
In [2] Rhymes uncouth, prophetic Truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;
The Story of thy *Villa* is their [3] Song.
The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
Was with each Beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry Grace.
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;
His Mother, a ſwift *Naiad* of the Flood.
Her ſilver Urn ſupply'd the neigb'ring Streams,
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.
Not lovelier ſeem'd *Narciſſus* to the Eye;
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boaſt more Fragrancy.
His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
More ſmooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more fair.
In Shape ſo Poplars or the Cedars pleaſe:
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight; nor graceful theſe.
His flowing Hair in unſorc'd Ringlets hung;
Tuneful his Voice, perſuaſive was his Tongue.
The haughtieſt Fair ſcarce heard without a Wound,
But ſunk to Softneſs at the melting Sound.
The fourth bright *Luſtre* had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
All Day he rang'd the Woods, and ſpread the Toils,
And knew no Pleaſures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
In vain the Nymphs put on each pleaſing Grace;
Too cheap the Quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the Chace.
For tho' Poſſeſſion be th' undoubted View;
To ſeize, is far leſs Pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe Nymphs that yield too ſoon, their Charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably Fair.
His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees;
And palls the Appetite, he meant to pleaſe.

2 *Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur.* Cæſ.

3 *Superſtitione vanâ Druidæ canebant*, &c. Tacit. Lib. 4.

His

His ſlender Wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort Meals, but by Indulgence dies.
A Grot there was with hoary Moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mould'ring Stone;
Sad Silence reigns within the loneſom Wall;
And weeping Rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat and drouſy Beetle ſleep.
This Cell ſad *Echo* choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvan* flies,
To ſhun the Calenture of ſultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keeneſt Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Paſſage to his Heart.
Penſive the Virgin ſat with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Luſtre to her Charms.
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himſelf the Pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a Mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair Daughter of the diſtant Skies;
That, in Compaſſion leave your Cryſtal Sphere,
To guard ſome favour'd Charge, and wander here.
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a Novice yet in Love.
If Words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant Tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb Petitioners.
From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the Empire of her Eyes.
Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor ſeeks from Sleep, or Suſtenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now caſts a glimm'ring Light;
The meeting Lids his ſetting Eyes benight.
What Force remains, the hapleſs Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.
Haſte, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;
With Tears repleniſh each exhauſted Urn.
Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a juſt Victim to an injur'd Shade.

More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his Tongue.
For him the *Graces* their ſad Vigils keep;
Love broke his Bow, and wiſh'd for Eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.
The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent Honours pay.
Th' Aſcent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* ſpread;
And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Baſis pours;
And *Flora* ſtrows the Summit with her Flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Preeminence,
When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.
Sad *Echo* now laments her Rigor, more
Than for *Narciſſus* her looſe Flame before.
Her Fleſh to Sinew ſhrinks, her Charms are fled;
All Day in rifted Rocks ſhe hides her Head.
Soon as the Ev'ning ſhows a Sky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her Lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before;
Her Sex's Privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to Nothing waſted, *Voice* remains.
So ſung the *Druids*—then with Rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the [4] *Delphick* God inſpir'd.
Ere twice ten Centuries ſhall fleet away,
A *Brunſwick* Prince ſhall *Britain*'s Scepter ſway.
No more fair *Liberty* ſhall mourn her Chains;
The *Maid* is reſcu'd, her lov'd *Perſeus* reigns.
From [5] *Jove* he comes, the Captive to reſtore;
Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.

4 *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c.* Cic. de Divinatione.

5 *Son of* Jupiter *and* Danae.

Religion

Religion ſhall dread nothing but Diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
Her Safety to ſecure, two Powers accord,
Her *Neptune*'s Trident, and her *Monarch*'s Sword.
Like him, ſhall his *Auguſtus* ſhine in Arms,
Tho' Captive to his *Carolina*'s Charms.
Ages with future Heroes She ſhall bleſs;
And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.
Then ſhall a *Clare* in Honour's Cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs Age.
Where Guides themſelves for Guilty Views miſ-lead;
And Laws ev'n by the Legiſlators bleed,
His brave Contempt of State ſhall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.
For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long Deſcents from *Ptolemies*.
Right he ſhall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmeſt Patriot, and the warmeſt Friend.
Great *Edward*'s [6] Order early he ſhall wear;
New Light reſtoring to the ſully'd *Star*.
Oft will his Leiſure this *Retiremene* chuſe,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muſe,
And to record the *Sylvan*'s fatal Flame,
The *Place* ſhall live in Song, and *Claremont* be the Name.

6 *Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant.* Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

To the Lady LOUISA LENOS: *With* OVID's *Epiſtles.*

IN moving Lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when ſoft Intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted Right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their Sex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.
In diff'ring Breaſts what diff'ring Paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The Fire we boaſt, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But yours, like Incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in Patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lover's Hopes and Fears.
Tho' infant Graces ſooth your gentle Hours,
More ſoft than Sighs, more ſweet than breathing Flow'rs;
Let raſh Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The Time e'er long, if Verſe preſage, will come,
Your Charms ſhall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.
All Eyes ſhall gaze, all Hearts ſhall Homage vow,
And not a Lover Languiſh but for you.

The

The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.
So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe:
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

To RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON, *with* OVID's Art of Love.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's Rules, in eaſy Numbers tell,
He felt the Paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft Art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry *Cæſar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.
More Ills from Love, than Tyrants Malice flow;
Jove's Thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than *Cupid*'s Bow.
Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own Diſeaſe.
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and Lovers lye.
Who flatter'd moſt the Fair were moſt Polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:
To be but faintly Rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the Fair-one's ſake,
The Sex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.
Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Tho' you poſſeſs all Nature's Gifts, take care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.

On

On all that Goddeſs her falſe Smiles beſtows,
As on the Seas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young *Zephyrs* ſigh with fragrant Breath, ſoft Gales
Guide her gay Barge, and ſwell the ſilken Sails:
Each ſilver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
Fair as her Boſom, gentle as her Doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds;
Cares, Fears, and Anguiſh, hov'ring on the Coaſt,
And Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a Bride,
Let Paſſion not perſuade, but Reaſon guide:
Inſtead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt Charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Diſeaſe;
Weak Appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The Nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.
Her Air an eaſy Confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe wou'd dread to know?
Still Charming with all Arts that can engage,
And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

To the Dutcheſs of BOLTON *on her ſtaying all the Winter in the Country.*

CEASE rural Conqueſts, and ſet free your Swains,
To *Dryads* leave the Groves, to Nymphs the Plains.
In penſive Dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad Sigh ſhe hears with Sorrow tell.
Haſte, let your Eyes at [1] *Kent*'s Pavilion ſhine,
It wants but Stars, and then the Work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding Towns,
Of captive Gen'rals, and protected Crowns:

1 *A Gallery the Earl of* Kent *has built at St.* James's.

Of

Of purchas'd Laurels, and of Battles won,
Lines forc'd, States vanquiſh'd, Provinces o'er-run,
And all *Alcides*'s Labour ſumm'd in one.
The Brave muſt to the Fair now yield the Prize,
And *Engliſh* Arms ſubmit to *Engliſh* Eyes:
In which bright Liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Tho' each a Goddeſs, or a *Sunderland*.

To the Duke of MARLBOROUGH *on his voluntary Baniſhment.*

GO, mighty Prince, and thoſe great Nations ſee,
Which thy victorious Arms before made free;
View that fam'd Column, where thy Name engrav'd,
Shall tell their Children who their Empire ſav'd,
Point out that Marble where thy Worth is ſhown,
To every grateful Country but thy own:
O Cenſure undeſerv'd! Unequal Fate!
Which ſtrove to leſſen Him who made her Great:
Which pamper'd with Succeſs and rich in Fame,
Extoll'd his Conqueſts, but condemn'd his Name.
But Virtue is a Crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye;
Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,
Flies from no Danger but Domeſtick Jars,
Smiles at the Dart which angry Envy ſhakes,
And only fears for *Her* whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the Courſe of Virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our Blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious Parties to contend,
And proves in Abſence moſt *Britannia*'s Friend.
So the great *Scipio* of old, to ſhun
That Glorious Envy which his Arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,
Prepar'd, when e'er his Country's Cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in Peace or War, and be again admir'd.

To

To the Earl of GODOLPHIN.

WHilſt weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
And where the Sword deſtroys not, Famine kills;
Our Iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful Care,
The Pomp of Peace, amidſt the Woes of War.
So much the Public to your Prudence owes,
You think no Labour's long for our Repoſe:
Such Conduct, ſuch Integrity are ſhown,
There are no Coffers empty, but your own.
From mean Dependence, Merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your Favour, like the *Nile*, Increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.
No Pomp, or grand Appearance you approve:
A People at their Eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen Taxes, and a Nation ſave,
Are all the Grants your Services wou'd have.
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
But moves in matchleſs Order by your Care;
Free from Confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And like the Univerſe, by Springs unſeen.
But now ſome Star ſiniſter to our Pray'rs,
Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs:
No Anguiſh in your Looks, or Cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd Crew to ſteer.
Thus like a Victim, no Conſtraint you need,
To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a Weed of every Clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The God of Day, and your own Lot's the ſame;
The Vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your Flame:
But tho' you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your Globe of Light looks larger as you ſet.

On her MAJESTY's *Statue in St.* Paul's *Churchyard.*

NEAR the vaſt Bulk of that ſtupendous Frame,
Known by the *Gentiles* great Apoſtle's Name;
With Grace divine, great *Anna*'s ſeen to riſe,
An awful Form that glads a Nation's Eyes:
Beneath her Feet four mighty Realms appear,
And with due Reverence pay their Homage there.
Britain and *Ireland*, ſeem to own her Grace,
And ev'n wild *India* wears a ſmiling Face.
But *France* alone with downcaſt Eyes is ſeen
The ſad Attendant of ſo good a Queen:
Ungrateful Country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great *Anna* for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind Defender of thy Cauſe,
Spite of her dear Religion, ſpite of Laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the Terrors of her Sword,
For thee ſhe broke her Gen'ral——and her Word:
For thee her Mind in doubtful Terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like Oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what cou'd ſhe more?
She loſt the Honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the Trophies, which her Arms had won,
(Such *Cæſar* never knew, nor *Philip*'s Son)
Reſign'd the Glories of a ten Year's Reign,
And ſuch as none but *Marlborough*'s Arm cou'd gain.
For thee in Annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other Monarchs of the *Stuart* Line.

On the New Conſpiracy, 1716.

WHere, where, degen'rate Countrymen—how high
Will your fond Folly and your Madneſs fly?
Are Scenes of Death, and ſervile Chains ſo dear,
To ſue for Blood and Bondage every Year,
Like Rebel *Jews*, with too much Freedom curſt,
To court a Change—tho' certain of the *Worſt?*
There is no Climate which you have not ſought,
Where Tools of War, and Vagrant Kings are bought;
O! Noble Paſſion, to your Country kind,
To crown Her with—the Refuſe of Mankind.
As if the *New Rome*, which your Schemes unfold,
Were to be built on Rapine, like the *Old*,
While her Aſylum openly provides
For ev'ry Ruffian ev'ry Nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great Avenger's Blow,
And force the Bolt—which He is loth to throw?
Have there too Few already bit the Plains,
To make you ſeek *New Preſtons* and *Dumblains?*
If Vengeance loſes its Effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of Mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, Is it Raſhneſs or Deſpair provokes
Your harden'd Hearts to theſe repeated Strokes?
Reply:—Behold, their Looks, their Souls declare,
All pale with Guilt, and dumb with deep Deſpair.
Hear then, you Sons of Blood, your deſtin'd Fate,
Hear, e'er you Sin too ſoon—Repent *too late*.
Madly you try to weaken GEORGE's Reign,
And ſtem the Stream of Providence in vain.
By Right, by Worth, by Wonders made our Own,
The Hand that gave it, ſhall preſerve his Throne.
As vain your Hopes to diſtant Times remove,
To try the Second, or the Third from *Jove*,
For 'tis the Nature of that Sacred Line,
To conquer Monſters, and to grow Divine.

On the KING *of* SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the *Trojan* Line,
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands divine:
But Love's bright Goddeſs, with propitious Grace,
Preſerv'd a Hero, and reſtor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Iber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* roſe.

VERSES *written for the* TOASTING-GLASSES *of the* KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

Lady CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a Name can ev'ry Muſe inſpire,
To *Carliſle* fill the Glaſs, and tune the Lyre.
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day ſhall crown
A Wit and Luſtre equal to his own.

The SAME.

At once the Sun and *Carliſle* took their way,
To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day;
The Flow'rs to both their glad Creation ow'd,
Their Virtues he, their Beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

Lady ESSEX.

The braveſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame
From *Belgia*'s happy Clime *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame
The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

The SAME.

To *Eſſex* fill the ſprightly Wine,
The Health's engaging and divine:
Let pureſt Odours ſcent the Air,
And Wreaths of Roſes bind our Hair.
In her chaſte Lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle Sighs ſupply.

Lady HYDE.

The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.
The Queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

On Lady HYDE *in Child-bed.*

Hyde, tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,
A thouſand Charms the Nymph's Complaints adorn;
In Tears of Dew ſo mild *Aurora* weeps,
But her bright Offspring is the chearful Morn.

Lady WHARTON.

When *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,
And in immortal Toaſting paſs'd the Night,
With more than Nectar he the Banquet bleſs'd,
For *Wharton* was the *Venus* of the Feaſt.

PROLOGUE *deſigned for* TAMERLANE.

TO-day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britons*, arm.
To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perſuade;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.

Born for Mankind, they by his Labour live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none, except his Paſſions, are his Slaves.
Such, *Britons*, is the Prince that you poſſeſs,
In Council greateſt, and in Camps no leſs:
Brave, but not Cruel; Wiſe without Deceit;
Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Pow'r.
With you a Monarch's Right is in diſpute;
Who give Supplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame your factious Feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
Aſſert loſt Rights, an *Auſtrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon a *Spaniſh* Throne.
A Cauſe no leſs could on great *Eugene* call;
Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal:*
He ſhows you your loſt Honour to retrieve;
Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give.
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this Cauſe unite.
One Vote will then ſend *Anjou* back to *France*;
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Elſe to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium*'s Care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome *Corniſh* Borough here.

PROLOGUE *to the Muſick-meeting in* York-Buildings.

WHERE Muſic and more pow'rful Beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the Pleaſure, and the Pain?
Here their ſoft Magic thoſe two Sirens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.

Why

Why ſhould we then the wond'rous Tales admire,
Of *Orpheus'* Numbers, or *Amphion's* Lyre?
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confeſs
The Wonder greater, and the Fiction leſs.
Like human Victims here we are decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright Altars where we bleed.
Who braves his Fate in Fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant Love more Vaſſals makes than Fear.
No Faction, Homage to the Fair denies;
The Right divine's apparent in their Eyes.
That Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Deſire;
Thoſe Fires the Veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE *to the* Corniſh Squire, *a* COMEDY.

WHO dares not Plot in this good-natur'd Age,
Each Place is privileg'd except the Stage;
There the dread Phalanx of Reformers come,
Sworn Foes to Wit, as *Carthage* was to *Rome*;
Their Ears ſo ſanctify'd no Scenes can pleaſe,
But heavy Hymns, or penſive Homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender Nature wound,
Young Rakes muſt, like old Patriarchs, expound;
The painted Punk the Proſelyte muſt play,
And Bawds, like Fille-Devotes, procure and pray.
How Nature is inverted! Soon you'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and Sects agree,
Jews at Extortion rail, and *Monks* at Myſtery.
Let Characters be repreſented true,
An airy Sinner makes an aukward Prue.
With Force and fitting Freedom Vice arraign;
Tho' Pulpits flatter, let the Stage ſpeak plain.
If *Verres* gripes the Poor, or *Nævius* write,
Call that the Robber, this the Paraſite.

Ne'er aim to make an Eagle of an Owl,
Cinna's a Stateſman, *Sydrophil* a Tool.
Our Cenſurers with want of Thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous Sin of Senſe.
Who wou'd not ſuch hard Fate as ours bemoan?
Indicted for ſome Wit, and damn'd for none.
But if, to day, ſome Scandal ſhou'd appear,
Let theſe preciſe *Tartuffs* bind o'er *Moliere*.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no Indulgences at *Hicks's-Hall*.
Gold only can their pious Spite allay,
They call none Criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs Shrines, with Victims they invoke,
They take the Fat, and give the Gods the Smoke.

PROLOGUE *ſpoken at the Opening of the* QUEEN's *Theatre in the* Hay-Market.

SUCH was our Builder's Art, that ſoon as nam'd,
This Fabrick, like the Infant-World, was fram'd.
The Architect muſt on dull Order wait,
But 'tis the Poet only can create.
None elſe, at Pleaſure, can Duration give,
When Marble fails, the Muſes Structures live.
The *Cyprian* Fane is now no longer ſeen,
Tho' ſacred to the Name of Love's fair Queen.
Ev'n *Athens* ſcarce in pompous Ruin ſtands,
Tho' finiſh'd by the learn'd *Minerva*'s Hands.
More ſure Preſages from theſe Walls we find,
By [1] Beauty founded, and by Wit deſign'd.
In the good Age of ghoſtly Ignorance,
How did Cathedrals riſe, and Zeal advance?
The merry Monks ſaid Oriſons at Eaſe,
Large were their Meals, and light their Penances;

1 *My Lady* Sunderland *was pleas'd to lay the firſt Stone.*

Pardon

Pardon for Sins was purchas'd with Eſtates,
And none but Rogues in Rags dy'd Reprobates.
But now that pious Pageantry's no more,
And Stages thrive, as Churches did before.
Your own Magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtick Columns ſtand, where Dunghills lay,
And Carrs Triumphal riſe from Carts of Hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and Nymphs to fear,
And big *Almanzor*'s Fight mock *Blenheim*'s here.
Deſcending Goddeſſes adorn our Scenes,
And quit their bright Abodes for gilt Machines.
Shou'd *Jove*, for this fair Circle, leave his Throne,
He'd meet a Lightning fiercer than his own.
Tho' to the Sun, his tow'ring Eagles riſe,
They ſcarce cou'd bear the Luſtre of theſe Eyes.

EPILOGUE *to the Tragedy of* CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we Women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young Lovers woo?
What! die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Coſt:
To give you Pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of Virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh Reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears,
Our Hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuſe:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt Succeſs that ſettles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively Leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breaſts no more the fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth uſurps the Pow'r of Charms.
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To ſwell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Ev'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now;
There golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artleſs, and the Thoughts ſincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts leſs coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel Tranſport in its Chains;
Sighs with Succeſs their own ſoft Anguiſh tell,
And Eyes ſhall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time:
The Fair ſhall liſten to Deſert alone,
And every *Lucia* find a *Cato*'s Son.

PREFACE *to the Tranſlation of* OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, *publiſhed by the* AUTHOR.

THE Method I propoſe in writing this Preface, is to take notice of ſome of the Beauties of the *Metamorphoſes*, and alſo of the Faults, and particular Affectations. After which I ſhall proceed to hint at ſome Rules for Tranſlation in general; and ſhall give a ſhort Account of the following Verſion.

I ſhall not pretend to impoſe my Opinion on others with the magiſterial Authority of a Critic; but only take

take the Liberty of diſcovering my own Taſte. I ſhall endeavour to ſhow our Poet's Redundance of Wit, Juſtneſs of Compariſons, Elegance of Deſcriptions, and peculiar Delicacy in touching every Circumſtance relating to the Paſſions, and Affections; and with the ſame Impartiality, and Frankneſs, I ſhall confeſs the too frequent Puerilities of his luxuriant Fancy, and the too great Negligence of his ſometimes unlabour'd Verſification.

I am not of an Opinion, too common to Tranſlators, to think that One is under an Obligation to extol every thing he finds in the Author he undertakes: I am ſure one is no more oblig'd to do ſo, than a Painter is to make every Face, that ſits to him, handſome. 'Tis enough if he ſets the beſt Features he finds, in their full and moſt advantageous Light. But if the Poet has private Deformities, tho' Good-breeding will not allow to expoſe him naked, yet ſurely there can be no Reaſon to recommend him, as the moſt finiſh'd Model of Harmony and Proportion.

Whoever has this undiſtinguiſhing Complaiſance, will not fail to vitiate the Taſte of the Readers, and miſguide many of them in their Judgment, where to Approve, and where to Cenſure.

It muſt be granted, that where there appears an infinite Variety of inimitable Excellencies, it would be too harſh, and diſingenuous to be ſevere on ſuch Faults, as have eſcap'd rather thro' want of Leiſure, and Opportunity to correct, than thro' the erroneous Turn of a deprav'd Judgment. How ſenſible *Ovid* himſelf was of the Uncorrectneſs of the *Metamorphoſes*, appears from theſe Lines prefix'd before ſome of the Editions by the Care of his Commentators.

Orba parente ſuo quicunque Volumina tangis,
His ſaltem veſtrâ detur in urbe locus.
Quóque magis faveas; non ſunt hæc edita ab Illo,
Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat. Triſt. El. vi.

Since

Since therefore the Readers are not ſolemnly invited to an Entertainment, but come accidentally; they ought to be contented with what they find: And pray what have they to complain of, but too great Variety? where, tho' ſome of the Diſhes be not ſerved in the exacteſt Order and Politeneſs, but haſh'd up in haſte; there are a great many accommodated to every particular Palate.

To like every thing, ſhows too little Delicacy; and to like nothing, too much Difficulty. So great is the Variety of this Poem, that the Reader, who is never pleas'd, will appear as monſtrous, as he that is always ſo. Here are the Hurries of Battles for the Hero, tender Emotions of Soul for the Lover, a Search and Penetration into Nature for the Philoſopher; Fluency of Numbers and moſt expreſſive Figures for the Poet; Morals for the Serious, and Plaiſantries for Admirers of Points of Wit.

'Tis certain a Poet is more to be ſuſpected for ſaying too much, than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our Author, inſtead of ſaying all he could, had only ſaid all he ſhould; *Daphne* had done well to fly from the God of Wit, in order to crown his Poet: Thus *Ovid* had been more honour'd and ador'd in his Exile, than *Auguſtus* in his Triumphs.

I ſhall now attempt to give ſome Inſtances of the Happineſs and vaſt Extent of our Author's Imagination. I ſhall not proceed according to the Order of the Poem, but rather tranſcribe ſome Lines here and there, as my Reflection ſhall ſuggeſt.

Nec circumfuſo pendebat in äere tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis———

Thus was the State of Nature before the Creation: And here it is obvious, that *Ovid* had a diſcerning Notion of the Gravitation of Bodies. 'Tis now demonſtrated, that every Part of Matter tends to every Part of Matter with a Force, which is always in a direct

ſimple

ſimple Proportion of the Quantity of the Matter, and an inverſe duplicate Proportion of the Diſtance; which Tendency or Gravitating is conſtant and univerſal. This Power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the ſolid Content of Bodies, and never in any proportion to their Superficies, cannot be explain'd by any material Impulſe. For the Laws of Impulſe are phyſically neceſſary: There can be no αὐτεξούσιον, or arbitrary Principle, in meer Matter; its Parts cannot move, unleſs they be mov'd; and cannot do otherwiſe, when preſs'd on by other Parts in Motion; and therefore 'tis evident from the following Lines, that *Ovid* ſtrictly adher'd to the Opinion of the diſcerning Philoſophers, who taught that all things were form'd by a wiſe and intelligent Mind.

Juſſit & extendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
Fronde tegi ſylvas ———

The *Fiat* of the *Hebrew* Lawgiver is not more ſublime than the *Juſſit* of the *Latin* Poet, who goes on in the ſame Elevated and Philoſophical Style.

His ſuper impoſuit liquidum & gravitate carentem
Æthera ——— ———

Here the Author ſpreads a thin Veil of *Æther* over his Infant Creation; and tho' his aſſerting the upper Region to be void of Gravitation, may not, in a Mathematical Rigor, be true; yet 'tis found from the Natural Enquiries made ſince, and eſpecially from the learned Dr. *Halley*'s Diſcourſe on the *Barometer*, that if, on the Surface of the Earth, an Inch of Quickſilver in the Tube be equal to a Cylinder of Air of 300 Feet, it will be at a Mile's height equal to a Cylinder of Air of 2700000: and therefore the Air at ſo great a Diſtance from the Earth, muſt be rarify'd to ſo great a Degree, that the Space it fills muſt bear a very ſmall Proportion to that which is intirely void of Matter.

I think, we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our Author has writ on the *Roman* Feasts, that he cou'd not be totally ignorant of Astronomy. Some of the Criticks wou'd insinuate from the following Lines, that he mistook the Annual Motion of the Sun for the Diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum—— Met. B. 2.

Though the Sun be always in one or other of the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and never goes by either Motion more Northward, or Southward, than is here describ'd; yet *Phaeton* being design'd to drive the Chariot but one Day, ought to have been directed in the *Æquator*, or a Circle Parallel to it, and not round the other Oblique one of the Ecliptick: a Degree of which, and that by a Motion contrary to the Diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of Time.

I am inclin'd to think, that *Ovid* had so great an Attention to Poetical Embellishments, that he voluntarily declin'd a strict Observance of any Astronomical System. For tho' that Science was far from being neglected in former Ages; yet the Progress which was made in it, by no means equall'd that of our present Time.

Lucretius, tho' in other things most penetrating, describes the Sun scarce bigger, than he appears to the Eye.

Nec nimio solis major rota, nec minor ardor
Esse potest, nostris quam sensibus esse videtur.

And *Homer*, imagining the Seats of the Gods above the fix'd Stars, represents the falling of *Vulcan* from thence to the Isle of *Lemnos*, to continue during a whole Day.

Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ—— Il. B. 1.

The *Greek* Poet aims here to give a surprising Idea of the height of the Celestial Mansions: but if the Com-

putation

putation of a modern Aſtronomer be true, they are at ſo much a greater Diſtance, that *Vulcan* wou'd have been more Years in falling, than he was Minutes.

But leſt I ſhou'd exceed the uſual Length of a Preface, I ſhall now give ſome Inſtances of the Propriety of our Author's Similes, and Epithets; the Perſpicuity of his Allegories; the Inſtructive Excellence of the Morals; the peculiar happy Turn of his Fancy; and ſhall begin with the Elegance of his Deſcriptions.

——— *Madidis Notus evolat alis,*
Terribilem piceâ tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
- -
Sternuntur ſegetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.

Met. B. 1.

Theſe Lines introduce thoſe of the Deluge, which are alſo very Poetical, and worthy to be compar'd with the next, concerning the Golden Age.

——— *Sine militis uſu*
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipſa quoque immunis raſtroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.

Virgil has alſo touch'd upon the ſame Subject in the end of the Second *Georgick.*

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

And

And again,

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus Olympo

\- -

Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: ſic placidâ populos in pace regebat.

Æn. B. 8. l. 319.

Some of the Lines, a little foreign to the preſent Subject, are omitted; but I ſhall make the moſt admirable Author amends by tranſcribing at length his next Deſcription. 'Tis of a Stag, which gave the firſt Occaſion to the War betwixt the *Trojans* and the *Rutulians:* I chooſe this, becauſe my Deſign is to have theſe two great Poets ſeen together, where the Subject happens to be almoſt the ſame, tho' the Nature of the Poems be very different.

Cervus erat formâ præſtanti, & cornibus ingens,
Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, & latè cuſtodia credita campi.
Aſſuetum imperiis ſoror omni Sylvia curâ
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manûm patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili
Errabat ſylvis ———

Æn. B. 7. l. 483.

The Image which *Ovid* gives of the Favourite Stag ſlain accidentally by *Cypariſſus*, ſeems not of leſs Dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, latéque patentibus altas
Ipſe ſuo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demiſſaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla ſuper frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Iſque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Depoſito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla

Quamlibet

Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere ſolebat.
Gratus erat Cypariſſe tibi, Tu pabula cervum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.
- -
Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo reſidens, huc latus & illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capiſtris.

In the following Lines, *Ovid* deſcribes the watry Court of the River *Peneus*, which the Reader may compare with *Virgil*'s Subterranean Grott of *Cyrene* the *Naïad*, Mother to *Ariſtæus*.

Eſt nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva: vocant Tempe, per quæ Peneus ab imo
Effuſus Pindo ſpumoſis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, ſummaſque aſpergine ſylvas
Impluit, & ſonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæ ſedes, hæc ſunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc reſidens facto de cautibus antro
Undis jura dabat, Nymphiſque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
Neſcia gratentur, conſolentúrve parentem,
Populifer Sperchëos, & irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanuſque ſenex, leniſque Amphryſos, & Æas:
Moxque amnes alii, qui, quà tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt feſſas erroribus undas.

Met. B. 1.

Triſtis Ariſtæus Peneï genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans———————
- -
Jamque domum mirans genetricis, & humida regna,
Speluncíſque lacus clauſos, lucoſque ſonantes,
Ibat; & ingenti motu ſtupefactus aquarum,
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumine terrâ
Spectabat diverſa locis, Phaſimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum ſe erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.
Georg. B. 4.

The Divine Poet goes on in Pomp of Numbers and eaſy Magnificence of Words, 'till he introduces the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*; in the Narration of which, he is as much ſuperior to *Ovid*, as the Reeds of his own *Mantuan* Shepherds are leſs Muſical, than the Lyre of *Orpheus*.

That I may not be too long on this Article, I ſhall recommend to the Reader *Ovid's* admirable Deſcription of Sleep.

——*Eſt 'prope Cimmerios*— Met. B. 11.

That of Hunger

——*Eſt locus extremis Scythiæ*—— B. 8.

That of the Plague

——*Dira lues*—— B. 7.

That of Fame

——*Orbe locus medio eſt*—— B. 12.

Virgil has alſo touch'd on the two laſt; in the one he had *Lucretius* in View; in the other *Homer*: and I think it will not be to the Diſadvantage of our Author to appear at the ſame time.

There are many other Deſcriptions ſcatter'd in the *Metamorphoſes*, which for juſt Expreſſion of Nature, and majeſtick Modulation of Words, are only Inferior to thoſe already tranſcrib'd, as they are ſhorter; which makes the Objection, that his Diction is commonly loitering into Proſe, a great deal too ſevere.

The *Metamorphoſes* muſt be conſider'd, as is obſerv'd before, very uncorrect; and *Virgil's* Works as finiſh'd: tho' his own Modeſty would not allow the *Æneids* to be ſo. It ſeems it was harder for him to pleaſe himſelf, than

than his Readers. His Judgment was certainly great, nor was his Vivacity of Imagination leſs; for the firſt without the laſt is too heavy, and like a Dreſs without Fancy; and the laſt without the firſt is too gay, and but all Trimming.

Our Author's Similitudes are next to be conſider'd, which are always remarkably ſhort, and convey ſome pleaſing Idea to the Imagination. 'Tis in this Branch of the Poem, that he has diſcover'd as juſt a Judgment, as any of the Claſſicks whatever. Poets to give a Looſe to a warm Fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their Similes, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the firſt, they detain the Attention too long from the principal Narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent Breaches in the Unity of the Poem.

Theſe two Errors *Ovid* has moſt diſcerningly avoided. How ſhort, and ſignificant are generally his Compariſons! he fails not, in theſe, to keep a ſtiff Rein on a high-mettled *Pegaſus*; and takes care not to ſurfeit here, as he had done on other Heads, by an erroneous Abundance.

His Similes are thicker ſown by much in the Fable of *Salmacis* and *Hermaphroditus*, than in any other Book, but always ſhort.

The Nymph claſps the Youth cloſe to her Breaſt, and both inſenſibly grow one.

——Velut ſi quis conducto cortice ramos
Creſcendo jungi, pariterque adoleſcere cernat.
Met. B. 4.

Again, as *Atalanta* reddens in the Race with *Hippomenes*.

Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum ſuper atria velum
Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit umbras.
Met. B. 10.

Philomela's

Philomela's Tongue ſeem'd to move after it was cut out by *Tereus*.

Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat ——————— Met. B. 6.

Cadmus ſows the Dragon's Teeth, and the Sons of the Earth riſe gradually.

Inde fide majus glebæ cepêre moveri;
Primaque de ſulcis acies apparuit haſtæ;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
Mox humeri, pectuſque ———
Sic ubi tolluntur feſtis aulæa theatris
Surgere ſigna ſolent, primumque oſtendere vultum,
Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.
Met. B. 3.

The Objection to *Ovid*, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifeſt. Tho' he frequently expatiates on the ſame Thought in different Words; yet in his Similes, that Exuberance is avoided. There is in them all, a Simplicity, and a Confinement to the preſent Object; always a Fecundity of Fancy, but rarely an Intemperance: nor do I remember he has err'd above once by an ill-judg'd Superfluity. After he has deſcrib'd the Labyrinth built by *Dædalus*, he compares it thus,

Non ſecus ac liquidis Phrygiis Mæandros in arvis
Ludit, & ambiguo lapſu refluitque, fluitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare verſus apertum
Incertus exercet aquas ——— Met. B. 8.

He ſhould have ended at the cloſe of the ſecond Line, as *Virgil* ſhould have done at the End of the Fourth in his noble Simile, where *Dido* proceeds to the Temple with her Court about her.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ

Hinc,

Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Orëades, illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

Æn. B. 4.

I ſee no Reaſon for the laſt Line: Tho' the Poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate Judgment, yet by an Endeavour to imitate *Homer*'s Similes, he is not only very long, but by introducing ſeveral Circumſtances, he fails of an applicable Relation betwixt the principal Subject and his new Ideas. He ſometimes thinks fit to work into the Piece ſome differing Embroidery, which, tho' very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious Patch-work. I really believe his excellent Poem had not been the leſs ſo, if, in this Article, he had thought fit to have walk'd on in his own regular and Majeſtick Grace, rather than have been hurry'd forward through broken By-ways by his blind Guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his Similes which is not cull'd out, but exactly of the ſame Texture with all the reſt in the four laſt Books of the *Æneids*.

Turnus leaps in Fury from his Chariot.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum——— Æn. B. 12. l. 684.

It does not ſeem to be at all Material, whether the Rock was blown or waſh'd down by Wind or Rain, or undermin'd by Time.

But to return to *Ovid*; the Reader may take notice how unforc'd his Compliments, and how natural his Tranſitions generally are. With how much Eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new Circumſtance, without any Violation of the Unity of the Story! The Texture is ſo artful, that it may be compar'd to the Work of his own *Arachne*,

Arachne, where the Shade dies ſo gradually, and the Light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the Story of *Apollo* and *Daphne*; how happily does he introduce a Compliment to the *Roman* Conquerors!

——— Et conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe,
Arbor eris certè ———
Tu Ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, & longæ viſent Capitolia pompæ.
Poſtibus Auguſtis eadem fidiſſima cuſtos
Ante fores ſtabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. 1.

He compliments *Auguſtus* upon the Aſſignation of *Julius*; and, by way of Simile, takes the Opportunity from the Horror that the Barbarity of *Lycaon* gave.

——— Sic cum manus impia ſævit
Sanguine Cæſareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deify'd, and looks down on his adopted Son.

——— Natique videns benefacta, fatetur
Eſſe ſuis majora, & vinci gaudet ab illo.

Met. B. 15.

And immediately follows,

Hic ſua præferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
Libera fama tamen, nulliſque obnoxia juſſis
Invitum præfert ———

The Author in the two firſt Lines ſhows the affectionate Condeſcenſion of the Father; in the three laſt, the pious Gratitude of the Son.

The Compliments to *Auguſtus* are very frequent in the laſt Book of the *Metamorphoſes*; as thoſe to the ſame Emperor are in the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, which alſo ſtrike the Imagination by their agreeable Flattery.

Hæc

Hæc ſuper arvorum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et ſuper arboribus; Cæſar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Georg. 1.

Again on *Julius*,

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris
Julius——————

Æn. B. 1.

The Compliments have a great Sublimity and are worthy of the Grandeur of the Heroes, and the Wit of the Poet.

Ovid as much deſerves Praiſe for ſaying a great deal in a little, as Cenſure for ſaying a little in a great deal. None of the Claſſick Poets had the Talent of expreſſing himſelf with more Force and Perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome Pledge of his Father's Tenderneſs, and asks to be truſted with his Chariot. He anſwers,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.

Met. B. 2.

However, the latter complies with his Importunity; the Conſequence is fatal, the World is ſet on Fire, even the Rivers feel the force of the Conflagration. The *Tagus* boils,

——————*Fluit ignibus Aurum.*

The *Nile* retreats,

Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet——

Xanthus is parch'd up,

Arſuruſque iterum Xanthus——————

The Poet's Fancy is here full of Energy, as well as in the following Lines. *Apollo* courts *Daphne*, and promiſes himſelf Succeſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And

And again,

The River *Achelöus* combats *Hercules*, and assumes several Shapes in vain, then puts on at last that of a Snake; the Hero smiles in contempt.

Cunarum labor est angues superare meorum.

Ovid never excels himself so much, as when he takes Occasion to touch upon the Passion of Love; all Hearts are in a manner sensible of the same Emotions; and, like Instruments tun'd Unisons, if a String of any one of them be struck, the rest by consent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of *Cephalus*; she endeavours to be confirm'd in her Fears, but hopes the contrary,

——*Speratque miserrima falli.*

The next is not less Natural,

——*Sed cuncta timemus amantes,*

Byblis is in love with *Caunus*. The Struggle is betwixt her unlawful Flame and her Honour.

She's all Confusion at the Thoughts of discovering her Passion———

——*miserere fatentis amorem.*

She attempts to write,

Incipit & dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet: mutat, culpatque probatque.

In the End, Inclination, as it does always, gets the better of Discretion.

This last Fable shows how touchingly the Poet argues in Love Affairs, as well as those of *Medea* and *Scylla*. The two last are left by their Heroes, and their Reflections are very Natural and Affecting. *Ovid* seem'd here to have had *Virgil*'s Passion of *Dido* in his Eye, but with this Difference; the one had convers'd much with Ladies, and knew they lov'd to talk a great deal: The other

other conſider'd no leſs, what was natural for them to ſay, than what became them to ſay.

Virgil has, through the whole Management of this Rencounter, diſcover'd a moſt finiſh'd Judgment. *Æneas*, like other Men, likes for Convenience, and leaves for greater. *Dido*, like other Ladies, reſents the Neglect, enumerates the Obligations the Lover is under, upbraids him with Ingratitude, threatens him with Revenge, then by and by ſubmits, begs for Compaſſion, and has recourſe to Tears.

It appears from this Piece, that *Virgil* was a diſcerning Maſter in the Paſſion of Love: And they that conſider the Spirit and Turn of that inimitable Line—*Qui Bavium non odit*——cannot doubt but he had an equal Talent for Satyr.

Nor does the Genius of *Ovid* more exert on the Subject of Love, than on all others. In the Contention of *Ajax*, *Ulyſſes* his Elocution is moſt nervous, and perſuading. Where he endeavours to diſſuade Mankind from indulging carnivorous Appetites in his Pythagorean Philoſophy, how emphatical is his Reaſoning!

Quid meruêre boves, animal ſine fraude, doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi dempto modò pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare ſuum——

Met. B. 15.

I think *Agricolam* had been ſtronger, but the Authority of Manuſcripts does not warrant that Emendation.

Through the whole Texture of this Work, *Ovid* diſcovers the higheſt Humanity, and a moſt exceeding good Nature. The Virtuous in Diſtreſs are always his Concern; and his Wit contrives to give them an Immortality with himſelf.

He ſeems to have taken the moſt Pains in the Firſt and Second Book of the *Metamorphoſes*, though the Thirteenth abounds with Sentiments moſt moving,

and with calamitous Incidents, introduced with great Art. The Poet had here in View the Tragedy of *Hecuba* in *Euripides*; and 'tis a wonder, it has never been attempted in our own Tongue. The Houſe of *Priam* is deſtroy'd, his Royal Daughter a Sacrifice to the *Manes* of him that occaſion'd it. She is forc'd from the Arms of her unhappy Friends, and hurry'd to the Altar, where ſhe behaves herſelf with a Decency becoming her Sex, and a Magnanimity equal to her Blood, and ſo very affecting, that even the Prieſt wept.

———*Ipſe etiam flens, invituſque ſacerdos, &c.*

She ſhows no Concern at approaching Death, but on the Account of her old, unfortunate Mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere poſſit.
Mater obeſt, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi, verum ſua vita gemenda eſt.

Then begs her Body may be deliver'd to her without Ranſom,

———*Genetrici corpus inemptum*
Reddite; néve auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

The unhappy Queen laments ſhe is not able to give her Daughter royal Burial,

Non hæc eſt fortuna domûs———

Then takes the Body in her decrepid Arms, and halts to the Sea to waſh off the Blood,

———*Ad littus paſſu proceſſit anili*
Albentes laniata comas.———

The animated Thoughts and lively Images of this Poem, are numerous. None ever painted more to the Life, than our Author, tho' ſeveral Groteſque Figures are now and then ſeen in the ſame Groupe. The moſt plentiful Seaſon that gives Birth to the fineſt Flowers, produces alſo the rankeſt Weeds. *Ovid* has ſhewn in

one

one Line, the brighteſt Fancy, ſometimes; and in the next, the pooreſt Affectation.

Venus makes Court to *Adonis*,

——————*Et ecce!*
Opportuna ſuâ blanditur Populus umbrâ;
Et requievit humo; preſſitque & gramen & ipſum.
Met. B. 10. l. 556.

Phœbus requeſts *Phaeton* to deſiſt from his Requeſt.

——*Conſiliis, non curribus utere noſtris.*

Cæneus in the Battle of the *Centaurs* wounds *Latreus* in ſeveral Places.

——————*Vulnuſque in vulnere fecit.*

Theſe are ſome of our Poet's Boyiſms. There is another Affectation, call'd by *Quintilian* Ὀξύμωρον, or a witty Folly, which would not have appear'd quite ſo trifling, had it been leſs frequent.

Medea perſuades the Daughters of *Pelias* to kill their Father, in order to have his Youth renew'd. She, that loves him beſt, gives the firſt Wound,

Et, ne ſit ſcelerata, facit ſcelus—— Met. B. 7.

Althea is enrag'd at her Son *Meleager*, and to do Juſtice to the *Manes* of his Brothers deſtroys him,

Impietate pia eſt——————

Envy enters *Athens*, and beholds the flouriſhing Condition of the City,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of ſuch Witticiſms, which are more to be wonder'd at, becauſe they were not the Faſhion of that Age, as Punns and Quibbles are of this. *Virgil*, as I remember, is not found trifling in this Manner above once or twice.

Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus———
Georg. 1. l. 63.

Juno is in Indignation at *Æneas* upon his Arrival in *Italy.*

Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros?——— Æn. 7. l. 295.

The Poet is so far from affecting this sort of Wit, that he rarely ventures on so spirited a Turn of Fancy, as in these following Instances.

Juno upbraids *Venus* and *Cupid,* Ironically, that two Deities cou'd be able to get the better of one weak Woman.

———*Memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo Divûm si fœmina victa duorum est.
Æn. 4. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an Enterprise, expresses his Concern for his surviving Mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the Care of *Ascanius,* who Answers,

Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Creüsæ
Solûm defuerit ———

Venus is importunate in her Solicitations to *Vulcan,* to make Armour for her Son: He answers,

———*Absiste precando*
Viribus indubitare tuis——— Æn. 7.

At the first Kindling of *Dido*'s Passion, he has this most natural Thought,

——*Illum absens absentem auditque videtque.*

But to return to *Ovid*; tho' I cannot vindicate him for his Points, I shall endeavour to mollify his Criticks, when they give him no quarter for his Diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his Lines with Monosyllables,

noſyllables, as —— *ſi quis* —— *ſi non*, &c. and as I think he cannot be excus'd more advantageouſly, than by affirming, that where he has done it once, *Virgil* has twenty times.

—— *& cum*	G. 1.
—— *ſi quis*	G. 2.
—— *nec dum*	G. 2.
—— *ſi quam*	Æn. 1.
—— *ſi quis*	Æn. 7.
—— *jam bos*	Æn. 12.
—— *nunc nunc* —— &c.	

There are a great many Endings of Lines in this manner, and more indeed than ſeems conſiſtent with the Majeſty of Heroick Verſe. When Lines are deſign'd to be *ſermoni propiores*, this Liberty may be allowable, but not ſo when the Subject requires more ſonorous Numbers. *Virgil* ſeems to endeavour to keep up his Verſification to an Harmonious Dignity; and therefore, when fit Words do not offer with ſome Eaſe, he'll rather break off in an Hemiſtich, than that the Line ſhou'd be lazy and languid. He well knew, how eſſential it was in Poetry to flatter the Ear; and at the ſame time was ſenſible, that this Organ grows tir'd by a conſtant Attention to the ſame Harmony; and therefore he endeavour'd now and then to relieve it by a Cadence of Pauſes, and a Variation of Meaſures.

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracintho. Ecl. 2.

This Line ſeems not tuneful at the firſt hearing; but by Repetition, it reconciles itſelf, and has the ſame Effect with ſome Compoſitions of Muſick, which are at the firſt Performance tireſome, and afterward entertaining.

The Commentators and Criticks are of Opinion, that whenever *Virgil* is leſs Muſical, it is where he endeavours

deavours at an Agreement of the Sound with the Senſe, as,

——*Procumbit humi bos.*

It would ſhow as much Singularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful Facility to affirm it, becauſe it is obvious, in many Places he had no ſuch view.

——*Inventa ſub ilicibus ſus.* Æn. 3. l. 390.
——*Denteſque Sabellicus axacuit ſus.* Georg. 3. l. 255.
——*Jam ſetis obſita, jam bos.* Æn. 7. l. 790.
——*Furor additus, inde lupi ceu, &c.*
Æn. 11. l. 355.

The Places, which favour moſt the firſt Opinion are,

Saxa per & ſcopulos, & depreſſas convalles.
Georg. 3. l. 275.

——*Sæpe exiguus mus.*
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ. Georg. 4.

The laſt Line is the only Inſtance. I remember (except one in *Ecl.* 2.) where the Words terminate in the ſame Vowel, and ſeem to repreſent the conſtant and uniform Sound of a ſliding Stream.

Thoſe, that are moſt converſant in Claſſick Poetry, muſt be ſenſible, that *Virgil* has been much more ſolicitous, than *Ovid*, to keep up his Lines to an eaſy and a Muſical Flow; but tho' the Criticks charge the latter with breaking through *Proſody* and *Grammar*, and allowing himſelf too often the Licence of Græciſms; I take this Cenſure to be only an arrogant Pedantry in the Grammarians, and groundleſs in itſelf; but tho' it were true, I dare be confident it is full as juſt upon *Virgil*,

——*Curru ſubjungere Tigres,* Ecl. 5. l. 29.

for *Currui*, according to the Grammarians.

Often Adjectives for Adverbs; and the contrary.

G. 1.——*Pinguia culta*; an Adjective for a Subſtantive.
——*Denſo diſtinguere pingui*; the ſame.
Æn. 11.

Æn. 11. l. 69.——*Seu languentis Hyacinthi*; firſt Foot of the Dactyl ſhort,

Æn. 4.——*Tulerunt faſtidia menſes*; the penultima of the Verb ſhort,

Obſtupuî ſteteruntque comæ —— the ſame.

So *Lucretius, prodiderunt, reciderunt, &c.*

G. 2. l. 5. —— *Pampineo gravidus autumno*; an Iambick for a Spondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus campoſque per omnes; an Anapeſt for a Dactyl, or a Spondee.

Æn. 10. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mneſtheo*; a Trochee, unleſs the two Conſonants *M N* of the following Word be allow'd.

G. 1. l. 456. *Fervere, non illâ quiſquam*——

The Penultima commonly ſhort with *Virgil*, ſo *fulgere, ſtridere, &c.*

Æn. 12. l. 680.——*Sine me furere ante furorem*; a Græciſm.

G. 1. l. 281.——*Imponere Pelio Oſſam*; a Græciſm, where there is no Eliſion, but the long Vowel before another made ſhort.

The Learned and Reverend Dr. *Clark* has obſerv'd, (as he tells me) that tho' there be ſeveral ſhort Vowels made long in *Homer*, yet there is no Inſtance on the contrary, of any long Vowel (ſuch as the firſt Syllable of τιμὴ, ψυχὴ, νίκη, and the like) ever made ſhort, where no Vowel follows. Which ſhows that there is no ſuch thing as a *Poetica licentia*, properly ſo call'd.

Certainly no body can imagine but theſe two celebrated Authors underſtood their own Tongue, better than the ſcrupulous Grammarians of After-ages, who are too Dogmatical and Self-ſufficient, when they preſume to cenſure Either of them for not attending ſtrictly

enough to Syntax, and the Meaſure of Verſe. The *Latin* Tongue is a dead Language, and none can decide with Confidence on the Harmony, or Diſſonance of the Numbers of theſe Times, unleſs they were thoroughly acquainted with their Pauſes, and Cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more Aſſurance on their Diction; and diſtinguiſh where they have been negligent, and where more finiſh'd. There are certainly many Lines in *Ovid*, where he has been downright Lazy, and where he might have avoided the Appearance of being obviouſly ſo, by a very little Application. In recording the Succeſſion of the *Alban* Kings, thus,

Epitus ex illo eſt, poſt hunc Capetuſque, Capyſque,
Sed Capys ante fuit——

There are alſo ſeveral Lines in *Virgil*, which are not altogether tunable to a modern Ear, and which appear unfiniſh'd.

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in ſulcum———— G. 2. l. 61.
Præſertim ſi tempeſtas à vertice ſylvis
Incubuit—— G. 2. l. 310.

Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc, eſt omnia quando
Iſte animus ſupra—— Æn. 11. l. 509.

Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter—— Æn. 12. l. 108.

But the Sun has its Spots; and if amongſt Thouſands of inimitable Lines, there ſhou'd be ſome found of an unequal Dignity with the reſt, nothing can be ſaid for their Vindication more, than, if they be Faults, they are the Faults of *Virgil*.

As I ought to be on this Occaſion an Advocate for *Ovid*, who I think is too much run down at preſent by the critical Spirit of this Nation; I dare ſay, I cannot be more effectually ſo, than by comparing him in many Places with his admir'd Contemporary *Virgil*; and tho' the laſt certainly deſerves the Palm, I ſhall

malie

make uſe of *Ovid*'s own Lines, in the trial of Strength betwixt *Acheloüs* and *Hercules*, to ſhow how much he is honour'd by the Contention.

——— *Non tam*
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum.
Met. B. 9.

I ſhall finiſh my Remarks on our Author, by taking Notice of the Juſtneſs and Perſpicuity of his Allegories; which are either Phyſical or Natural, Moral, or Hiſtorical. Of the firſt Kind is the Fable of *Apollo* and *Python*; in the Explanation of this all the *Mythologiſts* agree; Exhalations and Miſts, being the conſtant Effects of Inundations, are here diſſipated by the Rays of the Sun.

Of the ſecond Kind, are *Actæon* torn to Pieces by his own Pack of Dogs, and *Eriſichthon* ſtarv'd by the Diſeaſe of Hunger. Theſe two Allegories ſeem to ſignify, that Extravagance and Luxury end in Want.

Of the Third, is the Story of the Rape of *Europa*. Hiſtory ſays, ſhe was Daughter to *Agenor*, and carry'd by the *Candians* in a Galley, bearing a Bull in the Stern, in order to be marry'd to one of their Kings nam'd *Jupiter*.

This Explanation gives an Occaſion for a Digreſſion which is not altogether foreign to the preſent Purpoſe, becauſe it will be of Uſe to juſtify *Ovid* on ſome other Occaſions, where he is cenſured for being too free with the Characters of the Gods. I was once repreſenting the *Metamorphoſes*, as an excellent Syſtem of Morality; but an illuſtrious Lady, whoſe leaſt Advantage above her Sex, is that of being one of the greateſt Princeſſes in *Europe*, objected, that the looſe and immodeſt Sallies of *Jupiter* did by no means confirm my Aſſertion.

One muſt conſider, that what appear'd an Abſurdity in *Ovid*, is not ſo much his own Fault, as that of the Times before him. The Characters of the Gods of the old Heroick Age repreſented them unjuſt in their Actions;

mutable in their Deſigns; partial in their Favours; ignorant of Events; ſcurrilous in their Language. Some of the ſuperior Hierarchy treating one another with injurious Brutalities, and are often guilty of ſuch Indecencies and Misbehaviour as the loweſt Mortals would bluſh to own. *Juno* calls *Diana*, the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, κύον ἀδδεὲς, Brazen-fac'd Bitch; Hom. Il. B. 21. l. 481. *Jupiter* inſults his Daughter, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, for Raſhneſs and Folly; bids *Iris* tell her, he'll maul her Coach-Horſes for her like a ſurly Bitch as ſhe is; αἰνοτάτη κύον: Il. B. 8. *from* l. 400. *to* l. 425. then threatens in another Place to beat his Wife, that divine Vixen, the immortal Partner of the Empyreal Throne, καὶ σε πλαγῇσιν ἰμάσσω. Il. B. 15. l. 17.

The Commentators may endeavour to hide thoſe Abſurdities under the Veil of Allegories; but the Reader that conſiders the whole Texture of the *Iliad*, will find, that the Author's Meaning, and their Interpretation, are often as unlike, as the imaginary Heroes of his Time, are to the real ones of Ours.

Allegories ſhould be obvious, and not like Meteors in the Air, which repreſent a different Figure to every different Eye. Now they are Armies of Soldiers; now Flocks of Sheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the Criticks of a more exalted Taſte, may diſcover ſuch Beauties in the antient Poetry, as may eſcape the Comprehenſion of us Pygmies of a more limited Genius. They may be able to fathom the divine Senſe of the Pagan Theology; whilſt we aim at no more, than to judge of a little common Senſe.

It is, and ever will be a Rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general Vogue, tho' never ſo ill grounded. The moſt are afraid of being Particular; and rather than ſtrive againſt the Stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the Many, rather than deſirous of being in the right with the Few: and tho' they be convinc'd of the Reaſonableneſs of diſſenting

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ing from the common Cry, yet out of a poor fear of Cenſure, they contribute to eſtabliſh it, and thus become an Authority againſt others, who in reality are but of their own Opinion.

Ovid was ſo far from paying a blind Deference to the venerable Name of his *Grecian* Predeceſſor, in the Character of his Gods; that when *Jupiter* puniſhes *Andromeda* for the Crimes of her Mother, he calls him *injuſtus Ammon*, Met. B. 4. and takes commonly an honourable Care of the Decorum of the Godhead, when their Actions are conſiſtent with the Divinity of their Character. His Allegories include ſome religious or inſtructive Moral, wrap'd up in a peculiar Perſpicuity. The Fable of *Proſerpina*, being ſometimes in Hell, and ſometimes with *Ceres* her Mother, can ſcarce mean any thing elſe than the ſowing and coming up of Corn. The various Dreſſes that *Vertumnus*, the God of Seaſons, puts on in his Courtſhip of *Pomona* the Garden Goddeſs, ſeem plainly to expreſs the different and moſt proper times for Digging, Planting, Pruning, and gathering the Increaſe. I ſhall be ſhorter on this Head, becauſe our Countryman Mr. *Sands* has, by a laborious Search amongſt the Mythologiſts, been very full. He has annex'd his Explanations to the End of each Book, which deſerve to be recommended to thoſe that are Curious in this figurative Learning

The Reader cannot fail of obſerving, how many excellent Leſſons of Morality *Ovid* has given us in the courſe of his Fables.

The Story of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* teaches, that Piety and Innocence cannot miſs of the divine Protection, and that the only Loſs irreparable is that of our Probity and Juſtice.

That of *Phaeton*; how the too great Tenderneſs of the Parent proves a Cruelty to the Child; and that he, who wou'd climb to the Seat of *Jupiter*, generally meets with his Bolt by the way.

The

The Tale of *Baucis* and *Philemon* is moſt inimitably told. He omits not the minuteſt Circumſtance of a Cottage Life; and is much fuller than *Virgil*, where he brings in his contented old Man *Corycius*, Georg. 4. *Ovid* repreſents a good old Couple; happy, and ſatisfy'd in a cleanly Poverty; hoſpitable, and free of the few things that Fortune had given them; moderate in Deſires; affectionate in their conjugal Relation; ſo religious in Life, that when they obſerv'd their homely Cabbin riſing to a Temple, all the Bounty they ask'd of the Gods they had entertain'd, was, that they might do the Office of Prieſthood there; and at their Death, not ſurvive one another.

The Stories of *Lycaon* and *Pentheus*, not only deter from Infidelity and Irreverence to the Gods; but the laſt alſo ſhows, that too great Zeal produces the ſame Effects, as none at all; and that Enthuſiaſm is often more cruel, than Atheiſm.

The Story of *Minos* and *Scylla* repreſents the Infamy of ſelling our Country; and teaches, that even they who love the Crime, abhor the Criminal.

In *Cippus* we find a noble Magnanimity and heavenly Self-denial; he preferr'd the Good of the Republick to his own private Grandeur; and choſe with an exemplary Generoſity, rather to live a private Free-man out of *Rome*, than to command Numbers of Slaves in it.

From the Story of *Hercules* we learn, that Glory is a Lady, who, like many others, loves to have her Admirers ſuffer a great deal for her. The Poet enumerates the Labours of the Hero; ſhows how he conquer'd every thing for Others, but nothing for himſelf: Then does him the poetical Juſtice of an Apotheoſis; thinking it moſt fit that one, who had born the Celeſtial Orbs on his Shoulders, ſhou'd have a Manſion amongſt them.

From the Aſſumption of *Romulus*; that when War is at an End, the chief Buſineſs of Peace ſhould be the enacting good Laws; that after a People are preſerv'd from the Enemy, the next Care ſhou'd be, to preſerve them

them from themſelves; and therefore the beſt Legiſlators deſerve a Place amongſt Heroes and Deities.

From *Ariadne* being inhumanly deſerted by *Theſeus*; and generouſly receiv'd by *Bacchus*; we find, that as there is nothing we can be ſure of, ſo there is nothing we ought to deſpair of.

From *Althea* burning the Brand; that we ſhou'd take care leſt under the Notion of Juſtice we ſhould do a Cruelty; for they that are ſet upon Revenge, only endeavour to imitate the Injury.

From *Polyphemus* making Love to *Galatea* one may obſerve, that the moſt deform'd can find ſomething to like in their own Perſon. He examines his Face in the Stream, combs his rueful Locks with a Rake, grows more exact, and ſtudious of his Dreſs, and diſcovers the firſt ſign of being in Love, by endeavouring at a more than uſual Care to pleaſe.

The Fable of *Cephalus* and *Procris* confirms, that every Trifle contributes to heighten the Diſeaſe of Jealouſy; and that the moſt convincing Proofs can ſcarce cure it.

From that of *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta* we may diſcover, that a generous Preſent helps to perſuade, as well as an agreeable Perſon.

From *Medea*'s flying from *Pelias*'s Court; that the offer'd Favours of the Impious ſhould be always ſuſpected; and that they, who deſign to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From *Myrrha*; that Shame is ſometimes hard to be overcome, but if the Sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more Trouble.

From *Cenis*; that Effeminacy in Youth may change to Valour in Manhood, and that as Fame periſhes, ſo does Cenſure.

From *Tereus*; that one Crime lays the Foundation of many; and that the ſame Perſon, who begins with Luſt, may conclude with Murder.

From

From *Midas*; that no Body can puniſh a covetous Man worſe than he puniſhes himſelf; that ſcarce any thing wou'd ſometimes prove more fatal to us, than the Completion of our own Wiſhes; and that he who has the moſt Deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt Diſappointments.

From the *Pythagorean* Philoſophy, it may be obſerv'd, that Man is the only Animal who kills his Fellow-Creature without being angry.

From *Proteus* we have this Leſſon, that a Stateſman can put on any Shape; can be a Spaniel to the Lion, and a Lion to the Spaniel; and that he knows not to be an Enemy, who knows not how to ſeem a Friend; that if all Crowns ſhou'd change their Miniſtry, as often as they pleaſe, tho' they may be called other Miniſters, they are ſtill the ſame Men.

The Legend of *Æſculapius*'s Voyage to *Rome* in form of a Snake, ſeems to expreſs the neceſſary Sagacity requir'd in Profeſſors of that Art, for the readier inſight into Diſtempers: This Reptile being celebrated by the ancient Naturaliſts for a quick Sight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius?——
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable *Epidaurian* aſſum'd the Figure of an Animal without Hands to take Fees; and therefore grateful Poſterity honour'd him with a Temple. In this manner ſhou'd wealthy Phyſicians, upon proper Occaſions, practiſe; and thus their ſurviving Patients reward.

If the *Metamorphoſes* be attended to with a juſt Application, and without Prepoſſeſſion; one will be the leſs ſurpris'd at the Author's prophetic Spirit, relating to the Duration and Succeſs of the Work.

Jamque opus exegi, &c.——

This Prediction has ſo far prov'd true, that this Poem has been ever ſince the Magazine, which has furniſh'd the

the greateſt Poets of the following Ages with Fancy and Alluſions; and the moſt celebrated Painters with Subjects and Deſign. Nor have his Poetical Predeceſſors and Contemporaries paid leſs Regard to their own Performances.

Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Muſæ. Lucr. B. 1.

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faciſit; quur volito vivu' per ora virûm. Enn. Frag.

——*Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim*
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Virg. G. 3.

Me doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis—— Hor. Od. 1.

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar.—— Hor. B. 3. Od. 30.

The whole Ode is in a manner a continu'd Compliment to his own Writings; nor, in Imitation of this celebrated Author, want we Poets of our preſent Age, who have been pleas'd to rank themſelves amongſt their own Admirers.

I have done with the Original, and ſhall make no Excuſe for the Length of the Preface, becauſe it is in the power of the Reader to make it as ſhort as he pleaſes. I ſhall now conclude with a Word or two about the Verſion.

Tranſlation is commonly either Verbal, or Paraphraſe, or Imitation; of the firſt is Mr. *Sands*'s, which I think the *Metamorphoſes* can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the Author left it unfiniſh'd; if it had undergone his

his laſt Hand, it is more than probable, that many Superfluities had been retrench'd. Where a Poem is perfectly finiſh'd, the Tranſlation, with regard to particular Idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the Senſe of the Author is more entirely his own, and the Caſt of the Periods more faithfully preſerv'd: But where a Poem is tedious through Exuberance, or dark through a haſty Brevity, I think the Tranſlator may be excus'd for doing what the Author upon reviſing would have done himſelf.

If Mr. *Sands* had been of this Opinion, perhaps other Tranſlations of the *Metamorphoſes* had not been attempted.

A Critic has obſerv'd, that in his Verſion of this Book, he has ſcrupulouſly confin'd the Number of his Lines to thoſe of the Original. 'Tis fit I ſhould take the Sum upon Content, and be better bred, than to count after him.

The Manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent Undertaking, is, neither to follow the Author too cloſe out of a critical Timorouſneſs; nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic Boldneſs. The Original ſhould always be kept in View, without too apparent a Deviation from the Senſe. Where it is otherwiſe, it is not a Verſion, but an Imitation. The Tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the Gracefulneſs of the Poem, as artful to hide its Imperfections; to copy its Beauties, and to throw a Shade over its Blemiſhes; to be faithful to an Idolatry, where the Author excels; and to take the Licence of a little Paraphraſe, where Penury of Fancy or Dryneſs of Expreſſion ſeem to ask for it.

The ingenious Gentlemen concern'd in this Undertaking ſeem to be of this Opinion; and therefore they have not only conſulted the Reputation of the Author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other Share in this Compliment, than by being the Occaſion of engaging them that have, in obliging the Public. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the Memory and Reputation of Mr.

Mr. *Dryden*, as to give his incomparable Lines the Advantage of appearing ſo near his own.

I cannot paſs by that admirable *Engliſh* Poet, without endeavouring to make his Country ſenſible of the Obligations they have to his Muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing Grace of his Verſification; the vigorous Sallies of his Fancy; or the peculiar Delicacy of his Periods; they'll diſcover Excellencies never to be enough admir'd. If they trace him from the firſt Productions of his Youth to the laſt Performances of his Age, they'll find, that as the Tyranny of Rhime never impos'd on the Perſpicuity of the Senſe; ſo a languid Senſe never wanted to be ſet off by the Harmony of Rhyme. And as his earlier Works wanted no Maturity; ſo his latter wanted no Force or Spirit. The falling off of his Hair had no other Conſequence, than to make his Laurels to be ſeen the more.

As a Tranſlator he was juſt; as an Inventor he was rich. His Verſions of ſome parts of *Lucretius*, *Horace*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* throughout, gave him a juſt Pretence to that Compliment which was made to *Monſieur d' Ablancourt*, a celebrated *French* Tranſlator; *It is uncertain who have the greateſt Obligations to him, the Dead or the Living.*

With all theſe wondrous Talents, he was Libell'd in his Life-time by the very Men, who had no other Excellencies, but as they were his Imitators. Where he was allow'd to have Sentiments ſuperior to all others, they charged him with Theft: But how did he ſteal? no otherwiſe, than like thoſe that ſteal Beggars Children, only to clothe them the better.

'Tis to be lamented, that Gentlemen ſtill continue this unfair Behaviour, and treat one another every Day with moſt injurious Libels. The Muſes ſhould be Ladies of a chaſte and fair Behaviour: when they are othewiſe, they are Furies. 'Tis certain that *Parnaſſus* is at beſt but a barren Mountain, and its Inhabitants contrive to make it more ſo by their unneighbourly Deportment; the Authors

are

are the only Corporation that endeavour at the Ruin of their own Society. Every Day may convince them, how much a rich Fool is reſpected above a poor Wit. The only Talents in Eſteem at preſent are thoſe of *Exchange-Alley*; one Tally is worth a Grove of Bays; and 'tis of much more Conſequence to be well read in the Tables of Intereſt and the Riſe and Fall of Stocks, than in the Revolutions of Empires.

Mr. *Dryden* is ſtill a ſad and ſhameful Inſtance of this Truth: The Man, that cou'd make Kings immortal, and raiſe triumphant Arches to Heroes, now wants a poor ſquare Foot of Stone, to ſhow where the Aſhes of one of the greateſt Poets, that ever was upon Earth, are depoſited.

OVID's *Metamorphoſes, Book* XIV.

The Transformation of SCYLLA.

NOW *Glaucus*, with a Lover's Haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling Waves, and ſeeks the *Latian* Shore.
Meſſena, *Rhegium*, and the barren Coaſt
Of flaming *Ætna*, to his Sight are loſt:
At length he gains the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and views
The Hills where baneful Philters *Circe* brews;
Monſters, in various Forms around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs.
O *Circe*, be indulgent to my Grief,
And give a Love-ſick Deity Relief.
Too well the mighty Pow'r of Plants I know,
To thoſe my Figure, and new Fate I owe.
Againſt *Meſſena*, on th' *Auſonian* Coaſt,
I *Scylla* view'd, and from that Hour was loſt.
In tend'reſt Sounds I ſu'd; but ſtill the Fair
Was deaf to Vows, and pitileſs to Pray'r.

If

If Numbers can avail, exert their Pow'r;
Or Energy of Plants, if Plants have more.
I ask no Cure; let but the Virgin pine
With dying Pangs, or Agonies, like mine.
No longer *Circe* could her Flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in view;
Leave thoſe that Fly, but thoſe that Like, purſue.
If Love can be by kind Compliance won;
See, at your Feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid *Glaucus*, ſhall the Aſh remove
From Mountains, and the Swelling Surges love;
Or humble Sea-weed to the Hills repair;
E'er I think any but my *Scylla* fair.
Straight *Circe* reddens with a guilty Shame,
And vows Revenge for her rejected Flame.
Fierce Liking oft a Spite as fierce creates;
For Love refus'd, without Averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs Rival ſhe proceeds;
And, by the Fall of *Scylla*, *Glaucus* bleeds.
Some faſcinating Bev'rage now ſhe brews;
Compos'd of deadly Drugs, and baneful Juice.
At *Rhegium* ſhe arrives; the Ocean braves,
And treads with unwet Feet the boiling Waves.
Upon the Beach a winding Bay there lies,
Shelter'd from Seas, and ſhaded from the Skies:
This Station *Scylla* choſe; a ſoft Retreat
From chilling Winds, and raging *Cancer*'s Heat.
The vengeful Sorc'reſs viſits this Receſs;
Her Charm infuſes, and infects the Place.
Soon as the Nymph wades in, her nether Parts
Turn into Dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.
A ghaſtly Horror in her Eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not, who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with Grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing Surges with his Tears;

From

From the diſtreſſed Sorcereſs he flies;
Her Art reviles, and her Addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs *Scylla*, chang'd to Rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe Barks, that beat the Seas.

The Voyage of ÆNEAS *continu'd.*

Here bulg'd the Pride of fam'd *Ulyſſes'* Fleet,
But good *Æneas* 'ſcap'd the Fate he met.
As to the *Latian* Shore the *Trojan* ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd Oars the foaming Flood:
He weather'd fell *Charybdis*: But ere-long
The Skies were darken'd, and the Tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the *Libyan* Coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the *Carthaginian* Shore.
Here *Dido*, with an hoſpitable Care,
Into her Heart receives the Wanderer.
From her kind Arms th' ungrateful Hero flies;
The injur'd Queen looks on with dying Eyes,
Then to her Folly falls a Sacrifice.
Æneas now ſets Sail, and plying gains
Fair *Eryx*, where his Friend *Aceſtes* reigns:
Firſt to his Sire does Fun'ral Rites decree,
Then gives the Signal next, and ſtands to Sea;
Out-runs the Iſlands where *Volcano's* roar;
Gets clear of *Sirens*, and their faithleſs Shore:
But loſes *Palinurus* in the Way;
Then makes *Inarime*, and *Prochyta*.

The Transformation of CERCOPIANS *into Apes.*

The Gallies now by *Pythecuſa* paſs;
The Name is from the Natives of the Place,
The Father of the Gods deteſting Lies;
Oft, with Abhorrence, heard their Perjuries.
Th' abandon'd Race, transform'd to Beaſts, began
To mimick the Impertinence of Man.

Flat-

Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with Grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in Make, and busy to no End;
This Moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this Species of their past retains;
Tho' lost the Language, yet the Noise remains.

ÆNEAS *descends to Hell.*

Now, on his Right, he leaves *Parthenope:*
His Left, *Misenus* jutting in the Sea:
Arrives at *Cuma*, and with Awe survey'd
The Grotto of the venerable Maid:
Begs Leave thro' black *Avernus* to retire;
And view the much-lov'd *Manes* of his Sire.
Straight the divining Virgin rais'd her Eyes:
And, foaming with a holy Rage, replies:
O thou, whose Worth thy wond'rous Works proclaim;
The Flames, thy Piety; the World, thy Fame;
Tho' great be thy Request, yet shalt thou see
Th' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy;
Thy Parent's Shade: This Arm thy Steps shall guide:
To suppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd.
She spoke, and pointing to the Golden Bough,
Which in th' *Avernian* Grove refulgent grew,
Seize That, She bids; He listens to the Maid;
Then views the mournful Mansions of the Dead:
The Shade of Great *Anchises*, and the Place
By Fates determin'd to the *Trojan* Race.
As back to upper Light the Hero came,
He thus salutes the Visionary Dame.—
O, whether some propitious Deity,
Or lov'd by those bright Rulers of the Sky!
With grateful Incense I shall stile you One,
And deem no Godhead greater, than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the Realms of Night,
And gave me to behold the Fields of Light:

To

To feel the Breezes of Congenial Air;
And Nature's bleſt Benevolence to ſhare.

The Story of the SIBYL.

I am no Deity, reply'd the Dame,
But Mortal, and religious Rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannick Sway,
Had I conſented to the God of Day.
With Promiſes he ſought my Love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair *Cumæan* Maid.
I paus'd; then pointing to a Heap of Sand,
For ev'ry Grain, to live a Year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' Effect of Time,
Forgot to covenant for Youth, and Prime.
The ſmiling Bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble Age with lagging Limbs creeps on.
Sev'n Cent'ries have I liv'd; Three more fulfil
The Period of the Years to finiſh ſtill.
Who'll think, that *Phœbus*, dreſt in Youth Divine,
Had once believ'd his Luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd Frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but Prophetick Words, at laſt.
The *Sibyl* mounting now from nether Skies,
And the fam'd *Ilian* Prince, at *Cuma* riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the Place to Anchor came,
Since call'd *Cajeta* from his Nurſe's Name.
Here did the luckleſs *Macareus*, a Friend
To wiſe *Ulyſſes*, his long Labours end.
Here, wandring, *Achæmenides* he meets,
And ſudden, thus his late Aſſociate, greets.
Whence came you here, O Friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far *Cyclopean* Ground;
A *Greek*'s at laſt aboard a *Trojan* found.

The Adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus *Achæmenides*——With Thanks I name
Æneas, and his Piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the *Cyclops* thro' the Hero's Aid,
Elſe in his Maw my mangled Limbs had laid.
When firſt your Navy under Sail he found,
He rav'd, till *Ætna* labour'd with the Sound.
Raging, he ſtalk'd along the Mountain's Side,
And vented Clouds of Breath at ev'ry Stride.
His Staff a Mountain Aſh; and in the Clouds
Oft, as he walks, his griſly Front he ſhrowds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful Haſte,
And juſtled Promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a Rock's high Summit to the Main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting Hurricane.
Oh! cou'd I ſeize *Ulyſſes* in his Flight,
How unlamented were my Loſs of Sight!
Theſe Jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting Vein,
Grind ev'ry crackling Bone, and pound his Brain.
As thus he rav'd, my Joints with Horror ſhook;
The Tide of Blood my chilling Heart forſook,
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge Morſels, raw,
Of Wretches undigeſted in his Maw.
From the pale breathleſs Trunks whole Limbs he tore,
His Beard all clotted with o'erflowing Gore.
My anxious Hours I paſs'd in Caves; my Food
Was Foreſt Fruits, and Wildings of the Wood.
At length a Sail I waſted, and aboard
My Fortune found an hoſpitable Lord.
Now, in Return, your own Adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to Sea, befel.

The Adventures of MACAREUS.

Then *Macareus*——There reign'd a Prince of Fame
O'er *Tuſcan* Seas, and *Æolus* his Name.

A Largeſs to *Ulyſſes* he conſign'd,
And in a Steer's tough Hide inclos'd a Wind.
Nine Days before the ſwelling Gale we ran;
The Tenth, to make the meeting Land, began:
When now the merry Mariners, to find
Imagin'd Wealth within, the Bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a Guſt, which backwards bore
Our Gallies to the *Læſtrigonian* Shore,
Whoſe Crown, *Antiphates* the Tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with Speed to treat;
We to his Court repair, his Guards we meet.
Two, friendly Flight preſerv'd; the Third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd Cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs Friends they treat;
Our Men they murder, and deſtroy our Fleet.
In time the wiſe *Ulyſſes* bore away,
And drop'd his Anchor in yon faithleſs Bay.
The Thoughts of Perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, 'till Lots appoint the Men.
Polites true, *Elpenor* giv'n to Wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the Lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for Dangers, and reſolv'd to Dare,
To *Circe*'s fatal Palace we repair.

The Enchantments of CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious Front, a Herd we find
Of Beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage Kind.
Our trembling Steps with Blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their Species, at our Feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous Throne of State,
On golden Columns rais'd, th' Enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her Robe, and amiable her Mien,
Her Aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a Queen.
Her Maids not mind the Loom, nor houſhold Care,
Nor wage in Needle-work a *Scythian* War.

But cull in Caniſters diſaſtrous Flow'rs,
And Plants from haunted Heaths, and fairy Bow'rs,
With brazen Sickles reap'd at Planetary Hours.
Eaſe Doſe the Goddeſs weighs with watchful Eye;
So nice her Art in impious Pharmacy!
Entring ſhe greets us with a gracious Look,
And Airs, that future Amity beſpoke.
Her ready Nymphs ſerve up a rich Repaſt;
The Bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her Pow'r we prove, and ſhew the Sorcery.
Soon, in a Length of Face, our Head extends;
Our Chin ſtiff Briſtles bears, and forward bends,
A Breadth of Brawn new burniſhes our Neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone *Eurylochus* refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a Beaſt obſcene the Man debas'd.
Hither *Ulyſſes* haſtes (ſo Fates command)
And bears the pow'rful *Moly* in his Hand;
Unſheaths his Scimetar, aſſaults the Dame,
Preſerves his Species, and remains the ſame.
The Nuptial Right this Outrage ſtraight attends;
The Dow'r deſir'd is his transfigur'd Friends.
The Incantation backward ſhe repeats,
Inverts her Rod, and what ſhe did, defeats.
And now our Skin grows ſmooth, our Shape upright;
Our Arms ſtretch up, our cloven Feet unite.
With Tears our weeping Gen'ral we embrace;
Hang on his Neck, and melt upon his Face,
Twelve Silver Moons in *Circe*'s Court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling Hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a Youth in *Parian* Stone;
His Head a Pecker bore; the Cauſe unknown
To Paſſengers. A Nymph of *Circe*'s Train
The Myſt'ry thus attempted to explain.

The Story of PICUS *and* CANENS.

Picus, who once th' *Auſonian* Sceptre held,
Could rein the Steed, and fit him for the Field.
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the Sculptor's Skill.
The Graces in the finiſh'd Piece, you find,
Are but the Copy of his fairer Mind.
Four Luſtres ſcarce the Royal Youth could name,
'Till ev'ry Love-ſick Nymph confeſs'd a Flame.
Oft for his Love the Mountain *Dryads* ſu'd,
And ev'ry Silver Siſter of the Flood:
Thoſe of *Numicus*, *Albula*, and thoſe
Where *Almo* creeps, and haſty *Nar* o'erflows:
Where ſedgy *Anio* glides thro' ſmiling Meads,
Where ſhady *Farfar* ruſtles in the Reeds:
And thoſe that love the Lakes, and Homage owe
To the chaſte Goddeſs of the Silver Bow.
In vain each Nymph her brighteſt Charms put on,
His Heart no Sov'reign would obey but one.
She whom *Venilia*, on Mount *Palatine*,
To *Janus* bore, the faireſt of her Line.
Nor did her Face alone her Charms confeſs,
Her Voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
When e'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her Strains,
The Flocks unfed ſeem'd liſt'ning on the Plains;
The Rivers would ſtand ſtill, the Cedars bend;
And Birds neglect their Pinions to attend;
The Savage Kind in Foreſt-Wilds grow tame;
And *Canens*, from her heav'nly Voice, her Name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated Hour
Their Hands united, as their Hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft Moments in Delights they waſte,
And each new Day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the Foreſts rove,
And mingle Sports with Intervals of Love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming Boar he chac'd,
His Jewels ſparkling on his *Tyrian* Veſt,

Laſcivious

Laſcivious *Circe* well the Youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flow'ry Hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing Eyes their ſilent Meſſage tell,
And from her Lap the verdant Miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at Words, his Courſer ſprings
O'er Hills, and Lawns, and ev'n a Wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the Dame,
If Plants have Pow'r, and Spells be not a Name.
She ſaid----and forthwith form'd a Boar of Air,
That ſought the Covert with diſſembled Fear.
Swift to the Thicket *Picus* wings his Way
On Foot, to chaſe the viſionary Prey.
Now ſhe invokes the Daughters of the Night,
Does noxious Juices ſmear, and Charms recite;
Such as can veil the Moon's more feeble Fire,
Or ſhade the golden Luſtre of her Sire.
In filthy Fogs ſhe hides the chearful Noon;
The Guard at Diſtance, and the Youth alone,
By thoſe fair Eyes, ſhe cries, and ev'ry Grace
That finiſh all the Wonders of your Face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a Queen complain;
Nor let the Sun's ſoft Lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the King, forbear,
None can my Paſſion with my *Canens* ſhare.
She firſt my ev'ry tender Wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft Approaches to my Breaſt.
In Nuptials bleſt, each looſe Deſire we ſhun,
Nor Time can end, what Innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſanter out a Life
Of Form, with that domeſtick Drudge a Wife;
My juſt Revenge, dull Fool, ere-long ſhall ſhow
What Ills we Women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a Woman, and a Lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful Spite we hope for Eaſe,
Nor fail to Puniſh, where we fail to Pleaſe.
Now twice to Eaſt ſhe turns, as oft to Weſt;
Thrice waves her Wand, as oft a Charm expreſt.

On the loſt Youth her magick Pow'r ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted Plumes the Woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The Monarch Oak he pierces with his Bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er *Latian* Lands he reigns;
Of *Picus* nothing but the Name remains.

The Winds from driſling Damps now purge the Air,
The Miſts ſubſide, the ſettling Skies are fair:
The Court their Sovereign ſeek with Arms in Hand,
They threaten *Circe*, and their Lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the Spirits of the Air,
And twilight Elves, that on dun Wings repair
To Charnels, and th' unhallow'd Sepulcher.

Now, ſtrange to tell, the Plants ſweat Drops of Blood,
The Trees are toſs'd from Foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue Serpents o'er the tainted Herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring Spectres on the *Æther* ride;
Dogs howl, Earth yawns, rent Rocks forſake their Beds,
And from their Quarries heave their ſtubborn Heads.
The ſad Spectators, ſtiffen'd with their Fears
She ſees, and ſudden ev'ry Limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage Beaſts the Figure bears.

The Sun did now to Weſtern Waves retire,
In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire.
Canens laments her Royal Husband's Stay;
Ill ſuits fond Love with Abſence, or Delay,
Where ſhe commands, her ready People run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in Mind, and dying with Deſpair,
Her Breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing Hair.
Six Days and Nights ſhe wanders on, as Chance
Directs, without or Sleep, or Suſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping Fair;
Her feeble Limbs no more the Mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his Banks, ſhe to the Flood complains,
And faintly tunes her Voice to dying Strains.
The ſick'ning Swan thus hangs her Silver Wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her Elegy ſhe ſings,

Ere-

Ere-long ſad *Canens* waſtes to Air; whilſt Fame
The Place ſtill honours with her hapleſs Name.
Here did the tender Tale of *Picus* ceaſe,
Above Belief the Wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more Diſaſters meet,
Foretold by *Circe*, to our ſuff'ring Fleet.
Myſelf unable further Woes to bear,
Declin'd the Voyage, and am refug'd Here.

ÆNEAS *arrives in* ITALY.

Thus *Macareus*----Now with a pious Aim
Had good *Æneas* rais'd a fun'ral Flame,
In Honour of his hoary Nurſe's Name.
Her Epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting Sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry Gale.
He ſteer'd at Diſtance from the faithleſs Shore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal Pow'r;
And ſought thoſe grateful Groves, that ſhade the Plain,
Where *Tiber* rolls majeſtick to the Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campain.
His Kindred Gods the Hero's Wiſhes crown
With fair *Lavinia*, and *Latinus*' Throne:
But not without a War the Prize he won.
Drawn up in bright Array the Battle ſtands:
Turnus with Arms his promis'd Wife demands.
Hetrurians, *Latians* equal Fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the Face of War.
Both Pow'rs from neighb'ring Princes ſeek Supplies,
And Embaſſies appoint for new Allies.
Æneas, for Relief, *Evander* moves;
His Quarrel he aſſerts, his Cauſe approves.
The bold *Rutilians*, with an equal Speed,
Sage *Venelus* diſpatch to *Diomede*.
The King, late Griefs revolving in his Mind,
Theſe Reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd.----
Shall I, of one poor Dotal Town poſſeſt,
My People thin, my wretched Country waſte;

An exil'd Prince, and on a ſhaking Throne;
Or risk my Patron's Subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the Harſhneſs of our Hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the Tale without a Tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd *Ilium* was by *Argives* won,
And Flames had finiſh'd, what the Sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſu'd us to the Main,
In Vengeance of her violated Fane.
Alone *Oilëus* forc'd the *Trojan* Maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal Deed.
A Storm begins, the raging Waves run high,
The Clouds look heavy, and benight the Sky;
Red Sheets of Light'ning o'er the Seas are ſpread,
Our Tackling yields, and Wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſt'rous State to tell;
Ev'n *Priam* wou'd have pity'd, what befel.
Yet *Pallas* ſav'd me from the ſwallowing Main;
At home new Wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
Chac'd from my Country, I once more repeat
All Suff'rings Seas could give, or War compleat.
For *Venus*, mindful of her Wound, decreed
Still new Calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient thro' ſucceſſive Ills,
With Fury, Love's bright Goddeſs thus reviles:---
Theſe Plagues in ſpite to *Diomede* are ſent;
The Crime is his, but ours the Puniſhment.
Let each, my Friends, her puny Spleen deſpiſe,
And Dare that haughty Harlot of the Skies.
The reſt of *Agmon*'s Inſolence complain,
And of Irreverence the Wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming Throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful Note.
To his new Skin a Fleece of Feather clings,
Hides his late Arms, and lengthens into Wings.

The lower Features of his Face extend,
Warp into Horn, and in a Beak deſcend.
Some more experience *Agmon*'s Deſtiny,
And wheeling in the Air, like Swans they fly.
Theſe thin Remains to *Daunus*' Realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious King.

The Transformation of APPULUS.

Thus *Diomedes*. *Venulus* withdraws;
Unſped the Service of the common Cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A Cave long honour'd for its awful Shade.
Here trembling Reeds exclude the piercing Ray,
Here Streams in gentle Falls thro' Windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing Breath cool Zephyrs play.
The Goatherd God frequents the ſilent Place,
As once the Wood-Nymphs of the Sylvan Race,
'Till *Appulus* with a diſhoneſt Air,
And groſs Behaviour, baniſh'd thence the Fair.
The bold Buffoon, when-e'er they tread the Green,
Their Motion mimicks, but with Geſt obſcene.
Looſe Language oft he utters; but ere-long
A Bark in filmy Net-work binds his Tongue.
Thus Chang'd, a baſe wild Olive he remains;
The Shrub the Coarſeneſs of the Clown retains.

The TROJAN *Ships transform'd to Sea-Nymphs.*

Mean while the *Latians* all their Pow'r prepare,
'Gainſt Fortune, and the Foe to puſh the War.
With *Phrygian* Blood the floating Fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of Succours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the *Trojan* Fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at Anchor near the Strand;
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted Brand he bore,
And Fire invades, what 'ſcap'd the Waves before.

The Billows from the kindling Prow retire;
Pitch, Roſin, Searwood on red Wings aſpire,
And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire.
This when the Mother of the Gods beheld,
Her towry Crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindl'd Lions rein'd, unveil'd her Head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd Fleet, ſhe ſaid;
Ceaſe *Turnus*, and the heav'nly Pow'rs reſpect,
Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
'Theſe Gallies, once fair Trees on *Ida* ſtood,
And gave their Shade to each deſcending God.
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their Being no determin'd Date.
Straight Peals of Thunder Heav'n's high Arches rend,
The Hail-ſtones leap, the Show'rs in Spouts deſcend.
The Winds with widen'd Throats the Signal give;
The Cables break, the ſmoking Veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming Flood,
The Timber ſoftens into Fleſh and Blood;
The Yards, and Oars new Arms, and Legs deſign;
A Trunk the Hull; the ſlender Keel, a Spine;
The Prow a female Face? and by degrees
The Gallies riſe green Daughters of the Seas.
Sometimes on coral Beds they ſit in State,
Or wanton on the Waves they fear'd of late.
The Barks, that beat the Seas, are ſtill their Care,
Themſelves remembring what of late they were;
To ſave a *Trojan* Sail in Throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee *Alcinous* in Diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe Wonders to deter
The *Latians* from their unſucceſsful War.
Both Sides for doubtful Victory contend;
And on their Courage, and their Gods depend.
Nor bright *Lavinia*, nor *Latinus*' Crown,
Warm their great Soul to War, like fair Renown.
Venus at laſt beholds her Godlike Son
Triumphant, and the Field of Battle won;

Brave *Turnus* ſlain, ſtrong *Ardea* but a Name,
And bury'd in fierce Deluges of Flame.
Her Tow'rs, that boaſted once a Sov'reign Sway,
The Fate of fancy'd Grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd Heron from the Aſhes ſprings,
And beats the Ruin with diſaſtrous Wings.
Calamities of Towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft, with woful Shrieks, of War complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had *Æneas*, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the Period of *Saturnia*'s Hate:
And by a ſure irrevocable Doom,
Fix'd the Immortal Majeſty of *Rome*.
Fit for the Station of his Kindred Stars,
His Mother Goddeſs thus her Suit prefers.
Almighty Arbiter, whoſe pow'rful Nod
Shakes diſtant Earth, and bows our own Abode;
To thy great Progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a Deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal Eyes,
Thy Brother's Kingdoms of the nether Skies.
Forthwith a Conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where *Juno* in the ſhining Senate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt Revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thund'ring *Jove* th' Almighty Mandate ſeals;
Allots the Prince of his Celeſtial Line
An *Apotheoſis*, and Rights Divine.
The cryſtal Manſions echo with Applauſe,
And, with her Graces, Love's bright Queen withdraws;
Shoots in a Blaze of Light along the Skies,
And, born by Turtle, to *Laurentum* flies.
Alights, where thro' the Reeds *Numicius* ſtrays,
And to the Seas his watry Tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates to waſh away
The Parts more groſs, and ſubject to Decay,
And cleanſe the Goddeſs-born from Seminal Allay.

The horned Flood with glad Attention ſtands,
Then bids his Streams obey their Sire's Commands.
His better Parts by Luſtral Waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to Æthereal Mind;
With Gums of fragrant Scent the Goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his Features breathes ambroſial Dews.
Thus deify'd, new Honours *Rome* decrees,
Shrines, Feſtivals; and ſtiles him *Indiges*.

The Line of the LATIAN *Kings.*

Aſcanius now the *Latian* Sceptre ſways;
The *Alban* Nation, *Sylvius*, next obeys.
Then young *Latinus:* Next an *Alba* came,
The Grace, and Guardian of the *Alban* Name.
Then *Epitus*; then gentle *Capys* reign'd;
Then *Capetis* the regal Pow'r ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the *Tuſcan* Flood,
And honour'd with his Name the River God.
Now haughty *Remulus* begun his Reign,
Who fell by Thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek *Acrota* ſucceeded to the Crown;
From Peace endeavouring, more than Arms, Renown,
To *Aventinus* well reſign'd his Throne.
The Mount on which he rul'd, preſerves his Name,
And *Procas* wore the Regal Diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS *and* POMONA.

A *Hama-Dryad* flouriſh'd in theſe Days,
Her Name *Pomona*, from her Woodland Race.
In Garden Culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant Souls of Plants ſo well;
Or to the Fruit more gen'rous Flavours lend,
Or teach the Trees with nobler Loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flatt'ring Stream,
Nor Meads, the Subject of a Virgin's Dream;

But to ſuch Joys her Nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable Care.
A Pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her Hand,
And taught the Straglers to obey Command;
Leſt the licentious and unthrifty Bough,
The too-indulgent Parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how Stocks invite to their Embrace
A Graft, and naturalize a foreign Race
To mend the Salvage Teint; and in its Stead
Adopt new Nature, and a nobler Breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing Care,
And guards their Nonage from the bleaker Air:
Then opes her ſtreaming Sluices, to ſupply
With flowing Draughts her thirſty Family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From Chains of Love, and Nuptial Tyranny;
And in her Orchard's ſmall Extent immur'd,
Her vow'd Virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft would looſe *Pan*, and all the luſtful Train
Of Satyrs, tempt her Innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old Dotard, own'd a Flame;
And He, that frights the Thieves with Stratagem
Of Sword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſu'd the Maid no leſs;
But, with his Rivals, ſhar'd a like Succeſs.
To gain Acceſs a thouſand Ways he tries;
Oft, in the Hind, the Lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs Lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the Labour of his Teams.
Then, from the Harveſt, oft the mimick Swain
Seems bending with a Load of bearded Grain.
Sometimes a Dreſſer of the Vine he feigns,
And lawleſs Tendrils to their Bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his Sword a Soldier ſhews; his Rod,
An Angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a Forehead-cloth, ſome Crone he ſeems,
A Staff ſupplying the Defect of Limbs;

Admittance

Admittance thus he gains; admires the Store
Of faireſt Fruit; the fair Poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a Kiſs: Th' unpractis'd Dame
Admir'd a Grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a Flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a Vine
Around an Elm in am'rous Foldings twine.
If that fair Elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No Grapes would glow with Gold, and tempt the Hand;
Or if that Vine without her Elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected Shrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe Examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd Fears, the Nuptial Bed.
Not ſhe for whom the *Lapithites* took Arms,
Nor *Sparta*'s Queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly Charms.
And if you would on Woman's Faith rely,
None can your Choice direct ſo well, as I.
Tho' old, ſo much *Pomona* I adore,
Scarce does the bright *Vertumnus* love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his Breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt Wiſhes and unfoil'd Deſires.
Then fly all vulgar Followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your Love:
On my Aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce *Vertumnus* better knows.
True to his Choice, all looſer Flames he flies;
Nor for new Faces faſhionably dies.
The Charms of Youth, and ev'ry ſmiling Grace
Bloom in his Features, and the God confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on ev'ry Shape at Eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt, that beſt *Pomona* pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her Lover's Aim;
Their Likings and Averſions are the ſame.
Nor the fair Fruit your burden'd Branches bear;
Nor all the youthful Product of the Year,
Could bribe his Choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit Reward for ſo refin'd a Love.
Relent, fair Nymph, and with a kind Regret,
Think 'tis *Vertumnus* weeping at your Feet.

A Tale attend, thro' *Cyprus* known, to prove
How *Venus* once reveng'd neglected Love.

The Story of IPHIS *and* ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar Birth, by Chance had view'd
Fair *Anaxaretè* of *Teucer*'s Blood.
Not long had he beheld the Royal Dame,
Ere the bright Sparkle kindled into Flame.
Oft did he ſtruggle with a juſt Deſpair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
But Love, who flatters ſtill his own Diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the Fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her Confident with Sighs, and Pray'r,
Or Letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs Meſſengers in Suits of Love.
Now ſhiv'ring at her Gates the Wretch appears,
And Myrtle Garlands on the Columns rears,
Wet with a Deluge of unbidden Tears.
The Nymph more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,
Derides his Pray'rs; inſults his Agonies;
Arraigns of Inſolence th' aſpiring Swain;
And takes a cruel Pleaſure in his Pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his Deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable Fair.——
O *Anaxaretè*, at laſt forget
The Licence of a Paſſion indiſcreet.
Now Triumph, ſince a welcome Sacrifice
Your Slave prepares, to offer to your Eyes.
My Life, without Reluctance, I reſign;
That Preſent beſt can pleaſe a Pride, like Thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a Flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the Light.
And you, great Pow'rs, do Juſtice to my Name;
The Hours, you take from Life, reſtore to Fame.
Then o'er the Poſts, once hung with Wreaths, he throws
The ready Cord, and fits the fatal Nooſe;

For

For Death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the Wretch concludes his Life, and Love.
Ere-long the People gather, and the Dead
Is to his mourning Mother's Arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly Statue, ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs Corſe in Seas of Tears,
And gives it to the Pile; now as the Throng
Proceed in ſad Solemnity along,
To view the paſſing Pomp, the cruel Fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs Lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her Eyes, and motionleſs her Limbs:
Her Features without Fire, her Colour gone,
And, like her Heart, ſhe hardens into Stone.
In *Salamis* the Statue ſtill is ſeen
In the fam'd Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen.
Warn'd by this Tale, no longer then diſdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to eaſe a Lover's Pain.
So may the Froſts in Spring your Bloſſoms ſpare,
And Winds their rude Autumnal Rage forbear.
The Story oft *Vertumnus* urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heav'nly Form again.
Such Looks, and Luſtre the bright Youth adorn,
As when with Rays glad *Phœbus* paints the Morn.
The Sight ſo warms the fair admiring Maid,
Like Snow ſhe melts: So ſoon can Youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager Winds, ſucceeds Deſire;
And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire.

The LATIAN *Line continu'd.*

Now *Procas* yielding to the Fates, his Son
Mild *Numitor* ſucceeded to the Crown.
But falſe *Amulius*, with a lawleſs Pow'r,
At length depos'd his Brother *Numitor*.
Then *Ilia*'s valiant Iſſue, with the Sword,
Her Parent re-inthron'd, the rightful Lord.

Next *Romulus* to people *Rome* contrives;
The joyous time of *Pales'* Feaſt arrives;
He gives the Word to ſeize the *Sabine* Wives.
The Sires enrag'd take Arms, by *Tatius* led,
Bold to revenge their violated Bed.
A Fort there was, not yet unknown to Fame,
Call'd the *Tarpeian*, its Commander's Name.
This by the falſe *Tarpeia* was betray'd,
But Death well recompens'd the treach'rous Maid.
The Foe on this new-bought Succeſs relies,
And ſilent march, the City to ſurpriſe.
Saturnia's Arts with *Sabine* Arms combine;
But *Venus* countermines the vain Deſign;
Intreats the Nymphs that o'er the Springs preſide,
Which near the Fane of hoary *Janus* glide,
To ſend their Succours; ev'ry Urn they drain,
To ſtop the *Sabines* Progreſs, but in vain.
The *Naiads* now more Stratagems eſſay;
And kindling Sulphur to each Source convey.
The Floods ferment, hot Exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding Ford the Army flies.
Soon *Romulus* appears in ſhining Arms,
And to the War the *Roman* Legions warms:
The Battle rages, and the Field is ſpread
With nothing but the Dying and the Dead.
Both Sides conſent to treat without Delay,
And their two Chiefs at once the Sceptre ſway.
But *Tatius* by *Lavinian* Fury ſlain;
Great *Romulus* continu'd long to reign.

The Aſſumption of ROMULUS.

Now Warrior *Mars* his burniſh'd Helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heav'n's imperial Throne.
Since the inferior World is now become
One Vaſſal Globe, and Colony to *Rome*,
This Grace, O *Jove*, for *Romulus* I claim,
Admit him to the Skies, from whence he came.

Long

Long haſt thou promis'd an Æthereal State
To *Mars*'s Lineage; and thy Word is Fate.
The Sire that rules the Thunder, with a Nod,
Declar'd the *Fiat*, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the Pow'r Armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing Skies, the Signal he obey'd;
And leaning on his Lance, he mounts his Car,
His fiery Courſers laſhing thro' the Air.
Mount *Palatine* he gains, and finds his Son
Good Laws enacting on a peaceful Throne;
The Scales of heav'nly Juſtice holding high,
With ſteady Hand, and a diſcerning Eye.
Then vaults upon his Car, and to the Spheres,
Swift, as a flying Shaft, *Rome*'s Founder bears.
The Parts more pure, in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His Shrine in purple Veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is *Quirinus* now.

The Aſſumption of HERSILIA.

Ere long the Goddeſs of the nuptial Bed,
With Pity mov'd, ſends *Iris* in her Stead
To ſad *Herſilia* —— Thus the Meteor Maid: ——
Chaſte Relict! in bright Truth to Heav'n ally'd,
The *Sabines* Glory, and the Sex's Pride;
Honour'd on Earth, and worthy of the Love
Of ſuch a Spouſe, as now reſides above.
Some Reſpite to thy killing Griefs afford;
And if thou would'ſt once more behold thy Lord,
Retire to yon ſteep Mount, with Groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful Gloom his Temple ſhade.
With Fear the modeſt Matron lifts her Eyes,
And to the bright Ambaſſadreſs replies: ——
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal Eyes unknown,
But ſure thy various Charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to *Romulus* thy Votreſs bear,
With Looks of Love he'll ſmile away my Care:
In whate'er Orb he ſhines, my Heav'n is there.

Then

Then haſtes with *Iris* to the holy Grove,
And up the Mount *Quirinal* as they move,
A lambent Flame glides downward thro' the Air,
And brightens with a Blaze *Herſilia*'s Hair.
Together on the bounding Ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a Gleam of Light along the Skies.
With op'ning Arms *Quirinus* met his Bride,
Now *Ora* nam'd, and preſs'd her to his Side.

OVID's *Metamorphoſes, Book* XV.

The Story of CIPPUS.

OR as when *Cippus* in the Current view'd
The ſhooting Horns that on his Forehead ſtood,
His Temples firſt he feels, and with ſurpriſe
His Touch confirms th' Aſſurance of his Eyes.
Straight to the Skies his horned Front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious Pray'rs.
If this Portent be proſp'rous, O decree
To *Rome* th' Event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An Altar then of Turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich Gums in fragrant Exhalations blaze;
The panting Entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding Fumes pronounce a Myſtery.
Soon as the Augur ſaw the Holy Fire,
And Victims with preſaging Signs expire,
To *Cippus* then he turns his Eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny Honours of his Head:
Then cry'd, Hail Conqueror! thy Call obey,
Thoſe Omens I behold preſage thy Sway.
Rome waits thy Nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy Sov'reign Pow'r as Fate's Decree.
He ſaid——and *Cippus*, ſtarting at th' Event,
Spoke in theſe Words his pious Diſcontent.

Far

Far hence, ye Gods, this Execration ſend,
And the great Race of *Romulus* defend.
Better that I in Exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the Capitol ſhou'd ſtile me Lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with Leaves his Omen'd Head.
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and ſaid,
If Augurs can foreſee, a Wretch is come,
Deſign'd by Deſtiny the Bane of *Rome*.
Two Horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his Temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the Walls, and gain the Town,
Your Laws are forfeit, that ill-fated Hour;
And Liberty muſt yield to lawleſs Pow'r.
Your Gates he might have enter'd; but this Arm
Seiz'd the Uſurper, and withheld the Harm.
Haſte, find the Monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or ty'd in Chains, or into Exile thrown;
Or by the Tyrant's Death prevent your own.
The Crowd ſuch Murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling Surges breaking on the Strand:
Or as when gath'ring Gales ſweep o'er the Grove,
And their tall Heads the bending Cedars move.
Each with Confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his Fellow's Brows, and find the Man.
Cippus then ſhakes his Garland off, and cries,
The Wretch you want, I offer to your Eyes.
The anxious Throng look'd down, and ſad in Thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the Sign they ſought:
In haſte with Laurel Wreaths his Head they bind;
Such Honour to ſuch Virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the Senate —— Hear, O *Cippus*, hear;
So God-like is thy Tutelary Care,
That ſince in *Rome* thyſelf forbids thy Stay,
For thy Abode thoſe Acres we convey
The Plough-ſhare can ſurround, the Labour of a Day.
In deathleſs Records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And *Rome*'s rich Poſts ſhall ſhine with Horns of Gold.

A SOLILOQUY *out of* ITALIAN.

COU'D he whom my diſſembled Rigour grieves,
But know what Torment to my Soul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his Flame,
And want myſelf the Pity he wou'd claim.
Immortal Gods! why has your Doom decreed
Two wounded Hearts with equal Pangs ſhou'd bleed?
Since that great Law, which your Tribunal guides,
Has join'd in Love whom Deſtiny divides;
Repent you Pow'rs the Injuries you cauſe,
Or change our Natures, or reform your Laws.
Unhappy Partner of my killing Pain,
Think what I feel the Moment you complain.
Each Sigh you utter wounds my tend'reſt Part,
So much my Lips miſrepreſent my Heart.
When from your Eyes the falling Drops diſtil,
My vital Blood in every Tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful Agonies I hear,
Are but the Echos of my own Deſpair.

An Imitation of a French *Author.*

CAN you count the ſilver Lights
That deck the Skies, and chear the Nights:
Or the Leaves that ſtrow the Vales,
When Groves are ſtript by Winter Gales:
Or the Drops that in the Morn
Hang with tranſparent Pearl the Thorn.
Or Bridegroom's Joys, or Miſer's Cares,
Or Gameſter's Oaths, or Hermit's Pray'rs:
Or Envy's Pangs, or Love's Alarms,
Or *Marlb'rough*'s Acts, or -------*n*'s Charms?

ORATIO

ORATIO LAUDATORIA,

IN ÆDIBUS

Collegii Regalis Med. Lond.

17^mo die Septembris. 1697.

CLARISSIME

PRO-PRÆSES,

COLLEGÆ DOCTISSIMI.

Auditores humaniſſimi!

MIRENTUR alii, neque id fortè injuriâ, cùm tot adſint Oratores, ingenio pariter & eloquentiâ illuſtres; me, qui neque doctrinâ neque arte dicendi polleam, provinciam hanc inauſpicatò ſortiri: Verum hoc quicquid eſt, ſive honoris, ſivè muneris, non ambitu quæſitum eſt ac ne minimâ meâ propenſione ſuſceptum; ſed cùm jubente Præſide, reluctari nefas eſſe duxerim, exiſtimationi potiùs & famæ propriæ, quàm officio deeſſe conſtitui; ne fortè videar non ſatis authoritati ejus auſcultaſſe, cujus ipſo etiam in hortatu acquieſcere debemus. Nec incepti mei me pœniteret, ſi tanti viri veſtigiis inſiſtere poſſem: Qui, quot habet verba, tot illecebris leporibuſque abundat. Suavitate ſuâ permulcet, ſubtilitate docet, argumentis flectit, & varietate delectat; nervosâ inſuper *Salluſtii* brevitate pollet, *Curtii* acumine, & numerosâ *Tullii*, quoties ita viſum eſt, & diffusâ venâ. Nemo igitur *Millingtonum*, ut par eſt, niſi qui par ingenium ſortitus eſt, laudare moliatur; quàm impar autem & ineptus ego fuerim, Oratione hodiernâ abundè conſtabit.

Deſunt certè mihi & æquabile dicendi genus, & vis ſuaſoria; neque preſsè loqui ſcio, neque uberiùs; inventio

mea

mea jejuna eſt & ſterilis, geſtus denique rudis & incompoſitus. Quid igitur præſentiâ veſtrâ, quid arte noſtrâ dignum proferam? Non vos latet *Alexandrum* magnum (ut de *Zoroaſtre*, de *Mithridate*, de *Lyſimacho* fileam) haud minimam medicinæ, idque *Stagyritæ* conſilio, dediſſe operam. Nec mirum, cùm veneranda antiquitas, quamplurimos medendi arte felices, non ſolùm privilegiis, non præmiis, non ſtatuis, ſed reverentiâ planè religiosâ, ſed cultu prorsùs divino dignos exiſtimaverit: Homines enim ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam ſanitatem dando, conſervando, reſtituendo.

Flammam febrium ferocientem reſtinguit Medicina, artus paralyticos & rigentes benignis ignibus refocillat, Hydropis laticem exantlat, renum ſcaturiginem ſiſtit, vultum ſquallore morbido fœdatum decorat, & larvam tollit, tabidos inſtaurat, plùs juſtò ſaginatos redigit, torpidos irradiat, & inſomnes conſopit. Plantarum figuras & ſapores pene infinitos diſtinguit, medullam foſſilium intimam rimatur, naturam per mille Orbes & Mæandros ſectatur, ipſiſſimum inſuper terræ centrum, medicinæ perſpicacitatem non fugit, nec quicquam in ipſo deliteſcit Oceano.

Plura dicerem ut artis Apollineæ laudibus nequaquam deeſſem, verùm iſta omitto, ne multa hac occaſione non ita pridem audita recenſere videar. De medicorum itaque dignitate & titulis, qui certiores fieri velint, *Foeſium* & alios conſulant. Sed in ea nos incidimus loca & tempora, quibus ipſa ægrotat medicina. Ars ſiquidem omnibus aliis utiliſſima, ſibi ſuiſque prodeſſe neſcit, dum plus Pſeudo-medicis quam morbis laborat Anglia. Quot & quales ſint iſti, programmata parietibus affixa monent indies. Hic circumforaneus in plateis equo inſidens, dentes evellit; Ille, domi certis horis fatuos expectat; Alter Matulas inſpicit, & ubi morbum non invenit, facit; Alter, turbâ in unum Funambuli ope convocatâ, venit, videt, in confertiſſimam catervam irruit, & horrendam edit ſtragem. Non autem telis vulnerat iſta Agyrtarum colluvies, ſed Theriacâ quâdam magis perniciosâ, non pyrio, ſed pulvere neſcio quo exotico certat, non globulis

bulis plumbeis, ſed pilulis æque lethalibus interficit. O genus hominum, ſi quod aliud ſceleratiſſimum! totam urbem invadunt iſti Homicidæ, ſed an imperitiâ an impunitate majori incertum; pro pudore, audacia, pro ſagacitate inſcitia, pro integritate improbitas hodiè, ut olim, viget. Huic peſti ut occurreret *Henricus* octavus regum auguſtiſſimus, & ſanitati ſubditorum religiosè conſulens, Collegium hoc quamplurimis immunitatibus ad rem medicam moderandam ſtabiliendamque donavit. *Henrici* ad exemplum *Edvardus* ſextus, *Maria* & *Eliſabetha* Reginæ, *Jacobi*, *Carolique* duo, nullum officii genus, ad emolumentum noſtrum ſpectans, omiſere: Multa inſuper *Mariæ* & *Arabellæ Stuartæ* ex regio ſanguine oriundis debemus; *Lumleio* Baroni, ſummæ, eo tempore authoritatis etiam multa; Nec minora Marchioni *Dorceſtriæ*, Collegii hujuſce regalis Socio, viro etiam animdotibus quàm natalium ſplendore clariori. Neque nos fugiant Societatis noſtræ & alia ornamenta, *Linacrus* nempe *Atkinſius*, *Readus*, *Meverellus*, *Foxus*, *Gulſtonus*, *Pagettus*, *Bidgodſius*, *Pamannus*, præcipuè verò *Harvæus* & *Hamæus:* ingenti virtute & doctrinâ fuere ambo, ſed indole paulum diversâ: *Harvæus* benignitate clarus habebatur, Morum ſimplicitate *Hamæus:* Ille humanitate feſtivâ probatus fuit, Huic auguſta gravitas dignitatem dedit; Alterius lenitas, alterius ſtabilitas celebratur.

Quanti quidem *Harvæum* facere debemus non tam ex ore noſtro quam ſcriptis ejus diſcat *Europa*. Effloreſcet indies beati Senis fama, quo doctiorem, nulla ætas vidit, nulla forſitan videbit: Cujus ingenii acumen atque ardor mentis, tanquam flamma quædam cœlitus delapſa, totum Orbem literatum illuſtravit. Falſa pro veris olim recepta tenebris damnavit, latentia & abſcondita in lucem protulit; ipſiſſimam animalium originem, ſudore majori neſcio an ſagacitate, indagavit, æſtum ſanguinis feliciter obſervavit, motumque reciprocum palam fecit; nihil illſum latuit, nemo virtutis ſimul & veritatis ſtudioſior; tanta erat Illi benevolentia, ut nihil ſciverit quod alios neſcire voluerit; tanta Eruditio ut nemo ex eâ ad hanc fere diem ſciverit quod Ille ignoravit: ad hæc, qualis in vultu facilitas,

facilitas, in verbis candor, in familiari consuetudine lepor & venustas! Erga Collegas urbanitate, erga amicos constantiâ, erga pauperes charitate, erga omnes probitate inclaruit. Deorum immortalium adinstar pauciſſimis indiguit, & quamplurimis benefecit, etiam posteris, non solùm divina edocendo, sed nos omnes Hæredes ex asse constituendo.

Haud longe aliter *Hamæus*. Illius quidem munificentiâ effectum est, ut Collegium hodie supersit; quantis quidem impensis ædes hasce, sæviente bello plusquam civili, vindicaverit, neminem latere existimo. Esse quàm videri munificus malebat: Alii munera, alii agros, alii statuas, alii alia exoptant, & optando consenescunt. Hic de nihilo nisi mente sanâ & corpore sano sollicitus erat, cujus amicitia dum vixit, nunc chariſſima nobis est memoria & longum colenda.

Neque *Cutlerum* Baronettum præterire licet. Si silerem Ego, me monerent hi parietes, hæc subsellia. Vir sanè neque alieni injustè appetens, neque sui profusus; haud plus honesta expetiit, quam male parta devitavit; omnia sibi negavit, uti multa aliis elargiretur, fame & frigore se fere conficiens, uti Egenos victu & igne reficeret; publica curavit, neque interim propria neglexit: plura dicere decorum non est, neque fas, pauciora: Filiam diu Illi non superstitem reliquit, optimis animi ornamentis dotatam, & Illustriſſimo Comiti de *Radnor*, prosapiâ insigni, virtute vero insigniori, Connubio junctam.

Restant & adhuc nonnulli Benefactores qui in vivis sunt. Domina nempe *Gratia Pierrepoint*, dotium paternarum nobilium hæres nobiliſſima: *Henricus Guy* Armiger, vir non minus humani ingenii, quam ad largiendum promptiſſimi, qui cum *Gulielmo Langham* & *Johanne Banks* Baronettis, integritate & consilio probatis, digni sunt ut commemorentur.

Ad te nunc Coronidis loco convertimur, Gulielme *Auguste, Regum invictiſſime, non tam Collegii hujusce* Jupiter *Stator & Custos, quàm Orbis Christiani liberator & publicæ quietis restitutor. Quòd regna* Europæa *meliora expectant, Tuum est; quod* Agricolæ *tempestates anni lætas sperant, Tuum est; quod castitatem matres, quod pudorem filiæ jam tuentur, Tuum est. Te venerantur* Angli, *Te observant*

vant Hiſpani, *Te mirantur* Germani, *Te colunt* Batavi, & *Te verentur* Galli. *Si geſta Majorum tuorum illuſtria, ſi genus antiquum ſpectemus, ecquid non veteres loquuntur Faſti & Annales? Tot Principes & Heroas è ſtirpe* Naſſoviâ *oriundos numeremus, quot vix homines è ſuâ poſſunt alii.*

Ignorat nemo, niſi qui neſcire mallet, vim Gallicam *viginti, & eò ampliùs retro annis, toti* Europæ *tremendam incubuiſſe. Belli enim deſuetudo ſocordiam, ſocordia ſervitutem ſæpius parit, adeò ut de libertate publica deſperandum eſſet, ni juvenis* Auriacus, *Majorum more, venienti morbo occurrere feſtinâſſet. Quæ & quanta plane ſtupenda in* Flandris *geſſiſti, teſtatur inter alia prælium* Montibus *dimicatum, ubi hoſtilem exercitum penitus fudiſti, ubi militarem Divi* Julii *ſcientiam,* Alexandri *annos nonaum prætergreſſus, impleviſti, Tu penè impubis & jam Triumphator.*

Te de novo conſervatorem petiit concuſſa ſalus publica, & in ſinum tuum confugit ſuſpirans Anglia; *Non te, propria ambitio Imperatorem fecit, ſed noſtræ anguſtiæ:* Britanniam *languentem, & extrema jam perpeſſam, vel ipsâ præſentiâ tuâ reſtituiſti,* Hiberniam *ferè exanimem, adventu tuo refocillaſti. Si inſignium virtutis tuæ exemplorum immemor eſſem,* Boina *flumen me admoneret. Alveum fere deſeruit cunctabundus ille amnis ut trajectui tuo indulgeret; traducis copias flumen, ordines deinde inſtruis, Legiones diſponis, res ad manus venit; Ipſe in prima acie ſtas inconcuſſus; non diu utrinque decertatum eſt, quin hoſtes, qui ſitus & opportunitates locorum apprimè calluere, impetum tuum non ſuſtinentes, fugâ ſibi conſulere cæperunt. Fugientes inſequeris, & quocunque tendis, Te comitatur Victoria.*

Cohortibus tuis nullus aditus vel eſt aſper, vel arduus; ſubſidunt montes, exareſcunt flumina, patent januæ, & armis tuis cedit tota inſula. Barbaris & Gallis *hoc modo ſubactis, quò Te fata trahunt, & gloria tua, vocaris;* Flandriam *denuo tot incendiis vaſtatam, tot* Gallici *furoris indiciis peſſundatam reviſis, patrocinium promittis, & lugendæ rerum ſorti benignè ſuccurris. Mœnia* Namurci *petis; milites, quo jubes, ſequuntur alacres, & caſtris poſitis, oppidum obſidione premis.* Galli, *ſpe multâ in copiis & propugnaculis conſtitutâ, inceptum irrident. Noſtri verò priſtinæ virtutis*

memores, acriter & omni impetu obsessos adoriuntur; Teque auspice, & Teste Francorum *exercitu, Castrum totius* Europæ *munitissimum, expugnant.*

Quis & quantus Ille dies, si tacerem Ego, Columnæ, Arcus triumphales, Obelisci, brevi eloquerentur.

Ecquid est, Auguste, quod pro utilitate publicâ, non molireris? cum Coclite *natares, cum* Fabio *cunctareris, & cum* Manlio *contra hostium agmina, solus licet, decertares. Non prosperis, supra quàm Majestati convenit, elatus es, neque rebus sinistris infractus; Sed si à Tuis in prælio derelictus fores, uno animo, sed forti, sed magnifico, universos sustinere quum non posses, singulos vinceres.*

Cæli inclementiam, ventorum impetum, Oceani furorem, hiemem & æstatem juxtà perpeti dignaris. Prælium ut primus inis, sic ab eodem ultimus desistis: Dii interim immortales, Te meliùs, quam ipse soles, curent, ne nimium audendo, crudelis sis in eos quos servasti; præsertim cùm ex tuâ unius fortitudine & prudentiâ, tot populorum salus, tot Principum securitas pendere videatur. Si jubes esse felices, sumus: Non tuos, ut alii reges, deprimis, sed demulces, sed attollis; neque vis tibi plura licere, quàm nobis omnibus, Tu solus Tuimet Victor. Te eheu! teipsum vincere potuisse, luctuosâ occasione constabat, quum Maria *Augusta, quâ nulla ore amabilior, alloquio suavior terras reliquit. Emicuere in reginæ gestu, in fronte, in oculis, majestas, candor, veneres, & quicquid delectationem & cultum unà conciliaret. Si* Octavius Augustus, *si* Germanicus, *si* Trajanus, Liviam, Agrippinam, Plotinam *jactaverint, ecquid de Heroinâ nostrâ non eloquerentur omnes? sed stillantes passim occuli, virtutes Illius cælestes fortiùs nuperrimè enunciárunt.*

Ipse quidem, Dive Gulielme, *die isthâc à lachrymis non temperasti, sed postquam Te esse Conjugem amantissimum probâsti, Te esse Heroem etiam meministi. Rebus* Britannicis *denuò invigilas, & negotia publica solus sustines, neque magis patriam armis tutaris, quàm tuo ornas exemplo.*

Ne miretur aliquis me finem collaudandi ignorare, quum Tu finem mira præstandi nescias; sed in hoc minus stupenda sunt, quia Tua. Monetam nostram diminutam & adulterinam inveniisti, probam (sed serò sit utinam) relinques. Britanni

etiam

etiam sub adventum tuum, molles & enerves, nil hodie, Cæsare *duce, nisi victoriam spirant, nil nisi turpem famam metuunt. Dies me ante deficeret, quam gesta tua percurrerem, & qui tota recensere velit, quos Tu emereris annos, habeat necesse est.*

Talia de Hercule, *de* Scipione, *de* Marcello *finguntur, sed de Te vel Majora certa sunt. Fama profectò tua usque adeo se diffudit, ubique gentium sic inclaruit, ut bellicosus Ille* Russiæ *Imperator, gestorum æmulus, & nominis tui cultor, Te visendi gratiâ, ab ultimo Septentrione venerit; tuo malens frui hospitio, tuas virtutes heroicas mirari, quam dignitatem Imperatoriam exercere, & qui eum domi manent triumphos, de* Turcis Tartarisque *debellatis, agere; & mox cùm eum Tu,* Prometheus *alter, igne cælesti animaveris, Tuo afflatus Genio, tuo numine plenus, ad implenda* Græcorum *vota & vaticinia redibit, Imperium* Orientale *auspicaturus. Regna interim hæc usque ad invidiam sub auspiciis tuis efflorescunt, qui tam* Optimi *Regis, quam* Maximi *Ducis omnes numeros impleviisti. Reliqua insuper* Europa, *quin, & ipsa* Gallia, *tam longis belli infortuniis vexata, ad Regiam tuam Legatos mittunt, & finem miseriarum expetunt. Precibus eorum annuens, ut* Jupiter *olim, nutu tuo Orbem pacâsti. Nunc silent litui, nunc rubiginem trahunt arma, nunc redeunt sæcula ut olim aurea, conquiescunt Cives, nec hostium incursionibus divexantur Coloni. Desinamus tandem omnes querelarum, & trophæa tua unanimes concinamus, dum Te domum reducem, sellæ curuli insidentem, spoliis decoratum, tunicâ palmatâ, purpurâque indutum, lauro coronatum, Captivorum agmine pone veniente, expectant regna tua;* Galliâ *denique in terminos proprios redactâ,* Hispaniâ *liberatâ,* Belgiâ *in tuto positâ, & Aquilæ* Germanicæ *alis ad* Hungariæ *fines expansis, Tibi ludos publicos instituemus, Teque Orbis* Europæi *vindicem, Te propugnatorem, Te Statorem grati nuncupabimus. Nec jactent* Galli *Regem suum dedisse Pacem, quam tot Urbium, tot Provinciarum redditione impetravit. Emit ergo sibi Pacem* Ludovicus *decimus quartus, dedit* Gulielmus *verè Magnus, idemque Christianissimus, Orbi Christiano.*

Vix impetum hic reprimo, sed quoniam Princeps Optimus gesta sua reticeri, quam justis suorum præconiis

recenſeri mallet, & propriâ virtute, non alienis laudibus inclareſcit, ad alia tranſibo; & vos omnes, Collegæ, orabo, ut in quantum Clementiſſimus totius terrarum Orbis Monarcha, regii hujus Collegii patrocinium ſuſcepit, aliquid ſaltem tanto Patrono dignum moliamini. Præſidis optimi doctiſſimique, & quamplurimorum hujuſce qui adſunt ſocietatis, exempla ſatis præclara vobis propono; Illi enim anguſtiarum & calamitatum alienarum participes, Repoſitorium Pharmacis omnimodis probe inſtructum, in egenorum levamen poni curarunt. Si pietas itaque tanta, charitas tanta vos commovere valeat, ſi non in cæteris, in hoc tamen conformes eſtote obſecro; niſi eò ventum eſt, ut inimicos non ſolum foris, ſed domi etiam inveniamus. Si ſtatuta, ſi fides data, vana nomina ſint, veſtrâ utcunque intereſt, Collegæ, ne immunitates veſtras vili faciant Iſti, qui vobis ſubſervire debent, ſed ut privilegia quæ à Majoribus accepiſtis, poſteris relinquatis. A vobis itaque obnixè peto, ut rurſus in concordiam redeatis; ut litibus inter nos compoſitis, Societatis noſtræ emolumento unà conſulamus.

Res, tempus, neceſſitas, magis quam Oratio mea vos hortentur. Nonne eò res devenit, ut nunc vereamini eos, quibus vos decet eſſe terrrori; quibus honeſta & inhoneſta omnia pariter lucro ſunt; Qui eruditionis inopes, qui moribus inculti, qui omni poſito pudore, ædes haſce funditus evertere ſatagunt; Qui, quod ſpiramus, indignantur: ſed licet diſcordiis noſtris quam ſuis conſiliis ſint feliciores; intelligant tamen nos fortiùs vigilare ad Collegii ſimul & populi ſalutem, quam ad perniciem Illi. Vos interim Collegæ, (agant inter ſe Iſti ut lubent) datæ fidei memores futuros ſpero. Plura dicerem ſi apud pertinaces valerent verba, nam ingenuis abundè dictum puto.

LUCRETII *editionis Dedicatio deſignata.*

Sereniſſimo Principi

GEORGIO LUDOVICO,

Brunſ. & Lun. Duci, *&c.*

Princeps Sereniſſime,

SCRIPTOREM perlectu non indignum, ſummâ, ut par eſt, obſervantiâ tuos ob Oculos pono. Eruditne utiliùs, an delectet elegantiùs, jure dubitemus. Quamplurimi forſan putent, Dignitatis tuæ me parum Rationem habere, quæ, quicquid forte deliraverim, auguſto tuo nomini conſecrare voluerim: ſed & clementiam tuam & tenuitatem meam juxta novi. Eâ es humanitate, ut dum *Heroem* te probas maximum, *Patronum* te præbes optimum. Incertum ſi in oppugnantem ſis vehementior, an ſupplicanti facilior. Si *Lucretius* his temporibus vixiſſet, & de rebus quas fortiter ſuſceperis & feliciter perfeceris, certior factus eſſet, Providentiam divinam geſtis tuis annuentem, ipſe ultrò agnoſceret, & gerendis non defuturam facile prædicaret. Neque adverſus mortis timorem validius quicquam ſtatueret, quam Animi tui Magnitudinem; neque dulcius ſolatium, quam vitæ Integritatem. Si magna, quæ molitus fuiſti admodum adhuc Adoleſcens, & ad ardua quæque ſubeunda natus, enumeranda forent; expugnatam *Treverim*, *Viennam* liberatam tranſire nefas eſſet; quorum altera Coronam obſidionalem tibi donavit, muralem altera. Neque te in *Hungaria* prœliantem tacerem, ubi in id Bellum incidiſti, cujus altera pars ſudoris nimiùm habuit, altera felicitatis parum. Atque res Imperatorias tu, Romani

Imperii

Imperii Vindex, privato commodo habuiſti potiores. De rebus in *Holſatiâ* geſtis & compluribus aliis non ſilerem; neque quæ in *Flandriâ*, nupero exardente Bello, ſunt notiora, prætermitterem. Nunquis etiam ignorat, quanta ad *Rhenum*, Legionibus belli inexpertis, recens geſſeris? Famâ propriâ *Europæ* ſaluti poſthabitâ, Victoris perſonam poſuiſti, ut Patriæ Conſervatoris indueres; & pulchrè ſtatuiſti te, cedendo gloriæ bellorum, aucturum tuam. Exercitum inſtructiſſimum dimiſiſti aliò ducendum, & tumultuario per ſingulas Provincias cenſu conſcripto præeſſe inſtituiſti; eo certe conſilio, ut nihil velles quod poſſes; eo exitu, ut ubique potueris quantum volueris & prudenter conſulta tibi tam feliciter ceſſare, ut de Gallis tandem triumphâris. Sed vereor ne celſitudini tuæ ſim moleſtior, quæ magna moliri, quam maxima de te recenſeri malis; in appetenda Gloria ardentior; in ferenda moderatior; & licet Victorias novas prioribus cumules, verecundia tua uſque adhuc reſtat invicta.

Non tibi, ſed tuis te natum arbitraris, & otium, quod aliis paras, tibi ſoli denegas. Non de Imperio proferendo certas, ſed de Libertate vindicanda. Quis in hoſtem gravior? Quis in civem benignior? in Caſtris Diſciplinam inſtituis; in Tribunali Juſtitiam; & Jus cuique ſuum Dux & Princeps reddis, quod Miles & Civis exoptares.

Voluntas Principum eſt aliquando pro Legibus. Tu illis ſolutum te nolles; ſed ſalubriter latæ ſive utiliter emendatæ tibi præcipue arrident; & tales conſtituis, quibus tui pareant, & quas ipſe etiam ſerves; ſi quid imperant, imperas; ſi quid vetant, vetas; inde tibi cautum eſt, hoc ne agas; illud ut exequaris.

Te genus avitum, & jus à majoribus acceptum, tot ſeculorum inſuper conſuetudine approbatum, ſuper cæteros extulerunt; ſed ea eſt moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut tibi, qui omnia potes, niſi quod jure fiat, permiſſum velis. Non jus vi obrui ſinis; potentiores ne humiliores opprimant, prohibes. Si ſtudia leniora minus valeant, aſperioribus invitus coerces, & ſeveritatem clementiâ uſque eò temperas ut metus frequentior, & pœna rarior eveniat.

Non

Non deſunt Principes qui vix quicquam, ſi dominationi conducat, turpe exiſtimant; quicquid æquum eſt averſantur, quicquid iniquum, gratum habent; & probant improbantque, non prout Ratio poſtulat, ſed quemadmodum hortatur ambitio. Ipſe id ante omnia conſulis, rectumne ſit an pravum, & ne vectigalibus tuos, ne armis vicinos opprimas, caves.

Plerique inani Dignitatis Imagine adducti, memores ſe eſſe Principes, ſe eſſe Homines ſunt obliti. Tu, cum ab aulicis curis vaces, non alio, quoquo te vertis, ſatellitio, niſi piis intuentium votis ſtipatus incedis; & eo aliis es major, quo aliis te reddis magis parem. Nonnulli in conſiliis capiendis mobiles, non niſi blanditiis inſidiantibus aurem admovent, & aliorum merita, non proprio judicio, ſed adulatorum arbitrio metiuntur. Tu in ſententia conſtans, & adulationem procul amovens, ad aliorum nutum te minimè convertis. Inſontes te habent propugnatorem; abſentes vindicem; facinorum præclarè geſtorum ii te prædicatorem inveniunt, quibus antea fueras exemplo; & quicquid fieri, ut Dux juſſeris, facto, ut commilito, gratularis. Te maximè laudat qui veriſſima refert, ſive Virtutes tuas, ſive Majorum recordetur. Erat tibi Pater Heroum genere natus, bellicorum pariter Munerum atque civilium ſummè peritus. Supereſt Mater longo Regum ordine genus deducens, & animi magnitudine ſupra fœminam conſpicua, nihil muliebre præ ſe ferens, præter hilaritatem priſcam & gratam oris venuſtatem.

Juvat denique Filium memorare, *Europæ* ſpem alteram, optimâ indole Principem, artibus omnigenis inſtructiſſimum; & ob mores amabiles æque infimis atque ſummis charum. Qui Gloriam, Virtutis tuæ æmulus, more tuo adipiſcitur; adeptam more tuo parvi ducit. Neſcio an Famæ curſum impleveris jam ipſe magis fortiter, an inchoaverit ille feliciter, pro mortalitate à Parente acceptâ immortalitatem redditurus. Quantus in armis ſit, certò ſcimus; quantus evaſurus, auguramur; proinde quo optimè laudemus Patrem, Filium oportet nominemus. Quid Votorum ſupereſt,

niſi ut bene meritus eſt ab omnibus, ſummo in honore habeatur ab omnibus? Quæ de te vulgavit Fama, læti accipimus, grati recognoſcimus. In moribus ineſt Humanitas, in officiis Probitas, in verbis Fides; & qualis haberi velis, talem te eſſe lætaris. Cum Regina proinde optima (quam Dii immortales diutiſſimè ſervent) extremum reddiderit ſpiritum, te tuoſque Senatus Populuſque *Britannus* certatim ad ſe accerſent, genti univerſæ quam eliciſſimè imperaturos.

Epitaphium GEORGII *Comitis de* Huntingdon.

Hic ſitus eſt
Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
Præclara Haſtingorum Proſapiâ
Natus;
Et Nepte ex Plantagenettorum ſtemmate
Oriundus;
Literarum humaniorum Cultor indefeſſus;
In Aulâ ornatiſſimus;
In Acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum ſuavitas,
Cum Gravitate Comitas,
Cum Fide Urbanitas;
Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Niſi quod mori potuerit.
Tantus Animi Candor ingenitus
Ut tot numeraverit Amicos,
Quot Familiares.
Procul habuit Mollitiem atque Inertiam,
Turpè exiſtimans,
Queis Dignitate præſtitit,
Ab His Virtute ſuperari.
Flagrante per Europam Bello,
Salutis publicæ quam ſuæ ſtudioſior,

Ad

Ad Rem militarem exercendam
Se contulit.
Obſeſſis
Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiſervertâ,
Quæ fortiter, ſub Duce Marlburgenſi, tentavit,
Feliciter perfecit;
Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit
Quam Gloriam.

Obiit Kal. Mart. viii. *Æræ*
Chriſtianæ CIↃDCCVI. Ætat. xxvi.

To Mr. GAY *on his Poems.*

WHEN *Fame* did o'er the ſpacious Plain
The Lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſtn'd to the tuneful Strains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The *Graces* held the Lyre,
Th' harmonious Frame the *Muſes* ſtrung,
The *Loves* and *Smiles* compos'd the Choir,
And *Gay* tranſcrib'd what *Phœbus* ſung.

To the merry Poetaſter *at* Sadlers-Hall *in* Cheapſide.

UNwieldy Pedant, let thy aukward Muſe
With Cenſures praiſe, with Flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in Thee's an Art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy School-boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not agen;
Thour't faſhion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
If *B*——*l*'s immortal Wit thou would'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

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